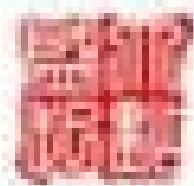


梦入神机 著

龙蛇演义





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lang="en">

Romance of Dragons and Snakes - Chapter 001-136

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Chapter 1: Crouch Up and Down Like a Galloping Horse, Ascend Into the Sky and Free the Body and Soul

Chapter 1: Crouch up and down like a galloping horse, ascend into the sky and free the body and soul

One night, on the first third of the twelfth month, the weather suddenly turned cold. The northern wind whistled through the night as snowflakes floated down. By the time daylight broke out, a thick layer of snow had already piled up.

Wang Chao was woken up by the reflection of the snow outside of his window, thinking that it was morning already. But when he looked at the alarm clock at his bedside, he discovered that it was only 5 o'clock. He had woken up an hour early.

However, Wang Chao wasn't the type of person who was too lazy to get out of bed. He quietly put on his clothes and spent ten minutes washing his face and rinsing his mouth. After hearing the sounds of his parents putting on their clothes as well in the room next door, only then did Wang Chao leave the house.

Wang Chao was a junior in some high school. He was sixteen years old this year. His height was average. His looks were average. His grades were average. His mother and father had been laid off long ago. Their current income didn't exceed 2000 RMB per month.

Because of this, Wang Chao was an introvert who was very quiet.

Behind Wang Chao's house was a park. The park faced a river with a dense forest. The place was both remote and gloomy. Inside was a small road that led to the school.

Wang Chao liked to walk along the road alone in silence. He didn't like the bustling main road, so he traveled to and from school on this small path everyday.

The garden was very quiet. No one was ever there. Though occasionally, a few

sparrows would gather around on top of a tree packed with snow and chirp a happy little song. They would also jump around and from time to time, some of the accumulated snow on the tree would fall down, adding to the liveliness.

But today, when Wang Chao slowly walked past a dense grove of pine trees, he noticed a person moving about in there.

“It’s this early and someone is out exercising already?” Wang Chao was curious, so he looked more carefully towards the woods this time.

The person exercising in the woods was wearing white sportswear and running shoes. She had a tidy ponytail and was practicing shadow boxing.

This girl looked around twenty or so years old. Her movements were slow and drawn out. It seemed like she was practicing Taichi.

But after observing for a bit, Wang Chao noticed that there was something different about it.

Wang Chao discovered that the girl’s eyes were completely focused onto the movements of her fingers.

She would always extend her hand out slowly first. Her five fingers would then accurately grab and then quickly retract.

This slow extension and then quick retraction made Wang Chao think of how he used to try and catch fish with his hands when he was little: he would first slowly put his hand into the water, so the fish wouldn’t be alarmed, and then when the fish got near, his hand would suddenly clasp down, catching the fish.

Moreover, Wang Chao also found out that this girl was constantly moving in a circle when she shadow boxed. Her feet were always parallel to the ground, carefully moving about. It looked like she was treading in muddy water.

The girl’s posture wasn’t beautiful, but the in and out motion, the movements of her entire body, and how the strength seemed to be evenly spread out everywhere, made Wang Chao’s heart pound.

Wang Chao had entered a trance and he didn’t know how much time had passed. The girl suddenly stopped. She raised her two hands to the space in between her eyebrows and then soon after, pressed down on her abdomen

slowly. Her left foot gently stepped on the ground and she exhaled.

Wang Chao saw a long thread of white air shoot out from her mouth like a sudden air arrow.

“You can exhale like that?” Wang Chao was extremely astonished when he saw this. He tried to do the same by exhaling with all his might.

But when he exhaled into the cold air, only a small cloud of white mist formed, which dissipated soon after.

Wang Chao refused to accept this. He once again exhaled with all his might. He blew so hard that his heartbeat had quickened and his eyes were beginning to see stars, yet all that came out was a small cloud of white mist.

While Wang Chao was exhaling with great effort, the girl walked over. She smiled faintly and nodded her head. It could be considered as a greeting. She then left the woods and walked away in the other direction.

At school, Wang Chao wasn't able to concentrate in his classes the entire day. He was constantly thinking about that moment when the shadow-boxing girl had exhaled. The more he thought about it, the more curious he became.

He regretted not striking up a conversation with her at that time.

The next morning, Wang Chao purposefully got up even earlier. When he passed through the park's small path, he noticed that shadow boxing girl again.

This time, Wang Chao walked a bit closer, just outside of the woods.

Even though Wang Chao was watching her, the girl continued to shadow box calmly. When she finished her routine, she raised her hands, pressed on her abdomen, stepped gently on the ground, and exhaled.

When her breath met the cold air, her breath once again turned into a fine, thin line that shot out into the distance like an arrow.

After shadow boxing, the girl gave Wang Chao a faint smile and nodded her head politely like before. And once again, she left without a word.

Several days passed by in this way. Wang Chao would wake up very early every day and immediately run to the park woods to watch the girl shadow box. He discovered that no matter how early he got up, the girl would always be in that

same place. At six o'clock in the morning, she would leave.

Wang Chao took up the courage several times to go up and talk to her, but when he got there, the words just wouldn't come out of his mouth.

Every time the girl finished her routine, she would always nod her head and smile faintly towards Wang Chao. Her expression was very friendly, giving Wang Chao an older sister type feeling.

The week passed like this. Even though the two hadn't exchanged any words yet, Wang Chao felt that they were close now, so he finally went over to talk to her: "Sis, what type of martial arts are you practicing?"

The girl smiled: "I'm practicing Guoshu."

"Guoshu....." Wang Chao had seen lots of wuxia stories, so the only martial arts he knew of were from those such as "Nine Yin Bone Claw", "Eighteen Dragon Subduing Palms", "Toad Skill", and so on.

Wang Chao knew that all of these were imaginary. However, he had never heard of Guoshu.

But Wang Chao had watched the girl practice for a week and felt that it was very mysterious. It looked much cooler than other martial arts like Karate, Taekwondo, Muay Thai, Sanda.

"What's Guoshu?" Wang Chao asked.

The girl was still smiling: "Martial arts that isn't for show, but rather for killing enemies. That's Guoshu."

Wang Chao heard this and felt like it was even more amazing now, "Sis, can you teach me it?"

The girl carefully looked at him up and down. She nodded her head, "You've watched me for a week, so I see you have some determination. What's your name?"

"My name's Wang Chao. I'll be sixteen this year, a junior. Sis, what's your name?" Wang Chao introduced himself.

"My name's Tang Zichen." The girl always had that faint smile on her.

Wang Chao discovered that this sis Tang Zichen's face beautiful and smooth like jade, without any blemishes.

"Your foundation is no good. You've never practiced before. Your waist and legs are all over the place. If you're going to learn, then I'll teach you the horse stance."

"Horse stance!!!!!" Wang Chao heard this and felt his head hurt: "Sis Chen, everyone knows how to do this. Do you really need to teach this?"

"Oh! Then let me see it." Tang Zichen walked two steps and then told Wang Chao to squat down.

Wang Chao immediately threw his arms forward, moved his feet apart, and lifted his hands up. He stayed still, steady, and stable." "Sis Chen, like this?"

Tang Zichen didn't reply. She simply smiled as she watched him.

Soon, Wang Chao's knees began to ache. Then, his legs began to shake. His lower back was also sore. His entire body was on fire and sweat began to form on his head.

Wang Chao knew he couldn't go on any longer, so he stood up and rubbed his sore knee, "Sis Chen, was that right?"

Tang Zichen shook her head: "If you stay still like that, then all you're going to do is hurt your back. Horse stance, horse stance. The important word is horse. You have to stand like a horse."

"Stand like a horse?" Wang Chao didn't understand.

"Have you ever watched someone ride a horse?" Tang Zichen wasn't smiling, "When a person rides on a horse, the person will move up and down along with the horse. The horse stance originates from understanding how to ride a horse, which is why when you're in the stance, you also have to move up and down as if you were riding a horse."

When a person rides on a horse, the up and down strength comes from the horse, so there isn't any martial arts that stems from the horse. But it's different on the flat ground, your up and down strength will be as if you've assimilated with the horse's body. If you stand like that without moving, your entire body's weight will be on your knee. If you stay in that position for a long time, your knee

will definitely have problems.”

“So there’s something like that?” Wang Chao never thought about that. It was just a simple posture. He had never realized that there was so much background info.

“Watch how I squat.”

Tang Zichen said as she got into a horse stance. Wang Chao saw her body lightly move up and down as if a breeze were blowing the waves.

“Come, you try.” Tang Zichen demonstrated as Wang Chao followed along.

“When squatting, the strength first goes to the sole of the foot. When rising, your toes have to be like chicken feet and claw into the ground. When your toes dig in, you’ll feel a change in your bone and muscles in your calves. Your knees will naturally rise up. When your knees rise, stretch your thighs tight, straighten your back, and breathe in. This is the up movement.”

“For the down movement, your feet will have to be like the webbed feet of ducks and geese. Your five toes have to relax. Like this, relax your knees, thighs, and back. Breathe out.”

“When gently moving up and down, your center of gravity will continuously shift. In this way, you won’t damage your body by staying in one place for too long.”

The more Wang Chao listened the more everything made sense. He repeatedly nodded his head and did as Tang Zichen said.

In the beginning, Wang Chao wasn’t able to do this up and down motion. But with Tang Zichen by his side, every time Wang Chao wasn’t in the correct position, she would kick it into place.

Every region where Wang Chao had been kicked hurt. With this pain guiding him, he was able to get into the correct position.

Your up and down motion shouldn’t be large, about an inch of distance. From beginning to end, you have to be precisely within that one inch range. The more precise the better!” Tang Zichen was very strict when she taught.

Sure enough, after learning this up and down motion, Wang Chao’s ability to

stay in position went from five minutes to twenty minutes.

But after twenty minutes, Wang Chao felt his head go dizzy. This up and down motion made him feel like he was seasick. The insides of his stomach was tumbling around.

“Do you feel dizzy like you’re seasick and want to vomit?” Tang Zichen seemed to know what Wang Chao was feeling.

Wang Chao immediately nodded his head.

“You don’t need to stay in position. You can get up. The position for your lower body is correct, however your head isn’t in the right position. When you’re in stance, ascend your head into the sky.”

“What do you mean by ascend into the sky?” Wang Chao stood up and gasped for breath. After a while, that seasick feeling went away.

It’s a term used in Bagua and Xing Yi Quan. It’s difficult to explain. Just follow what I do.” Tang Zichen thought aloud, “Go to the river dam and you’ll understand!”

Outside of the park was a big river. A few years ago, they had built a dam made from reinforced concrete. The dam stood tall. There was a long and steep flight of concrete stairs to the top.

Tang Zichen grabbed Wang Chao and quickly climbed up the stairs.

Wang Chao’s knees were still unbearably sore from doing the horse stance. After being dragged and forced to climb up the dozens of concrete steps, his knees were so sore that he was almost unable to stay standing.

“Look at this river!”

Tang Zichen didn’t wait for Wang Chao to rest and pointed forward at the vast river.

Wang Chao looked and saw the raging currents surging forward, the vast waters, the bubbling waves hitting the shore, and the piles of white snow that had accumulated on the riverbanks. The scene made him feel extremely calm.

As he looked, Wang Chao felt his entire body become a lot more comfortable. His legs weren’t hurt anymore and his back stopped hurting.

“Stand tall and look far. With your view widened, you’ll feel relaxed and your fatigue will go away. This is ascension.” Tang Zichen explained the reasoning to Wang Chao as if she really were an older sister.

“When you ride on a galloping horse, your view will especially widen. If you ride a horse like this, you won’t feel tired. Using the same reasoning, when you feel seasick, stand on the deck. Feel the wind blow, look into the horizon, and you won’t feel sick anymore.

“That’s why, when you go into a horse stance, not only should you rise up and down, you also have to widen your view, stand tall and look out.”

“Only this type of horse stance is correct. All of these have their reasoning based on real life. It’s just that people often overlook them. It was our ancestors who put these together and created martial arts. Martial arts isn’t some sort of fairy tale. It’s rooted in real life. As long as you pay attention, you can turn what seems like nothing into magic.”

Wang Chao heard this and seemed to have suddenly understood many things.

He felt as if a large door he had never seen before was slowly opening up.

“I’ve told you the theory and correct posture to you. First, practice for a half a month. After half a month, I’ll wait for you here and see how much you’ve improved.” Tang Zichen finished. She then turned around and went down the stairs.

Chapter 2: Turn the Body to Strike the Crotch, Use the Elbow to Stab Out Like a Spear.

Chapter 2: Turn the body to strike the crotch, use the elbow to stab out like a spear.

Feeling that Tang Zichen's words had some merit to them, Wang Chao had spent every morning and afternoon practicing the horse stance. With his feet planted on the ground and lowering himself down a bit, he lifted his head to stare far ahead of himself.

As a result, he had improved his measly time of 10 minutes to 30 minutes without much effort in a day or two. Furthermore, Wang Chao began to realize that his legs, calves and waist were growing more and more agile.

After practicing in the evening, he had been able to fall asleep within 10 minutes until daytime came once more.

Five or six days later, Wang Chao continued to keep to his regime. When it was school time, he had pretended to seat on the chair and practiced the horse stance in class. Even when writing his name, he had imitated Tang Zichen's wave like motions.

Fortunately for Wang Chao, he had been seated in the last row of chairs. Each of his movements had gone undetected by the teacher.

And since Wang Chao was always quiet and introverted, all of his classmates had learned to not bother calling out his name and neither did he have any close friends.

This way, he had been able to live peacefully within his own world every day.

And so after 10 days, Wang Chao had been able to practice the horse stance in class for 45 minutes.

In between the 10 minute breaks between lessons, Wang Chao would rest.

Once the class started, he would resume as well. The day would go by like this as Wang Chao practiced by himself, totaling almost 10 hours of practice each day.

A few days later, Wang Chao had acted almost as if he had been addicted to drugs. Even when walking home, his toes would never touch the ground as he walked in one steady rhythm.

While a little bizarre, this type of posture had been the subject of his classmate's gesturing, but Wang Chao had ignored them all.

Time quickly went by, leading to half a month ending before Wang Chao had felt that his waist was feeling extremely fit.

The school had a podium that was as tall as his neck out in front. Without running up, Wang Chao was able to jump up onto it.

When it came to the day where he would meet Tang Zichen, Wang Chao had arrived early so there were some of the elders that were still running around the park for their morning stroll before first light.

But Tang Zichen had been waiting for him. Wearing white sportswear, her expression was quite kindly.

Seeing Wang Chao approach, Tang Zichen's eyes began to shine.

"I didn't think that in just half a month, you would have such a change. Even your walking posture has improved a lot."

When Wang Chao heard those words, he couldn't help but smirk, "Will sis Chen teach me anything today?"

"En, you are qualified. No matter what you are taught, you must be fully interested in it for the full effect. It seems that you are qualified to learn my Guoshu." Tang Zichen began to stare at Wang Chao as if he was some sort of unpolished gem.

"Come, let's talk." Tang Zichen sat on a stone stool nearby, "Do you know what Guoshu is called?"

Wang Chao shook his head.

"In the final years of the Qin Dynasty, Sun Yat-sen led the revolutionary party and assassinated many of the Qing Dynasty officials and even the prince with the

use of many martial art practitioners. Afterwards, the Republic of China was established and the invasion of the Japanese, for the sake of a unified China, Sun Yat-sen and Feng Yuxiang had waited for the National People's Congress promote martial arts. The government had then established the Central Guoshu Institute, inviting schools and sects of every discipline. Xingyi Quan, Taichi, Bagua, Tongbei Quan, Praying Mantis, Eight Extreme Fists, Chuo Jiao, Hung Ga, Steel Fist, Pigua Quan, Springing Leg, Wrestling, and countless other martial arts. Unified, they came together under the banner of Guoshu."

"A unified China." Wang Chao rolled those three words in his mouth as he tried to remember his country's history.

"In that era, geniuses of all sorts came forward. But now, a hundred years later, they are all rare and sparse." Tang Zichen spoke with a small thought. "Come then, I'll show you a practical use for it."

"Try and grab me from behind." Tang Zichen spoke out to Wang Chao who was behind her.

With Tang Zichen's back against him, Wang Chao immediately tried to grab at her shoulders. With a smooth revolution, Tang Zichen's right elbow jabbed straight into Wang Chao like a spear.

It was a demonstration. Tang Zichen's movements had been slow and gave time for Wang Chao to react. Both of his arms instinctively pushed outwards to block her elbow.

Who would have known that the moment Wang Chao had made contact, Tang Zichen's little arm would have become like a whip and came grabbing at Wang Chao's crotch like a bullet.

In a sudden reversal of strength, Wang Chao had been given no time to react as Tang Zichen's palm had already flew at him towards the crotch.

Wang Chao cried out in shock as he suddenly felt a cold shiver travel from his tailbone to his head, causing goosebumps to appear.

"Turn about, elbow strike, groin strike." Tang Zichen spoke with a slight firmness to them as she took back her palm. It had never made contact with his pants.

With an odd expression, Wang Chao muttered under his breath, “Sis Chen, just what is this move called?”

With a bright smile, Tang Zichen said, “In the Bagua sect, it is called the “Lifting Yin Palm”, in the Xingyi sect, is the “Collapsing Circle Palm”, and in the Taichi sect, it is called the “Body Throwing Blow”.

With that, Tang Zichen began to explain the move even more.

“Chinese boxing originated from the time of spears. This move consists of a simple rotation, a thrown elbow with considerable force almost like a spear. When the opponent tries to block, then you can strike downwards.”

“In the ancient times when the army employed the use of a spear, when the spear is stabbed forward and blocked, it would rebound. Then, the opponent’s weapon could be knocked out of the enemy’s hand. When you try this move, you must visualize that you are wielding a spear.”

“Look at how I make use of my strength!”

Tang Zichen demonstrated the move once more with her elbow flying downwards with a bang as her arm moved like a whip.

“In the final strike, your arm must be firm so that it may be considered learned. This is also what the Tongbei sect calls the “Falling Hand Strike”.

“Okay, go home and practice this move. Three days later, I’ll show you something else.” Tang Zichen finished up as she began to walk away.

For three days, Wang Chao had polished this “Lifting Yin Palm”. However, no matter how much he tried, he could not move his arm in a whiplike manner that could make such a crisp sound like Tang Zichen had done.

Three days later, Wang Chao had returned to Tang Zichen.

After listening to him, Tang Zichen began to laugh out loud, “You little idiot. You’ve only just started to learn and yet you want to make such a crisp blow? Martial Arts has three important Jin. Clear Jin, Hidden Jin, and Transforming Jin. When you reach the pinnacle of Clear Jin, then you will be able to make this crisp sound. Once the sound is made, that is when you can be equal to a martial artist. With your body right now, you have a long journey ahead of you, this is only your

first step.”

“Little idiot, don’t say anymore of these things, I’ll teach you something else today.”

Tang Zichen suddenly bent down with her left hand grabbing at the groin region with her right hand rotating around for a moment before pressing onto the ground.

“This is a grabbing move and is also a killing move from the Taichi sect. This is also a variation of the Lifting Yin Palm move from the Bagua Sect. The Xingyi Sect also calls this the “Monkey Stealing the Peach”.

In the span of a few days, Wang Chao had been taught two crotch grabbing moves, making her seem quite malicious, “What kind of sis are you?”

“Little idiot, take a look. When you try to grab, if the enemy tries to back off, then the hand on the ground can grab the sand below and throw it at the face. With the use of this ‘Left hand grabs the bird, right hand grabs the sand’, the Taichi master Yang Luchan has defeated many opponents.”

TL Note: Bird is slang for penis.

Yang Luchan was a person that Wang Chao was familiar with. On TV, the actor Wu Jing had played the role of Yang Yuqian who was modeled off of Yang Luchan during the final years of the Qing Dynasty. In the golden age of martial arts, he was a legendary figure.

“Bird grabbing....sand grabbing...this....” Wang Chao spoke, “...is all just cement below us, what sand is there to grab!?”

“Little idiot, when a monkey crouches, it uses its tail to stabilize itself. Humans have no tails, so naturally, the hand has to be the replacement. Animals use their tails to maintain an equilibrium, when you use this move, your hand must keep this equilibrium. When you crouch to the ground and fail to grab at their crotch, if they try to kick you, then you can push it away with your one hand.”

“When a monkey crouches, it uses its tail to maintain equilibrium. If striking the crotch fails, then you can easily grab for sand....if there is no sand, then you can defend yourself against a kick, this is indeed a treacherous move.” Wang Chao suddenly realized, the image he had had of Taichi was now forever broken.

“Silly kid, this isn’t for show or for practice. This is for finding a way to kill! You must find and strike at the weak point! When fighting for your life, just what is treacherous supposed to be?”

Tang Zichen stood up, “Okay, I’ll tell you today. Martial Arts has three different forms. One is for fighting, one is for practice, one is for performances You shouldn’t underestimate Taichi where its movements seem slow and smooth. That is for performances. Even for practices, Taichi is quite different. The true Taichi for fighting is something that only a few people know.

“Fighting, practicing, and performing....is there so many categories like this?” Wang Chao realized. Each new word from his sis had brought him into a new realm of understanding.

“Taichi looks to be quite weak where careful movements are made, but that is only for the sake of performances. The fighting form of Taichi is hard and violent. This type of Taichi can only be described as making a “hammer”. Take a look, the frame of Taichi revolves around blows such as “Blocking Blow” and “Body Throwing Blow”.

Tang Zichen made two sudden movements where her entire body lashed out violently. Her arms made two popping sounds in the air as if the air had exploded.

When Wang Chao saw this, he instantly grew frightened. “*Could a human even withstand this?*” He thought.

“In the ancient times, each blow had to be fierce and violent. Take a look at the hero Li Yuanba of the novel *Dramatized History of Sui and Tang* who broke apart everyone under the heavens. Back when Taichi was established, with the power of a novel, it had given name to each strike as a “blow”.

“As when the Bagua master, Cheng Tinghua said, the palm of Bagua could move a mountain and hit people like whips. The Xingyi master, Shang Yunxiang said that those who practice will be weaker if power is used instead of strength and those who fight will be weaker if strength is used instead of power. This is the difference between between fighting and practicing. For the next few days, I’ll teach you how to do the Lifting Yin Palm and Monkey Stealing the Peach. These are fighting techniques that do not need power, so measure yourself.”

“What does it mean to use strength and what does it mean to use power?” Wang Chao asked.

“Strength is to use inertia to suddenly make an explosive attack.” Tang Zichen demonstrated once more with a popping sound in the air as she swung outwards. “When using strength, one must be clever, fierce and swift.”

“Power is to brace the muscles for slower movements.” With that, Tang Zichen gestured once more as if she was wringing a wet sponge. “When using power, one must be slow, heavy, and steady.”

“Clever, fierce, and swift....slow, heavy, and steady...” Wang Chao repeated those six words as he tried to differentiate between strength and power.

After Tang Zichen had demonstrated, she sat down, “Come on then, if you can familiarize yourself with the Monkey Stealing the Peach in three days, I will officially teach you something new.”

Wang Chao nodded his head. In secret for the next three days, he would practice the “Monkey Stealing the Peach” and “Lifting Yin Palm” in secret over and over.

But when he had tried to practice the Monkey Stealing the Peach move, he had come across a problem. When he crouched down, his legs would begin to complain.

But after half month of practicing the horse stance, the muscles in his leg had also improved in terms of flexibility. With some time of practicing and over a thousand times of crouching downwards, he had finally grown proficient with it.

Three days later, Wang Chao saw Tang Zichen at the park once again.

Chapter 3: With a Dragon Like Vertebrae, Focus the Center of Gravity and Spike the Hair

Chapter 3: With a dragon like vertebrae, focus the center of gravity and spike the hair

After Tang Zichen had made Wang Chao demonstrate the “Lifting Yin Palm” and “Monkey Stealing the Peach” moves, she nodded her head, “Not bad, your posture is decent. Your usage of power and your center of gravity isn’t all that bad either. You have potential. come on then, I’ll show you a way to improve the power of your fists.”

“When fighting, one specialty will be good enough to serve you. When practicing, two specialties will be enough to defend you.”

Drawing a line on the ground, she had Wang Chao stand on both sides of the line with his legs.

With this line, his body was split in two.

Tang Zichen had Wang Chao stand straight with one arm at his rib while the other hand was raised evenly above him as if he was holding a bayonet in both hands.

“This line is the midway line where the vertebrae is. The vertebrae ends at the back of the head, while it starts at the tailbones. No matter what the martial art is, if it does not practice the vertebrae, it is useless.”

“Listen well, I want to say this once. Every single martial arts originated from Guoshu. If you don’t know this much, then you will never walk past the door to the martial art world.”

Hearing the grave tone in her voice, Wang Chao immediately concentrated on each one of her words as if afraid to miss even a single word of it.

“When it comes to martial arts, then there has to be one important word. ‘Qi’. This Qi is not the same meaning as breath, neither is it the air in the world.”

TL Note: Qi means air as well.

“When a person moves, they emit heat, and when it grows serious, sweat appears. This heat is Qi. This so called vital energy that humans use is that same heat.”

“But, a human has countless pores. When heat is made, it is expelled through those pores.”

“So it’s like that, this is Qi!” Wang Chao’s eyes lit up in understanding as if he had just awoken. “The Qi is extremely hot, so we have to sweat it out.”

“Correct, it’s like that.” Tang Zichen nodded her head, “The pores on the human body are like a wicker basket; it’s a wasted effort to try and contain the water since it will come out by itself. By the same logic, no matter how fiercely someone moves, the Qi will be exerted out of the body and become useless.”

“When exercising, preventing this Qi from escaping is the very basics of Guoshu as well as being quite deep at the same time. This is the way of Guoshu.”

“Qi is emitted through the pores. If one wants to keep the Qi, then at the most crucial moment, they must shut the pores.”

“How do you shut the pores?” Wang Chao asked in a hurried manner.

“Have you seen when an animal gets angry? Look at a cat or dog, when they grow angry, their entire fur all turns spiky. This is called exploding hair which is done after shutting the pores. Humanity works the same way. There are some times when people feel goosebumps where the hair stands up. This is also shutting the pores.”

Tang Zichen took out a towel and draped her beautiful black hair over it. Stepping away a single step, she spoke, “Take a look as I show my power.”

Walking towards a Chinese Ash tree, Tang Zichen suddenly spun around, “Pa!”. With a palm strike, her hand slammed against the tree.

Tang Zichen’s hair shot up straight away as if shocked by lightning before falling back down as before.

At the same time, a cracking sound could be heard as the Chinese Ash tree cracked in two starting from where the palm strike was before splitting in half.

From where Tang Zichen had stepped, the cement below her feet looked as if it

had been crushed by an extreme amount of pressure.

“My....god....” Wang Chao had desperately wanted to swear, but he had swallowed his words so as to remain coherent.

“Haha, little idiot, this is what it means to use Hidden Jin. It is also called Neijing. You are still too far away from this. It is said that when a master of the Xingyi sect had practiced, he was able to step on the ground without a sound and yet each step was capable of shattering the ground. Hidden Jin is silent yet holds an extreme amount of power, hence why it is said to be ‘hidden’”.

Tang Zichen showed off her prickly hair once more.

“The ‘Qi’ I said before, using Hidden Jin, I can collect it and explode it outwards. Look at my hand.”

Extending her arm for Wang Chao to look, suddenly, her arm grew extremely wet from sweat.

“Little idiot, all of the sweat has been forced out.” Tang Zichen spoke to the amazed Wang Chao.

“Sis Chen, I was looking at your stance but I didn’t see any fierce swings, just how did you release so much strength?” Wang Chao asked curiously.

“Little idiot, when fighting, one must be calm. When one is rushed, then the internal heat will force too much sweat outwards for the body to deal with internally.

Tang Zichen continued to speak, “There is a mnemonic for this, an enemy is one you can set fire to. When a person is anxious, they immediately begin to sweat and lose all of their strength. But when a person sweats, it becomes useless to try and gather Qi. That is why Cheng Tinghua spoke that when fighting, you must focus it on your hand. When you start to emit heat, close off all of the pores on your body except for on your hand. Have you ever seen a high powered faucet before? It is the same concept.”

“When anxious, the entire body will sweat, this is the principle of ‘Intent and Qi’. But if you force the sweat from only the hands, then it is the principle of ‘Qi and Strength’.”

“Intent and Qi....Strength and Qi...so there was something like this...?” Wang Chao nodded his head. He had already lived for 16 years, but he had never heard of such a thing like this before.

“The posture I am going to teach you will allow you to control your pores. This is a true physical martial art stance.”

And so Tang Zichen had Wang Chao remain in the bayonet holding position.

“I taught you the horse stance last time to strengthen your legs and toes. Today, what I will teach you will strengthen your vertebrae as well as teach you how to control your pores. Pay close attention to where I point.”

Tang Zichen placed her finger at the part near the hindbrain of Wang Chao and inch by inch, she slowly started to push against the vertebrae. With each inch she went down, Wang Chao could feel his entire body and vertebrae being straightened.

At the same time, the vertebrae movement had caused both his skeleton and muscles to straighten as well. He could feel heat flowing from within his body before coming out as sweat.

Suddenly, Tang Zichen’s finger came to rest as his tailbone.

Wang Chao’s center of gravity began to focus at the end of his tailbone as if he was like a cat with its back arched. Goosebumps began to appear all over his body as the heat within his body began to rush outwards.

“Feel each joint of the vertebrae from your head to tailbone. Head, body, tail, the three parts of the body. This is called the three integrals of the body. An animal can use its tail to provide balance as well as for any fierce movements along with each of their hair popping up with ease. Since humans no longer have a tail, we cannot do the same thing.”

“The horse stance is to stand without a foundation like a horse, the three integrals is to stand without a foundation without a tail!”

“The center of gravity in the three integrals of the body is at your tailbone as like a cat with its tail stepped on. If you do not feel your hair exploding, then even if you stand like this for a hundred years, it will be useless.”

When Tang Zichen had been pushing against his vertebrae from his head to his tailbone, Wang Chao had felt as if he had just came out from the steaming room with his head all dizzy. But with the cold wind that just blew across him, he felt awake.

Wang Chao immediately told this sensation to sis Chen who nodded her head, “Not bad, this follows the same principle of taking a hot shower. When one takes a hot shower, they are surrounded by hot air which opens up the pores. The vital energy will gradually be leaked out of the body and so you begin to sweat.”

When the vital energy is siphoned away, people will react to them in different ways. Those with a weaker physique will instantly feel dizzy, have chest pains, or be short of breath. That is all because of the vital energy being siphoned away.

“But at that moment, when they step out of the hot shower and are hit with a cold wind, the human body will react to the stinging cold and develop goosebumps. Humans will regain their spirit and be awakened once more, thus preventing the vital energy from escaping the body.”

“This type of logic was figured out a long time ago from our predecessors which gave rise to a chant, ‘To refine essence into Qi is to bathe, to feel the Qi return is to feel the cold wind.’”

“The vertebrae is the median of the human body and splits the body into two major parts. When the backbone gets exercise, then the entire body is exercised. When your entire body emits heat, then right when sweat is about to be produced, the vertebrae is the cause. The principle of acupuncture and moxibustion follows this same concept, but they use needles while the three integrals uses the vertebrae to stimulate the body. One focuses within, the other focuses on the outside.”

“A true expert does not sweat when he practices. It is only when killing someone should one sweat.”

After finishing up her explanation, she took out a heavy metal card from her pocket, “This is the posture of the three integrals. I’ve already explained the reasoning behind it; pushing the joints helps you grasp the fundamentals. Go back and practice by yourself. When winter break comes, come to the 18th building by Lake Tianxing and look for me.”

“Your sister has some things to take care of, so I can’t teach you right now.”

“Use this to get in.” Handing the card over to Wang Chao, Tang Zichen said, “The password is XXXXXXXXXXXX. With this card, you’ll be able to enter.”

“If you can show great progress with it, then find me and I’ll teach you something new. If you can’t, then throw away the card and don’t look for me.” Tang Zichen spoke seriously.

“Sis Chen, what is considered good progress?!” Wang Chao cried out with worry. After so much help from her, Wang Chao had already considered her as a bigger sister, so he couldn’t help but speak out in a hurry.

“When you can feel your temple swell a bit, that is when you can find me.”

Chapter 4: Transforming Power to Fight People as Easily as Drawing a Picture and Strengthening the Marrow to Fear no Gun

Chapter 4: Transforming Jin to fight people as easily as drawing a picture and strengthen the marrow to fear no gun

Lake Tianxing of the S Province was both vast and deep. It spanned for over 10 kilometers and was connected to the Yan River to the north. To the west was Mount Baihe, and grass grew everywhere around the lake. Peach willows and cherry trees were everywhere in numerous numbers along with redwoods, ironwood, and ginkgo trees. With such a beautiful scenery, this area was known to be the most scenic place in the S Province.

And to the south of the lake was a red wall as tall as four people encircled by trees. Within this red wall was a single villa.

The Lake Tianxing district was S Province's largest residential area. Villas filled the area with their own electrical gates, alarm and monitoring systems, and even a 24 hour patrol. There was even a specialized hospital, supermarket, and even a specific branch of the Bank of China all catered for the usage of the residents.

Rumors had it that foreign investors had invested several billion dollars in order to establish this area. Not only was the insides of each villa spacious, but there were even gardens specifically made to resemble the Netherlands.

This type of residence and environment was something that only a wealthy person could have.

Tang Zichen rode along the road on her own silver racing bike before going past the automatic gates where four guards stood nearby.

The avenue she was traveling on was expansive and even though there had been a heavy snowfall recently, not a single pile of snow or drop of rain could be seen. Not even mud could be seen on the road.

After several minutes of biking past a few villas, she had finally stopped at a

villa with three buildings. The middle one was four stories tall and the buildings on both sides were evidently the garage and servant living quarters.

The three buildings had a single large lawn that was fenced with a single white painted fence and the lawn itself was based off of the medieval European times.

With the use of her remote control, the sluice gates to the garage began to open for her to enter. Suddenly, from the pitch darkness from within, a light could be seen.

“Eh?” Tang Zichen’s ears trembled, “Three of you, come on out then.”

Pa! Pa! Pa! Suddenly, the sound of applause could be heard as the lamp within the garage was fully turned on, illuminating the entire garage.

Standing not too far away from Tang Zichen was a black robed youth with a straight nose and black hair. His eyes were of a blue color, indicating that he was of mixed blood.

He was rather handsome and carried about a frivolous smile.

This type of man could get any of the girls he wanted without any slip ups.

Pa, as the handsome male clapped his hands together, a revolver could be seen in one of his hands.

“Violent Bear, Evil Wolf, come on out. Our whereabouts have been spotted.” The male spoke as he spun the revolver quickly around his finger.

At the same time, two figures could be seen walking out of nowhere, blocking the way out of the road.

Opening the door, Tang Zichen walked on over, allowing her to see the two men. One of them was a black male around 1.9 to 2.0 meters in height and had muscles that were bulging out of his shirt. All over his body, a doughty aura could be felt exuding from him.

The other person was a blonde caucasian who wore camouflage clothing. While his physique wasn’t as terrifying as the other, he was still well proportionate and on one of the camo legs, the sheath to a black dagger could be seen.

“Oh my god, what a miracle. Who would had known the instructor who has

trained countless of killing machines for the Black Mamba, Rattlesnake, Poisonous Scorpion, BBN and Chinese Dragons coalition would be such a beautiful young lady? Miss Tang, Miss Tang Zichen!”

The mixed blood male shrugged his shoulders as he whistled, addressing Tang Zichen with a gentleman’s etiquette.

“Allow me to introduce myself, my code name is Spirit Fox’. My friends in the killing world have given me another name, ‘Reaper’s Bullet’. That’s because each time I shoot from my revolver, it will take the soul of another.’

“My real name is John, John Maliweinski. But since we’re in China, I’ll have to use a Chinese name. So I’ve taken up Yang Yingming. How about it? Miss Tang Zichen, isn’t it a good name?”

Yang Yingming was extremely refined almost as if he was inviting a girl to dance at a drinking party. “The black guy is Violent Bear, in the past, he used karate to break the neck of a polar bear. In the underground market of New York, he has beaten several boxers and even killed 30 of them by snapping their necks. The white guy is codenamed Evil Wolf. He specializes in stealth kills using his knife to slit the throats of his enemies without a single sound being made!”

“Are you from the CIA?” Tang Zichen spoke without moving an inch.

“No no no....” Yang Yingming shook his head with a smile, “We are from another organization. But the CIA did pay a hefty price for us to come to China. Miss Tang’s organization has disturbed the USA’s plans in Africa, and since miss Tang is a high ranking official in your organization, we were naturally very interested. Was it possible that something was happening within China? According to our intel, Miss Tang’s organization had no relevancy to China.”

“So how about it? Miss Tang, why don’t you take a trip with us? We’ll transport you to the seaside in secret and then ship you off to the CIA personnel. Miss Tang shouldn’t disobey us, I’m quite the quick shooter, and I’d hate to pollute your pretty blood with my bullet.”

“Spirit Fox, don’t talk so much, hurry up and do it.” The caucasian male spoke up in English. He was becoming impatient and slowly circled around them with the black male.

Suddenly, Tang Zichen made a start. But Evil Wolf and Violent Bear were both veterans of hundreds of battles and each had countless of kills under their belts. Any move that Tang Zichen would make, they would be aware of.

Evil Wolf was true to his name as he abruptly sprung outwards. In one fluid motion, he was already at her neck with his knife aimed at her main artery on her neck.

Slightly tilting her body an inch, Tang Zichen allowed for the knife to stab into her shoulder.

Evil Wolf specialized in being a killing machine however. The strength in his arm was at its max; and even if he were to cut into the shoulder, he would still be able to completely dismember the joint.

But having her arm cut off wasn't a part of Tang Zichen's plans, causing her to invert her shoulder.

Hidden Jin activate!

Suddenly, Evil Wolf's face revealed a look of pain as if he was just shocked. His entire body seemed to have become paralyzed for that split second.

Encapsulating on this opportunity, Tang Zichen strode forward and swung her arm sideways. This was a move from Taichi, "Step Forward, Deflect, Parry and Punch".

Tang Zichen's clothes wafted through the air, creating a firework like popping sound!

This "Deflect, Parry and Punch" was almost as if a stick had struck against Evil Wolf's chest.

Evil Wolf's 100 kilogram body was sent flying through the air like a bullet before slamming against the wall of the garage. He stuck to the wall for a good two seconds before slowly falling to the ground.

When he fell, his eyes were wide opened as a droplet of water escaped from his open mouth as he tried to breathe.

"Ha!" In that moment when Evil Wolf had lost all of his fighting strength, Violent Bear had immediately responded. Without blinking, Violent Bear snorted

through his nose as he extended his arms so as to enwrap Tang Zichen in his arms with a bear hug.

He was prepared to use his entire strength to make Tang Zichen knock out.

His muscle mass was terrifying. Any regular attack would be like a mosquito bite on him, and in the past, he had caused the bones of five different people to fracture in a single hug.

Within the ring, Tang Zichen crouched downwards and rotated her waist. Swinging her entire body, both her arms suddenly spread out wide as she made use of Bagua's "Rotating Body Palm" to swing at him.

Pa! Suddenly, Violent Bear's 100+ kilogram body was dropped to the ground as if he was a ragdoll.

Bang, bang, bang, bang! Straight away, the muffled sounds of gunfire could be heard as Tang Zichen's legs was pushed against the ground as if ice skating. Blood could be seen as it dripped down her white clothes and stained it red.

Yang Yingming had fired. While Tang Zichen had dodged three of the bullets, she had still been hit.

"You fight as if you're drawing a picture!" When Yang Yingming had seen Evil Wolf get plastered against the wall for two seconds, he had immediately fired his revolver. Seeing that a bullet make contact with Tang Zichen, he instantly grew relaxed, "To think your martial arts has already reached the Transforming Jin stage. You've long since passed the Clear Jin and Hidden Jin stage if you can dodge three of my shots."

Yang Yingming's marksmanship had underwent such a specialized training regime that he could be recognized as a top notch sniper, but Tang Zichen had somehow managed to evade three of his shots.

But even after getting shot, Tang Zichen had no change in her expression. Squeezing her shoulder, the blood soaked bullet had managed to shoot out from her muscles with a clanging sound as it hit the floor.

The bullet should have entered into her flesh deep enough for surgery to be needed to extract it.

But at this moment, Tang Zichen had managed to extract it as easily as hitting a fly out of the air.

Even the wound had managed to stop bleeding.

The single bullet wound had no effect on her at all. With a single step, the soles and her five toes pressed against the ground with a considerable amount of force.

In the next moment, her entire body was flying as if a snake weaving through the grass.

“Grass Weaving Snake” was one of the stances to the snake branch of Xingyi Quan. This was something that Tang Zichen had a complete mastery over.

Seeing how Tang Zichen had managed to pop out the bullet in her body, his face looked as if he had seen a ghost. “Your martial arts has even affected your bones?!”

But even as the words left his mouth, Tang Zichen had already approached up close to him.

But even Yang Yingming knew martial arts. His right leg shot outwards with a horizontal sweep, a crisp sound following it.

Without hesitation, Tang Zichen bent her body in a snake like fashion and allowed the kick to sweep over his face.

Seeing his kick miss, he managed to try and back up before fishing out his gun to shoot, but Tang Zichen gave him no chance.

Crouch and grab, this was the “Monkey Stealing the Peach” move that Tang Zichen had taught Wang Chao.

Yang Yingming’s senses were too sharp, so Tang Zichen had been unable to grab him. The back of his body felt a whooshing sensation as he realized that he was up against the garage wall with no room to retreat.

In a moment between life or death, Yang Yingming crouched down as well. With his legs pressed together and his arms in a protective manner, his hands grabbed at Tang Zichen’s own hands.

The hand that had been scooped up against the ground suddenly slapped

against the ground before striking outwards like the tail of a python.

The terazzo of the garage immediately gained several new cracks underneath where her hand had struck.

Crouch down and grab sand, but there was no sand. With Tang Zichen's Hidden Jin, she could easily make sand from the ground.

Grabbing at the broken pieces from the terazzo, Tang Zichen rose up into the air and threw the stones like arrows, piercing into Yang Yingming's face.

With the bits of sand that flew into his eyes, Yang Yingming had wanted to close his eyes, but thanks to his martial artist instincts, he had resisted.

With another move, "Rising Dragon Head", her hand that had been outstretched for a grab had instantly curled up into a fist before rising up to strike at Yang Yingming in the chin.

Hearing the whistling sound below, Yang Yingming instinctively tilted his head up.

Tang Zichen's movements instantly changed as her "Rising Dragon Head" had turned into "Twin Dragons Fighting over Pearl", her fist extending two fingers to jab into Yang Yingming's eyes.

With both eyes being jabbed, the eyeballs had instantly been forced out of the eye sockets as blood streamed down Yang Yingming's face.

His entire body dropped to the ground as he began to howl into the air

"You....you were shot....just how....how could there.....be no effect??!"

Tang Zichen looked at her wound indifferently, "My martial arts has even entered my bone marrow. Your gunshot is the same as a person peeling the skin of a fruit. I don't even need a bandage."

"Guo...Guo Yunshen.....said that...Guoshu had three...three stages....Clear Jin....Hidden Jin....and Transforming Jin.....then there was....the three skills....Bone Change....Muscle Change....and....Bone....Bone Marrow Change....did you reach such....such a level? Te-tell me...how did you achieve...such a feat....?"

Knowing that Yang Yingming was going to die anyways, she replied, "After the Hidden Jin stage, you use sound to vibrate the bone marrow."

Yang Yingming's body spasmed as he gritted with pain, "Wh-what....what sound...?"

Tang Zichen spoke only the words, "The Tiger's Thunder."

"So it...it was like....that? Kill me...now then...."

"Hold on, just which organization are you from? How did you know I've arrived in China?" Tang Zichen questioned.

"Sorry...but that's...business...for you..."

"Your kicking method and protective stances is of a standard style, but you use it in the manner of Wing Chun, who is your master?"

"Your....boxing has...already surpassed Li...Li Luoneng....Dong Haichuan....and even Yang Luchan....Cheng Tinghua had....had died by a gun....but my own bullet....didn't even hurt you....my master would....definitely not be...an opponent....for you.....Ah....so this....this is what death feels like....."

"Unfortunately, you only had one gun. During Cheng Tinghua's death, he had 24 guns pointed at him.

Tang Zichen's eyes grew dim as she stabbed into Yang Yingming's heart. With a final spasm, Yang Yingming grew still and breathed no more.

"You can die now!" A gigantic shadow flew at her from behind.

Violent Bear who had been struck to the ground by Tang Zichen's Returning Body Palm had managed to get back up for a chance to strike.

At last, he had managed to grab the knife from Evil Wolf and lash out at her like a leopard fighting an antelope.

Without even turning her head, Tang Zichen stood up and got into a stance!

"Body Throwing Blow", elbow strike! Lifting Yin Palm!

Bang! A dent could be seen in Violent Bear's chest as his sternum was shattered!

Even his testicles had become a mangled flesh of red and white as it was ripped apart from his body and falling to the ground a meter away.

He died too.

Meanwhile, while Evil Wolf had lost the capability to fight, he was still alive and capable of thought. Seeing Tang Zichen walk closer to him, he began to struggle to move his body.

Tang Zichen's hand touched upon Evil Wolf's chest, and almost as if he had received a shot, Evil Wolf could suddenly breathe well again.

Tang Zichen had used Hidden Jin to enter through Evil Wolf's pores and jump started his nerves as a form of an artificial pacemaker.

"Speak. Just what is your organization? What is your purpose with the CIA so that you were smuggled into China?" Tang Zichen grabbed at Evil Wolf's throat before carrying him off the ground with both hands.

Tang Zichen's words had been spoken in fluent English.

Evil Wolf closed his eyes. He knew that against such a formidable amount of power, resistance was futile.

With a small sigh, Tang Zichen gripped her hands tightly. With a cracking sound, she had shattered Evil Wolf's windpipe and threw him to the ground.

Chapter 5: Change in the Temple

Chapter 5: A change in the temples

Wang Chao had spent the entire day thinking about the “three integrals” to the human body taught to him by sis Chen. From day and night, he had spent the majority of his time focusing on his vertebrae and tailbone, pressing against each and every joint slowly with his fingers.

At the beginning, Tang Zichen had slowly worked her way down his vertebrae joints with her finger. No matter what small action she had done, his body had responded, and Wang Chao had taken her words to heart. But when it came to practicing every day on his joints, Wang Chao had found this to be quite difficult.

Wang Chao had tried for three or four days to move his center of gravity to his tailbone, but naturally, his hair did not spike up.

The vertebrae was not like the arm or leg which could easily be controlled.

A few days later, Wang Chao had made no progress. But instead of being discouraged, he threw himself into the teachings sis Chen had taught him vigorously.

Wang Chao had been too engrossed in his thoughts. Even in class, he had unconsciously tried to straighten his back and use the chair to press against his vertebrae.

“Wang Chao! You’re always doing something strange everyday, did you want to die?” Suddenly, an angry swear could be heard one day behind Wang Chao.

Turning his head, Wang Chao saw a bright eyed female student whose delicate face was twisted in complaint.

“Ah, what was her name again?” Wang Chao desperately tried to remember the name of the girl, but the only thing he could remember was that her last name was Cao and that she was a class officer. Her full name he had completely forgotten.

“Oh, sorry about that.” Wang Chao apologized in an effort not to cause any

trouble.

Upon seeing the apologetic face of Wang Chao, her anger immediately dissipated, "Finals are almost here but you never study at all! This next exam will be our city wide examination where every school will be ranked. As the class monitor and committee member of the student council, I wanted to tell you to not bring the entire class down."

"Okay okay...." Hearing the girl, Wang Chao couldn't help but feel as if the girl was trying to prove her dominance over him. Normally, he would feel uneasy, but as per usual, he only nodded his head without moving a muscle. But in his mind, he quietly repeated the words sis Chen had told him, "Intent and Qi" and "Strength and Qi".

"Studying won't help change my destiny, but the Guoshu that sis Chen is teaching me, that might."

Wang Chao was an ordinary person with a family social class that was lacking a bit. So naturally, he was reserved and introverted by nature. Because of this, he did not say what was on his mind.

In actuality, Wang Chao had a burning desire that far exceeded anyone else. It was only because of reality that his desire had been suppressed.

Ever since that coincidental meeting with sis Chen, Wang Chao knew. He knew that he had grabbed onto the rope to life. Tang Zichen had opened up the grand doors to the Guoshu world in such wondrous manner that was far better than what school was teaching him by a hundred times over.

The other reason was that studying in school had gave Wang Chao no interest, but the Guoshu that sis Chen was teaching him had resonated deeply in him.

"Tailbone.....center of gravity....the three integrals...."

Soon, the end of the school term came by, and in half a month, winter break would officially begin. From when Wang Chao had begun to learn Guoshu from Tang Zichen, it had already been a full month.

In this half month, Wang Chao threw himself passionately into practicing the horse stance. As time went on, he gradually began to feel that he was starting to feel like a horse as his body began to simulate how a horse would be.

He had even practiced the two moves, “Lifting Yin Palm” and “Monkey Stealing the Peach” so passionately that he could do it instinctively.

But the basics of the three integrals, Wang Chao just couldn’t begin to fathom it. Up to even now, he wasn’t able to replicate his hair spiking up consistently.

Then on Saturday 10 days before the start of winter break when the sun was just beginning to rise. Wang Chao was at the stove to boil some water when a wandering cat came walking by his family gate to get to the sunny spot. With a energetic arching of its back, the cat coiled up and began to doze off.

Wang Chao’s heart began to race before slowly creeping up on the cat. With a sudden movement, he stamped on the cat’s tail violently.

“Mwrowr! Mrowrrrrr!” The cat began to hiss in pain as its body curled up temporarily as its tail grew erect. With an arching of its back, the vertebrae took on the shape of a drawn bow while also looking like a coiled snake poised to strike.

The cat’s fur began to bristle up like a hedgehog before leaping up to bounce towards Wang Chao’s face.s face.

Wang Chao threw up his hands in desperation to defend his face only to end up with his arms being scratched.

Throwing the cat away, Wang Chao was not at all angry at it. Instead, he was extremely happy because he had clearly seen the cat’s tail, vertebrae, and its fur spike up in that instant. After giving himself many days to try and learn by experience, Wang Chao had finally realized something important.

As for the cat that had been thrown, it landed back on the ground silently while staring vehemently at Wang Chao.

A stare down between cat and human could be seen.

Wang Chao was feeling extremely apologetic towards this cat, “Kitty, I’m so sorry. But since you scratched my arms already, let’s call it a draw. Here, since I struck out first, have a piece of fish.”

Heading inside his kitchen for a moment, he cut a piece of the leftover fish from the new year to give to the cat.

Sensing no hostility from Wang Chao, the cat stared suspiciously at the piece of fish. With a blink of its eyes, it couldn't resist any longer and snatched up the fish into its mouth.

As Wang Chao began to sigh in relief, a sharp crying sound could be heard from indoors.

It was the kettle he had put on the stove. The water that had been boiling inside was releasing steam through its opening, resulting in a sharp whistling sound.

"I get it now!" Wang Chao cried out before immediately getting into the three integral stance. From his head to his neck, his vertebrae was like a snake. Slowly easing himself downwards, his entire body began to emit heat and sweat.

Pa! His body's center of gravity suddenly focused at his tailbone before Wang Chao suddenly felt like the cat. Instead of having an actual tail, he could visualize himself with one.

A small stimulation could be felt around his tailbone, and before he knew it, the cold sensation traveled up his vertebrae and towards his head. Suddenly, his scalp went numb as he felt goosebumps appear all over his body as the pores began to close.

With this newfound realization, Wang Chao immediately set himself to practicing the three integrals only to feel the heat and sweat threatening to escape from his pores with each second he sustained the posture.

As he continued, Wang Chao could almost feel that his head was like a balloon that was being inflated.

At the last moment, Wang Chao felt as if he was on the verge of exploding before he had stopped. Following sis Chen's example, he brought both of his hands up to his eyebrows before pressing downwards towards his abdomen.

Even as his hands pushed downwards, all Wang Chao could feel was him trying to push down on a tire. No matter how much he tried, he couldn't push it down completely.

Wang Chao's abdomen grumbled with a gurgling sound before turning over and shooting outwards.

Unable to keep his mouth shut, Wang Chao let out a hiss of pain.

This hiss was similar in sound to when the kettle from earlier was boiling.

Suddenly, Wang Chao came to the sensation that a part of the heat had traveled up towards his face before stopping right at his temples.

At this sensation, Wang Chao could swear that his temples were growing larger.

“It couldn’t be...?” A joyous smile swept across his face as Wang Chao focused on this sensation.

Unable to deal with the kettle still whistling, he hurriedly went to find a mirror.

“Eh? I don’t see anything different, but I can clearly feel something there.”

After looking at himself, Wang Chao could have sworn there was a stimulation in his temples and grew dejected.

“Forget it, eating one bite doesn’t mean I’m fat. I clearly felt that sensation, that means I’m doing something right.”

And so he forced himself to stay calm once more.

At long last he had made it through the bottleneck. For the next 10 days, Wang Chao had been in a joyous mood. Naturally, he continued to practice everyday, with each day he practiced, the closer he felt to improving.

However with this fascination came some retributions. When it came to the finals on the last three days, Wang Chao didn’t know a single thing. After the finals, he still knew nothing. With this end result, Wang Chao figured that he wouldn’t be able to have an even worse of a test grade even if he tried.

On the very first day of winter break, Wang Chao had felt that his temples were slightly different than before after a quick observation in the mirror.

His entire body felt as if he was filled with energy was was revitalized.

This type of change had been quite miraculous to him and caused his self confidence to skyrocket. Looking at his attitude in the past, he felt weird for being so introverted, depressed and wretched.

“Since my temples have changed, I’ll go meet up with sis Chen and learn

something new!” Wang Chao had already made his plans for the winter break. “What should I do for the next two days? I’ve made great progress with my martial arts and even made my temples enlargen. With this, I am a martial artist.”

Wang Chao had even read some novels during the era of the Republic of China where experts were everywhere. Each one of them had “temples that were an inch tall and mighty”.

Although his own temple wasn’t yet an inch tall, there was still a minute change. For a moment....Wang Chao had felt that... even if just by a little bit, he was slowly becoming an expert of martial arts....

With his temples swollen with energy and confidence, he was eager to go and find someone to fight to see the fruits of his two months of training.

Chapter 6: The Way of the Guoshu Fighting Style! One Strike and the Law Has Been Broken!

Chapter 6: The way of the Guoshu Fighting Style! One strike and the law has been broken!

“Sigh, meat’s getting more and more expensive, the price has already risen to 20 yuan per kilogram. I’ll bring some money tomorrow and buy a bit less. We’ll smoke it for later since we’ve got to eat meat during this month. Speaking of food, our son’s been eating a lot lately. He’s probably beginning to grow, so we should make some tasty dishes today.

In the evening, the family of three ate dinner. There was stir-fried bok choy, pickled vegetables, tofu, and hot and sour peppers. Wang Chao’s parents let out a sigh; their faces filled with exhaustion. Wang Chao’s father worked at a supermarket. He left early and came back late every day. The tough labor had already taken a heavy toll on this forty-year old body.

“En.” Wang Chao’s mother ate two small mouthfuls of food and then put down her chopsticks. She silently pinched her pockets. Her face was yellow due to an illness she got last year. Even though it had been cured, the treatment used up who knows how much of their savings.

Wang Chao understood all this, but he didn’t say anything. He just silently ate his food with his head lowered.

“I’m done. I’m going to go take a walk.” Wang Chao knew about their family’s financial crisis, but there was nothing he could do about it. But now, his confidence had grown, his head as well. He was already thinking of ways to make money.

“Come back early and be careful of the cars.” His mother reminded him. Wang Chao replied and then left.

The day was gradually getting darker. The scenery at night was beautiful. Wang Chao walked and walked until he reached the South Sports Center.

The South Sports Center was a huge place for many things. There was a place for video games, a basketball court, and even many Taekwondo, Karate, Muay Thai schools. However, there was no school that taught Guoshu.

“All in!”

“Show your hand.”

“Ah, Golden Flower! Brother Liang, your luck is so good.”

The rowdy commotion got the attention of Wang Chao. Not too far away from him were five or six guys playing mahjong on a ping pong table. The leader was a young, bald male wearing a leather jacket. He had a knife scar across his throat, making him look extremely menacing.

Wang Chao had immediately recognized this male called brother Liang. He was a ruffian with around ten underlings. He frequently hung around outside of the school to cheat students of their money and flirt with girls.

In his first year, Wang Chao had once walked a bit close to a girl. One of his underlings saw this and said to brother Liang that Wang Chao was flirting with his girlfriend. He had forced Wang Chao to hand over his money and only after finding out that Wang Chao truly didn't have any money on him, and so he punched and kicked Wang Chao a few times.

At that time, Wang Chao could only bear the humiliation because he was too afraid to fight back. But now his confidence had risen. Suddenly, out of the corners of his eyes, he noticed an underling next to brother Liang who was smoking and playing around with his lighter. He was the very same underling that had beat him up last year.

Wang Chao immediately flared up; his blood rushing to his face.

He was especially irritated when he saw the stacks of red hundred yuan bills on the table.

Blood rushed towards Wang Chao's head as his anger rose and hatred boiled in his heart as he silently plotted.

“I've got a grudge and today, your daddy's going to take revenge and make some profit at the same time.” Wang Chao quickly thought, *“So many people.*

How am I going to fight this? I should first take out some people and then I'll go from there. Should I take some money and then leave? Or should I do something else?"

Wang Chao calculated the various outcomes of his plan for a moment. Then, he sucked in a deep breath and then walked forward.

The group of people was focused entirely on the mahjong tiles. Hundreds of yuan bills were passed back and forth. It seemed like no one had noticed Wang Chao just yet.

"Brother Guang, it's your turn to bet. I'm betting fifty!" A red-haired ruffian tapped the table towards Brother Guang. This brother Guang was the ruffian who had beaten up Wang Chao a year ago.

"What are you yelling for, you bitch." Brother Guang seemed to have lost. He wasn't happy at this fact and used his hands to slam the table.

"Lil' Guang, don't be so angry. Wait a bit and I'll ask brother K to find a nice little girl for you to play with!" Brother Liang wiped his tiles and then puffed out a stream of smoke.

At this moment, Wang Chao had already reached brother Guang's back. He suddenly grabbed Brother Guang's hair and pulled backwards violently!

"Ah!" Brother Guang hadn't been on guard when he was suddenly met with such a dirty trick and howled loudly towards the sky in pain.

Kacha! Wang Chao grabbed his hair and dragged both brother Guang and even the chair along the ground.

Wang Chao had already calculated what he would do next. The instant he grabbed the hair, his other hand swept the table. He didn't know how many red bills he had grabbed, but he felt that his hands were full and quickly stuffed the bills into his pocket.

This time, everyone at the table noticed him and immediately stood up.

Wang Chao kicked the table over. he then fiercely stamped on Brother Guang's face and then jumped back two or three meters like a monkey.

Wang Chao's leg strength had increased by quite a bit through practicing the

“Horse Stance”, and since “Monkey Stealing the Peach” was an attack move, it would not do.

Practicing the three integrals of the body had taken an effect on Wang Chao as well. His spirit brimmed with energy and his strength was abundant. Wang Chao wasn't even breathing hard after the quick combo.

These movements had already been calculated ahead of time by Wang Chao. And just as expected, the gang wasn't able to react in time.

Hearing Brother Guang roll on the ground screeching made Wang Chao feel extremely satisfied as if Zhu Bajie had eaten ginseng. Every pore in his body opened with excitement.

“Hitting people really does feel good! I’ve lived for so many years and today I get to blow off all my steam! How great!”

“Son of a bitch, you’re looking to die!”

Brother Liang was the first to react. He picked up a wooden stool and threw it at him. With just one look, you could see that he was extremely experienced in fighting.

Wang Chao hastily dodged the chair but brother Liang had already closed in and kicked towards Wang Chao's stomach.

Brother Liang's stool into kick move was very practiced, a clear reflection of the countless fights he had been in.

Wang Chao had never fought before. His experience was clearly lacking a bit and he was hit by Brother Liang's kick.

Luckily, the results of practicing the Horse Stance so often had paid off. Wang Chao being kicked hadn't resulted in him tumbling towards the ground. He moved back two steps, but his stomach didn't even hurt.

“If I had fell, then I’d have been done for! Fortunately, his kicks have no strength behind them. It doesn’t hurt at all!” When Wang Chao stepped back, he saw that five or six nearby ruffians had lifted up their stools or their bats.

Wang Chao stood with his three integrals form and breathed lightly. He still had some ability to defend himself.

Brother Liang truly was someone who frequently fought with others. Seeing how his kick hadn't caused Wang Chao to collapse, he stared blankly for a brief moment, and then pounced over with his fists clenched.

Wang Chao hastily turned around, leaving his back facing Brother Liang.

Brother Liang's fist hit Wang Chao's back. Wang Chao endured the pain as he suddenly turned around and used a "Lifting Yin Palm".

Wang Chao had practiced the Lifting Yin Palm nearly ten thousand times in the past two months. He couldn't have been any more proficient in this move if he tried.

Brother Liang reacted to it, but even though he blocked the elbow, Wang Chao's arm shot out like a bullet onto Brother Liang's testicle.

Brother Liang immediately crouched down, clutching his pants as he rolled on the ground in agonizing pain, losing the ability to continue the fight. Wang Chao turned on his heel and ran away immediately.

That was because there were still six or seven people surrounding him.

Wang Chao didn't even have the time to pick up the scattered red bills on the ground.

But Wang Chao was a little curious as he thought: *"These gangsters gambled with quite a lot of money. Where'd they get it all from?"*

The Sports Center was very large, but it was enclosed on all four sides. The only exit was being blocked by two ruffians. Wang Chao knew that if any one of them grabbed him, he'd immediately be surrounded by the others and it'd be over for him. He continued to run and headed towards the stairs.

The six or seven people shouted as they chased after him.

The fight had given rise to quite a riot, causing people from all over the sports center to come and watch the excitement. The place was like a bustling food market.

Wang Chao's legs were quick and he had a lot of stamina. After running for a bit, he was finally able to shake them off.

"Should I go over and beat them up some more to gain experience?"

Just as these evil thoughts arose in Wang Chao's head, he suddenly heard the sounds of sirens. A police car had driven in. Someone had been watching the fight and had called the police.

Chapter 7: The Robber is the Victim

Chapter 7: The robber is the victim

The moment the sirens of the police cars could be heard, the gangsters that had been chasing Wang Chao immediately went still for a moment before running off.

But after several steps, one of the persons immediately stopped, “This isn’t our fault this time! Why are we running when it’s his fault!”

At this, the gangsters immediately stopped running and hurriedly waited for the police to come.

Soon, the sirens came to a stop as five or six men came out of the car fully dressed in uniform.

The leader was a burly looking police officer that was almost 2 meters tall. In a second, he had barked out an order, “Book the ones that were fighting, now! Any bystanders, out of the way!”

Subsequently, the police officers came down on the gangsters with a frightening speed and quickly handcuffed the gangsters, including brothers Liang and Guang who had been struck by Wang Chao earlier.

“You pieces of trash, causing trouble for me at such an important time, I’ll be sure to teach you well when we get back!” A middle aged police officer kicked at one of the gangsters with a curse.

But even Wang Chao had been ratted out to the police officers by one of the gangsters, causing him to be put in the back of a police car as well.

With both police cars stuffed with people, they finally set into motion to drive away.

In the police car, Wang Chao could only look on in a daze. He had a feeling that this group of police officers could have been a part of the SWAT team.

“Sit down in a line and behave!” Once they had arrived at the police station, the police officer in charge of them kicked at each of the gangsters angrily.

Since Wang Chao was wearing his school uniform, he had been fortunate and was not kicked.

When one of the police officers saw Wang Chao, he spoke, "Isn't this a student? He's not one of them, hurry up and unshackle him."

Not only were Wang Chao's handcuffs taken off, but he had been given a chair to sit on and wait.

"Officer Cao, he was the one that started it! he even stole our money!" Brother Liang had already recovered a bit from the strike to his testicles, but there was still the phantom pain left in his groin even as he tried to explain.

The other gangsters immediately began to heckle Wang Chao as well, "Officer Cao, we can testify! It was that brat that struck first and even stole our money!"

"Enough of your shit!" The man called officer Cao slapped the table with his palms and roared, "Just what type of person are you if you say that a student stole your money? He hit you first? Do you think I am some sort of idiot?"

"What time do you think it is? It's the national elections! And yet, you're still causing trouble for me! Didn't your boss Chen teach you any better and say to avoid trouble during this time? With the shit you're causing me, I should shoot one of you!"

The boss behind the scenes was someone that officer Cao knew. However, with even this type of violation at such a time, even boss Chen would be made an example of.

The eyes of officer Cao were fully blazing now as he ranted with a furious rage that scared even the gangsters.

With that, officer Cao turned to Wang Chao, "Which school are you from?"

With a small stutter, Wang Chao spoke, "Uncle officer, I'm a second year from Sanzhong, third class.

"Sanzhong, second year of the third class? That's the same class my daughter is in." Officer Cao spoke with a nod of his head, "You needn't worry then, I'll just write your name down and you can go."

At that moment, a police officer came rushing in, "Captain Cao, the news

reporter for the television channel is here.”

Kneading his temples softly, officer Cao spoke, “It’s a good thing our patrols have been so tight recently. Otherwise, this extortion crime of a student would have been caught by the news reporter. In this time during the election, that would have been terrible.”

“Let her in for the interview.”

Not too long after, a long haired woman wearing a business suit walked into the room followed by a cameraman

As soon as the cameraman came in, he immediately walked to a corner of the room and began filming.

It was just then that Wang Chao had realized who she was. This woman was Zhu Jia, the beautiful news anchor that he saw on the news channel every so often.

As Zhu Jia walked into the room, she and officer Cao began to talk for a moment before finally beginning to film. “Good evening everyone. Tonight during the elections, the city’s public security bureau has been working around the clock to protect the safety of every citizen and to provide a safe environment....Just now, the Nancheng division of the public safety bureau has just recently caught a gang of gangsters trying to extort a high school student...”

The camera panned on over to brother Liang and the others.

Then, Zhu Jia pointed the camera and microphone to Wang Chao, “This is a second year student from Sanzhong who had been working out at the sports center before being blackmailed and extorted. Just how do you feel about this matter?”

Wang Chao’s nose felt a small itch as he smelled the sweet fragrant perfume that Zhu Jia was wearing. With a beating heart and a slightly stunned face, he nodded his head, “I want to thank uncle officer for arriving so fast.”

Sneaking a glance at Zhu Jia, Wang Chao suddenly realized just how beautiful this news anchor was. Unable to help realize just how dry his lips were, he turned his head as if to say something more, but Zhu Jia had already turned the microphone away from him to question officer Cao.

Officer Cao coughed to clear his throat before speaking, “In this time of importance, our public security bureau has strived to maintain the peace. As for those who dare to violate this discipline, we will strike hard and fast at them..... and we will be looking at any holes in our coverage...”

Officer Cao’s speech of justice had lasted for half the day before the news reporter finally took away the microphone and took a picture with the officer before waving goodbye and leaving in a moment.

Brother Liang had almost spat out in blood from all the anger he was feeling, but he didn’t dare speak out since he was deathly afraid of officer Cao’s explosive temperament.

But while they didn’t complain, they still sent poisonous glares towards Wang Chao.

By now, Wang Chao had finally broken out of his stupor. Ignoring brother Liang and the others, he asked officer Cao, “Uncle officer, can I go home now?”

“Wei, boss Chen? I’ve just caught a group of...” At that moment, the officer waved his hand as an indicator for Wang Chao not to speak while he was on the phone.

“What! Those bastards! I gave them some money and told them to behave, but they ended up doing it anyways! You said they were on television as well? Fine, fine. Officer Cao, I’m sorry to bother you, but just throw them in for a year, let’s see if they’ll cause anymore trouble then.”

After Wang Chao’s temples had been enlarged, his ears had been able to move at will as well, allowing him to hear the contents of the phone conversation with ease.

Closing his cellphone, officer Cao spoke to the other police officers by the side, Xiao Li, Xiao Yang, lock them up in the black room for tonight, we’ll deal with them tomorrow.”

After the interrogation was over, only officer Cao and Wang Chao remained in the room.

Wang Chao had desperately wished to go home now, “Uncle officer, can I go home now?”

Officer Cao looked at Wang Chao for a moment without saying anything as if he was thinking. Then, slowly, his eyes looked at Wang Chao's temples with a narrowed glance.

"Little brother, your skill is quite decent. After fighting so many gangsters, did you not get hurt?"

Chapter 8: The Difference to a Master

Chapter 8: The difference to a master

Originally, Wang Chao had already calmed down from the entire ordeal, but the moment he had heard officer Cao's words, his heart immediately went into overdrive. His throat constricted as his vertebrae straightened, his center of gravity went towards his tailbone, and his hair began to stand up.

Crash! Right away, the chair that Wang Chao had been sitting in had been sent flying away.

When he saw just what type of reaction had occurred from his words, officer Cao had been surprised. This high schooler had seem almost like a wild animal that was ready to bite if need be.

"What a fast reaction speed," Officer Cao thought with interest towards Wang Chao.

In actuality, during the beginning of the interrogation, officer Cao had realized that from these 8 gangsters, only brother Guang had any injuries. Brother Liang's hands were clutching at his pants with a pale face, clearly he had won the lottery of injuries. As for this high schooler, he only had a single footprint on his chest and a rosy red face. Aside from the out of breath look, it was clear to see that this kid was quite strong.

For a person to injure two people out of eight with such a situation like this, if officer Cao couldn't see the truth, then he may as well quit being an officer.

"Don't be so nervous." Officer Cao slowly took out a Furongwang brand cigarette and lit it on fire. "I'm not interrogating you, it's just a simple talk. Have you learned martial arts before?"

Slowly calming himself, Wang Chao thought to himself, *"Just what is this guy thinking? He clearly saw that I had robbed the gangsters, so they're the victims, not me."* With that thought, Wang Chao couldn't help but pat the money he had stashed away within his clothes.

It was until now that Wang Chao realized just how much money he had grabbed. With a quick estimation, he could guess it to be around a thousand or two thousand RMB.

This amount of money was quite the sum to Wang Chao. Even if he had stolen it, he was reluctant to part with it.

“Judging from the lack of calluses on your hands and the uneven finger bones, you haven’t practiced for long. But with a reaction like that along with your physique, I’m guessing you’ve been practicing your family’s martial arts for a small amount of time, otherwise, you’d never have been kicked like that.”

While smoking, officer Cao continued to give his observations.

Looking at the hand that was holding the cigarette, Wang Chao could see that the fist’s bones were rather even looking as if there was no dents at all. Even his hands had a brown colored layer from the calluses.

Looking at his own hand, he kneaded his hand into a fist. The depression between each knuckle was clearly noticeable.

“En, I’ve practiced a little bit. Just about two months now.” Wang Chao spoke after careful consideration, he saw no harm in saying this piece of information.

“Eh, could this be a martial art that has been passed down from generation to generation? Could this kid be a practitioner of tradition?” Officer Cao’s eyes began to shine as he thought to himself. *“By now, most inherited martial arts are mostly very bare-boned like in their movements, could I have come across a true traditional form?”*

“Who is your teacher?” Officer Cao asked carelessly.

But Wang Chao was too careful to give a real answer, “I can’t tell him about sis Chen.” He thought. “An old man in the park taught me how to stand properly and two moves to help defend myself.”

“Ah, so it’s like that?” A flash of disappointment went through officer Cao’s eyes for a moment before smiling once more. “How about this, I’m a boxer too. When people of the same trade meet, they should take notes. let me see just how much you’ve practiced.”

“What did you want to test?” Wang Chao loosened up as he saw the happy smile on the officer’s face, but the atmosphere was still quite tense.

“I’ll stand here and you come attack me! Show me your strength and speed!” Officer Cao spoke.

“Sure!” Wang Chao’s original plan had been fighting anyways. Although he had fought the gangsters, his craving hadn’t yet been satisfied. Since someone had taken the initiative to start a fight, it was like offering a pillow to a drowsy person.

Ha!” Wang Chao ran for two steps before pouncing forward with a fist flying at officer Cao’s chest.

Suddenly, the officer swung his own right fist to meet Wang Chao’s fist.

The two fists collided in midair with a crash as flesh hit flesh!

“Ouch!” Wang Chao felt as if he had struck out at an iron wall at high speeds. The pain he had felt was so high that tears were threatening to fall from his eyes as he nursed the fist that he used to make the blow.

“Fuck!” Wang Chao couldn’t help but let out a swear. Although he was in pain, this clash had brought out a dangerous aura from within him.

His foot smashed into the ground as Wang Chao rotated his body so that his back was faced against the officer! Hardening his will, Wang Chao turned to deliver the move he had practiced thousands of times, the “Lifting Yin Palm”.

First was an elbow strike to the chest with a whip like motion, he lashed out with another blow towards the groin area of the officer. But in that time, officer Cao had already smashed his fist into the tip of Wang Chao’s elbow.

Instantly, Wang Chao’s elbow went numb! It was almost as if his entire arm was paralyzed, naturally halting the progression of his elbow strike.

And soon after, the pain in his elbow followed.

Taking back his hand, Wang Chao suddenly realized that his fist was completely swollen now. With the red hue and inflammation, it seemed as if his fist had been dipped and fried in chili oil! Making a fist to punch was impossible to do now, let alone raising it.

“Kid, your fists are far too soft.” The officer drew back without making another move. “Don’t think yourself an expert after learning so little. If you continue to cause trouble, you’ll eat your losses soon enough.”

Wang Chao’s fist had hurt so much that he was trying to cool it off by blowing cold air onto it, *“I can’t do this, I’m too weak! This guy’s just too fast, and his fist is like hitting iron! Anything I do won’t hurt him! Forget it, I’ll wait for next time and have sis Chen continue to teach me. I’ll definitely show him!”*

The fierce competitive nature in Wang Chao had suddenly skyrocketed.

Covering his arm, Wang Chao spoke, “I’m no match for you, I’m going home.” And with that, he turned to leave.

“Hold on.” The officer called out. “Just how much money did you steal?”

“What, you knew I stole money?!” Wang Chao whirled around in keyed up state.

“If I didn’t see such a thing, I would be a failure of a cop. I’d best go home and be the house husband then.” The officer laughed.

“Then why did you have them all locked up and not hold me responsible instead?” Wang Chao asked incredulously. There was a tint of disappointment within him. Knowing that the money was no longer a secret, he fished them out from his clothes—there had been 2100 RMB! With a pain that felt as if he was being cut apart from the inside, he dropped the wad of money onto the table.

“If you were the commander, just what would you do?” The officer nodded his head at the pile of money on the table. “Let’s think for a moment. If I say you stole the money, your parents will definitely argue. A group of gangsters chasing after a high school student before caught by the cops. Then, the gangsters are released and the high school student is imprisoned? If word of this gets out, would I even be an officer still by the end of the day?”

“I see!” Wang Chao gave a sigh in relief as he thought to himself, *“So this is what it’s like to say the stain on your pants is from mud, not shit.”*

“Don’t be so pleased with yourself. These gangsters aren’t anything important thanks to the social progress today where we capture them and then release them. If it were a few dozen years ago, they would have been executed by the

firing squad long ago.”

Dropping the butt of the cigarette on the table, the officer spoke, “Kid, I’m teaching you a lesson here today. Don’t take us police officers as idiots.”

With that, Wang Chao nodded his head and left.

Chapter 9: Tang Zichen's Needle

Chapter 9: Tang Zichen's needle

After leaving the station, Wang Chao could only sigh in dismay and disappointment. Disappointment over the fact that he had lost all of his fighting strength in two blows as well as 2100 RMB.

"21 bills of cash." Wang Chao lamented as if he had a piece of his body cut off. But, the pain in his fist had already receded, leaving him with a paralysis of the hand.

The entire arm had already lost feeling a long time ago.

Biting his lips, Wang Chao lifted his arm with some difficulty only to see the elbow caked with some blood and already some purple bruising.. As for his own fist, it had turned a blackish purple a long time ago to a stunning degree.

Pressing against it lightly, Wang Chao felt a shocking amount of pain similar to being stabbed with a thousand needles.

"Dreadful that attack was. But that means my own skill isn't enough." Wang Chao spoke to himself, wishing that he could just sit in a taxi to find Tang Zichen.

"Oh? Wang Chao, is that you? Just what are you doing here, are you looking for someone?" While walking home with a serious consideration on looking for medicine before going to find Tang Zichen, he suddenly heard a voice behind him.

Turning his head, Wang Chao realized it was the Cao girl who was the class officer and student council member.

"I...I was just taking a walk." Wang Chao obviously couldn't talk about his robbing act and then being arrested by the officers before being released.

"Jingjing, what are you doing?" Just as Wang Chao was preparing to say goodbye, the doors to the station suddenly opened, revealing officer Cao whose eyes lit up as he saw the girl.

It was then that Wang Chao suddenly remembered this girl was named Cao

Jingjing.

“Dad! Mom was just telling you to come home.” When Cao Jingjing saw her father, she immediately turned away from Wang Chao to run to her dad.

“So Cao Jingjing is his daughter.” Wang Chao thought. But he had no intentions of staying here any longer, so he quickly turned to leave.

“Jingjing, was that person your classmate?” Officer Cao watched as Wang Chao turned the corner and disappeared from view first before asking his daughter the question.

“Yea, he’s our class’ most well-behaved student. Everyday, he doesn’t speak a word to anyone else or even get in trouble with the other male students.” Cao Jingjing spoke of her opinion of him.

“Most well-behaved?” Officer Cao was shocked.

Silently, Wang Chao returned home, but that night, sleep did not come easy for him. His entire arm was still numb, but the pain had entered his bones even. This feeling was even worse than being condemned to hell! Even after rubbing sunflower oil on it, it had done nothing to alleviate the pain.

Even as he woke up the day after, the pain had not yet subsided. Waking up early, Wang Chao had made sure to wear a long sleeve to cover his arm so that his parent’s wouldn’t find out. As he left the door, he yelled out to his parents, “I’m going to the bookstore to study!”

Both parents were always constantly busy, so they had no time to supervise him and could only shout out a warning and goodbye.

Wang Chao anxiously ran towards the bus stop to find the right station. And two hours later, he had finally arrived at his stop. After asking around, he had finally found the way to the Lake Tianxing district.

Seeing the luxurious neighborhood and the security around it with all of the fancy gates, Wang Chao couldn’t help but hesitate for a moment, “Is sis Chen’s house that wealthy?”

Arriving at a large gate, he was stopped by the security there. But when Wang Chao had taken out the card given to him by sis Chen and then inputting the

password, the guards had politely allowed him access into the area.

The surrounding area around him was far too spectacular for Wang Chao to describe. It was a graceful yet quiet place that could normally only be seen on television or like the painting of Prospect Garden from *Dream of the Red Chamber*.

TL Note: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Daguanyuan>

“Wow, there’s a lot of cool houses here! If my family were to have a house like this, that’d be great.” Wang Chao’s neck had hurt from all the turning to look at every house, but then he remembered that his goal was to find sis Chen.

“One building, two buildings, three buildings....” Wang Chao continued to count for a long moment before finally reaching the eighteenth building. Standing far away, he began to shout out, “Sis Chen, sis Chen!”

“Your sis Chen is right behind you!”

Just as Wang Chao had begun shouting, a voice could be heard right behind him. Sure enough, it was Tang Zichen that was slowly making her way towards Wang Chao.

Today, Tang Zichen was wearing a clean purple Tang suit that looked quite reserved that exudes a refined manner of grace. In fact, Wang Chao had never seen a girl wear a Tang suit so well before! In an instant, he had been caught dumbstruck.

“Ouch!” Suddenly, Wang Chao felt a shocking pain in his arm as he gritted his teeth together.

“Eh?” Tang Zichen quickly made her way forward before coming to Wang Chao’s side. Lifting his clothes out of the way, she saw the black and blue fist and elbow that he had been hiding.

When Tang Zichen had lifted her arm, the pain Wang Chao had experienced was so much that he felt like he was ready to faint.

Tang Zichen immediately pressed a finger to his skin like a chicken pecking at rice. But the only thing that Wang Chao could feel was a slight amount of numbness before his entire arm no longer hurt, instead, an itching feeling

replaced it.

“Come with me!” Tang Zichen took him into the villa where the glass lounge was.

The lounge was extraordinarily expansive with floors that seemed to shine brightly. Wang Chao didn't know what material was used to decorate the interior, but the entire place was made of pure white with some veins of purple and gold.

There was a giant sofa, a suspended plasma screen tv, and even a giant crystal glass wall filled with tropical fish. These were all signs of a wealthy lifestyle.

“How did you manage to get yourself hurt like this?” Tang Zichen sat Wang Chao down and interrogated him.

Wang Chao naturally didn't hide anything from her and began to speak of his tale.

Tang Zichen calmly listened to Wang Chao until he finished before nodding her head, “You've learned the three integrals in two months, that's not bad. But the three integrals are for strengthening the foundation and strength, not for fighting. That officer Cao is not a bad external practitioner, and you've only learned the basics with no fighting experience. Obviously, he was never an opponent you could hope to win against.”

“Sis Chen, what is external martial arts Is there an internal martial arts as well?” Wang Chao asked.

Tang Zichen lifted up her right hand where she saw a golden ring on her forefinger. But upon closer inspection, he realized that it was not a gold ring at all, but a golden strand of string. “Martial arts has no inner or outer or internal or external. There are only external and internal practitioners. Back when Sun Lutang and Song Shirong were both alive, they clearly stated what it meant to be an internal or external practitioner. To be good at cultivating Qi was to be an inner practitioner, and to be otherwise was to be an external practitioner. That officer Cai most likely only hardened his muscles, skin and bones and probably isn't at the Hidden Power stage yet. But, you aren't either and cannot harden any part of your body, making you weaker than he is.”

“Okay, we’ll talk about that later where I can explain it slowly. First let’s treat your arm. The bruising in your arm is quite severe, if left alone, it may become deformed. But still, your talent is quite good, your sister didn’t choose the wrong person. I’ll teach you all that I know later so that this officer Cao will receive his dues later. We can even break his hand in return later.”

Tang Zichen slowly took the golden ring off of her finger and began to slowly straighten them.

Wang Chao couldn’t help but think about just how much these needles resembled those from acupuncture.

Chapter 10: The Profoundness of Taichi's Art of Pushing Hands

Chapter 10: The profoundness of Taichi's art of pushing hands

Tang Zichen slowly straightened the golden needle before shaking her hands so that the needle could slowly make its way into the joints of Wang Chao's elbow. By the time Tang Zichen's big thumb and forefinger left the butt of the needle, about seven eighths of the needle was already buried in his arm.

Wang Chao had nearly leapt in fright, but there had been no pain even after the needle had stabbed into him. In fact, instead of pain, there was a nice and refreshing feeling that spread throughout it.

After half an hour of Wang Chao becoming a human pincushion, Tang Zichen's arm blurred once more as she rapidly pulled out the needles before intertwining it around her finger to form a ring again. At that moment, Wang Chao regained sensation within his arm, but the bruising had not yet disappeared from it.

As soon as she finished collecting all of the needles, her arm instantly grabbed onto Wang Chao's arm and began to massage the area where the bruising was.

This time, Wang Chao felt as if each time she rubbed at his arm, an electric current was shocking his entire arm, causing the nerves to be jolted every now and then.

Gradually, the discoloration on his arm slowly receded away, but Wang Chao knew that this had to do with the powers of the Hidden Jin.

When sis Chen had used her Hidden Jin, the pores on his arm had opened up, allowing for the blood inside to seep out.

Furthermore, the black and blue swelling on his arm had gradually receded away as well until Wang Chao's entire arm and fist seemed as if he had just pulled it out from a pool of water thanks to all of the sweat from the Hidden Jin of Tang Zichen.

"Hhhhhhhnnnnnn....." Suddenly, Wang Chao could detect a low sound

permeating into his ears as if there was thunder from somewhere.

“Where’s that sound coming from?” Wang Chao wondered. But then he realized that Tang Zichen’s entire joints were vibrating as she massaged his arm so that after a while, the sound that could be heard sounded a bit like thunder.

“Okay! Just rest for half a day and it’ll be back to normal. Don’t put any medicine and it’ll heal naturally. Using medicine is detrimental to healing since it will go through the kidney before being expelled from the body. This will naturally take a toll on the body even if it was applied orally or externally.”

After Tang Zichen had finished her kneading, she let out a long sigh. By this point, the swelling on Wang Chao’s fist and elbow was almost completely gone, only a small red trace remained.

“Sis Chen, your hand is covered with sweat...” Wang Chao muttered.

“Using Hidden Jin taxes the body, if one’s martial arts does not reach the quintessential change stage, then the Hidden Jin will not be usable and will lead to a high chance of heart failure. Furthermore, the body will begin to deteriorate with each attempt.”

“Quintessential change?” Wang Chao asked. From his two months of training, Tang Zichen had told him about the three Jins and even the principle of “Qi”. But this Quintessential change was something he had never heard before.

Tang Zichen only nodded her head, but gave no answer. Instead, she pressed a button on her armrest. In the next second, the door opened up as a servant came by with a basin of water and a towel. After washing her hands, she sprayed some water onto Wang Chao’s hand as well.

“You may leave, but leave the water here.” Tang Zichen spoke an order to the servant who immediately left. Then, facing Wang Chao, she spoke, “Come here, wash your hand and then water the grass with it.”

After washing, Wang Chao immediately carried the washbowl out to the garden and began to water the garden.

“Starting from today, I will be teaching you guoshu.” Tang Zichen spoke with a icy stare, causing Wang Chao to feel that the kindly elder sister had suddenly transformed into someone else. In fact, he could feel a cold one go up his spine.

This type of feeling was something he had felt only once when the leopard had looked at the meal given to it at the zoo. But, the stare that Tang Zichen was giving him was far more intense.

“I’m sure you’ve been really curious about your sis Chen’s history, right?” Tang Zichen spoke.

“En.” Wang Chao nodded. He had this question on his mind constantly, but he had a premonition that if he had asked this question, then he would lose something precious. With a feeling like that, then it would have been better to be stuck in the dark.

“It’s fortunate you didn’t ask sooner, or else I wouldn’t have agreed to teach you.” She spoke. “The world I live in isn’t one that you could ever imagine or normally come in contact with. I only come to China once in awhile at my whim. When I first taught you a few things, that was just to see if you were qualified. But seeing your success, you possess some potential. This is why I left behind my belongings here so that it could be passed on. It would be unfortunate for the chain of inheritance to be broken one day without a successor.”

Wang Chao came to a shocking realization, “Sis Chen, were you planning on leaving after you teach me?”

“Correct. After I am done teaching you, I will be leaving. Starting from today onwards, whatever I teach you you will learn. Aside from anything martial arts related, you will not ask any other question. You will not talk too much, but if you do, I will immediately take back what I have taught.”

She gazed off to the side.

Wang Chao knew that this gesture was extremely important. Although he didn’t know just how sis Chen would take back what she taught if he were to talk too much, Wang Chao knew it wasn’t a smart thing to ask, so he nodded his head in a hurry.

“Good. Then I shall tell you this now about the world of Chinese boxing.” Tang Zichen spoke. “Chinese boxing has three realms, three stages, and three arts. The three realms are “Refining Essence into Qi”, “Refining Qi into Spirit” and “Refining Spirit and back to Nothing”. I’ve told you of the principle of refining essence into Qi before, but refining Qi into spirit, you’ve touched upon that

briefly as well now. You used to be reserved and shied away from any task. But after practicing martial arts, you've grown brave. Chinese boxing can enable for a person's very personality to change. The cowardly can become the courageous, the fiery can become introverted yet profound. To educate and discipline is the state of refining Qi into spirit. As for refining the spirit back to nothing..."

Tang Zichen thought a moment, "This is a realm that humans move walk towards to in their lives to come and realize. To talk and make empty promises regarding this realm is to end up becoming an empty lie. So I won't speak of this realm. Then we come to the other two aspects of Chinese boxing, the stages and skills."

"Clear Jin, Hidden Jin and Transforming Jin are things I've already told you. Thus, there are only the three arts remaining: bone change, muscle change, and marrow change. Specifically, these are tempering the bones, muscles and then the bone marrow. The first two, the bones and muscles are the easiest to temper. However, the bone marrow is the hardest. To make the breakthrough in the first two arts is to be considered a martial artist. To practice martial arts is to strive to surpass your limits, and to surpass your limits is to be born again. That is why the third step, the marrow change is so essential."

"En, the bone marrow creates new blood, and so when even the bone marrow is changed, then the entire body's blood supply will be too. This is the meaning to be reborn." Wang Chao understood and realized the explanation. "Then just how would one be able to temper their bone marrow?" He asked.

"You use sound to vibrate the bone marrow. You must pay attention to this. This sound is not from the mouth or from the stomach. This is from the result of martial arts. Those accomplished enough will be able to freely control any bone, muscle, skin and organs within their body and can make it vibrate. When the vibrations resonate, then the resulting sound will be like the roar of thunder, hence the name "Tiger's Thunder".

Thinking for a moment on how to better explain the Tiger's Thunder, she spoke, "Have you read the literary work, "Carving Up an Ox" by Zhuangzi before? Within the story, the knife that cuts away the bones creates a sound that becomes almost symphonious. The meaning behind this is very deep and the

meaning of having a good health is stated within. Even the bells within a temple will ring for an endless amount of time after the first strike. This lingering sound of the bell is the result of the slight vibrations. The muffled thunder of the skies is also the result of vibrations through the sky.

TL Note: <http://www.iselong.com/English/0001/1182.htm>

“Pray with the evening drum, wake with the morning bell for thought and to be born anew. This is the entirety of the principle. Come, give me your hands!”

Extending his hands, Wang Chao allowed for sis Chen to grab all ten of his fingers.

A strange thing happened as when Tang Zichen grabbed onto Wang Chao’s fingers, he instantaneously became like a marionette and unconsciously began to shake. The tremors grew bigger and bigger, but when Tang Zichen let go, they gradually receded away from his body. Soon afterwards, Wang Chao was left standing with his entire bones all slightly shaking still after the resonance of the Tiger’s Thunder from Tang Zichen.

It had taken an hour before Tang Zichen had let go of Wang Chao’s hands. After the tremors had taken control of his entire body, he was left without any strength.

“I’ve ruined the experience for him, but there isn’t much time. I have to go back soon, so this method will have to do. Otherwise, there won’t be enough time to teach him everything.” Tang Zichen thought.

“Xuuu!” Wang Chao let out a long breath, “Sis Chen, how come when you pressed against my hands, I suddenly felt that I couldn’t control my body?”

“This is a skill of the upper layers of Taichi. When both hands are pushed together, then you can clearly sense the joints of every bone and instantly break down the center of gravity so that you’ll lose your standing. The bones within a person’s body can be similar to a lever, when the head is pressed against, it will stand up. When one’s skill is high enough, then when you press against someone’s hand, then they will feel dizzy and instantly jump. Not only does this not use my strength, but it takes away from your own. This is the principle of a high return from little effort.”

After Tang Zichen had spoke, she grabbed at Wang Chao whose legs immediately bent down before involuntarily leapt onto the garden grounds.

“How did I jump all of a sudden!” Wang Chao crawled up as he dusted himself up in some dejection at his involuntary control.

“That was just an experiment and a small explanation so that you could feel the sensation of what the Tiger’s Thunder feels like. Your bone, muscles and tendons are still unaffected and you still cannot use the Tiger’s Thunder. What I just did was the Taichi’s way of pushing hands which allows for one to understand the human body and to understand what the other side is capable of.”

“Come, I shall teach you what you need one step at a time!” Tang Zichen spoke. “First will be Bagua!”

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Chapter 11: A Difficult Movement of the Leg

Chapter 11: A difficult movement of the leg

“There are countless variations to Bagua Zhang, but when all is said and done, there are still only 8 stances. Look at my demonstration.” Tang Zichen began to stand in position by bending both knees and spread out her hands to form an open palm before slowly pushing outwards and then pressing and kneading the air.

Following the legs slowly turning the body, her eyes followed the foremost hand with a swift motion and then looking around in a nimble manner.

“Double Exchange Palm, Single Exchange Palm, Following Posture Palm, Returning Body Palm, Rotating Body Palm, Lifting Yin Palm, Grinding Body Palm and Soft Body Palm. These are the 8 stances of Bagua, take a look at my footwork!”

Paying close attention to Tang Zichen’s feet, Wang Chao noticed that from start to finish, her legs had never lifted from the ground and had instead glided across it.

“Every single guoshu must refine the art of the leg. You should not fall, your legs should be like iron and hold you firmly to place. The upper body should be constantly in motion and should never fall. Even boxing is the same! Even this movement of mine is called “Mud Wading Step”. It is like walking in mud. One must be light, calm, and careful. If you step too heavily, then the mud would be disturbed.”

Tang Zichen had been demonstrating the stances she had been doing in the park. Each of the 8 stances had involved her hands raising up to the space between her eyebrows before slowly falling down to her abdomen with a sharp exhale.

Wang Chao slowly followed suit, and after two hours, he too had managed to imitate the eight stances.

Bagua Zhang had eight different stances, but Wang Chao had slowly

memorized it. As he practiced, he slowly began to feel like he had the proper stances, causing him to feel proud of himself. But just then, Tang Zichen had slammed down on his head, “Even though you’ve learned the stances, but even if you practiced for a thousand years, it will all be in vain without the three integrals!”

“What!” Wang Chao cried.

“Your posture is fine and your movements decent, but why aren’t you moving your vertebrae correctly!? Internal martial arts require you to keep in the Qi, that is why it is called internal!” Tang Zichen spoke once more as she demonstrated as she pressed her hands against Wang Chao’s.

“When practicing, the footwork must be correct, the eyes correct, and the vertebrae even more correct! Did the horse stance and three integrals you learn all disappear into nothingness? I see that you don’t understand anything! When practicing, you must show your mastery of the three integrals as well!”

Tang Zichen spoke out with a harsh tone.

“Oh! So you must incorporate the way you stand into martial arts. The three integrals is like being given a formula, and martial arts is the subject where the formula is applied! When you use the formula to solve the problem, then the three integrals and martial arts are combined!” Wang Chao spoke in realization.

Tang Zichen looked astonished, “This little idiot finally understands! Now that you know, hurry up and learn the style!”

Nodding his head, Wang Chao systematically began to practice once more. The arms began to move while the legs followed on the ground. Finally, he grew extremely familiar with the proper postures and footwork. With each palm change, his entire body began to emit heat, but then his skin would instantly gain goosebumps and seal the pores.

As the heat followed with with palm and receded when his hand receded, Wang Chao began to feel like a pitcher of water as the heat constantly rebounded inside.

Wang Chao had felt this feeling the last time, but that was restricted to only the upper half of his body. This time, he had felt it in the entirety of it.

Right now he could feel a hot and cold sensation from his hands and legs before it spread to every other part of the body.

Wang Chao slowly pushed outwards, the heat within his body never escaping outwards. After training for a while, his arms and legs felt as if wind was being blown into his body. But Wang Chao knew that this sensation wasn't really happening, but instead it was due to the pores being sealed.

Gradually, the vertebrae could no longer hold back the heat within the body. In that moment, the heat grew more and more unbearable before the pores were finally opened. Involuntarily opening his mouth, Wang Chao let out a hissing sound as he began to sweat as if he was drenched in rain.

"You had the feeling, but you weren't able to keep the Qi in. The three integrals requires the slightest movement of your vertebrae and not much Qi so you were able to keep it in. But now the Bagua stances requires your entire body to move and to prevent more Qi from escaping. But your pores weren't strong enough so you couldn't keep it in."

Tang Zichen looked at Wang Chao's entirely drenched figure but couldn't help and smile. "You were too anxious and went overboard. You must keep a balance. The next time you feel as though you can no longer hold it in, stop right away and walk around slowly. The Qi that was raging to escape your pores will slowly sink down to your abdomen. Some will go to the kidneys, but a majority of it will go straight to the temples where it will change your entire body and increase the strength of the pores. This will maintain your body in the best way possible."

"Xingyi Quan is much fiercer than Bagua Zhuang so the Qi will be even higher. Your pores aren't strong enough to hold back the heat, so wait a few days for your pores to improve. Then I will teach you Xingyi Quan."

Wang Chao took in a deep breath, "Alright. I went too far just now, got it. But I've finally understood the importance of posture in martial arts. I will definitely keep this in mind in the future. But still, sis Chen, the Lifting Yin Palm you taught me this time is different than the one before. This one is even more beautiful to do and look at."

"The first time was the fighting form. This time was the practicing form. Let me tell you the trick between both."

“Bagua’s practicing form is like to press and grind. The five fingers will press and then start to move around before slowly cultivating Qi.”

“The fighting form is completely different. Whip, jab, and chop. To whip is like to slap someone in the face with the speed of a bullet be it face or crotch. To jab is gather the fingers together as if the tip of a knife and strike at the kidneys, eyes, throat, temple or ribs. Those are the weakest points to strike at. To chop is to use your hand as a sword to cut at the kidney or neck. The majority of people all see the practice form of Bagua to be extremely slow and meant to press and grind, just how would this be used to fight? Actually, this method of pressing and grinding isn’t meant to fight people, but to increase one’s physical strength. The fighting form can only be seen while fighting, but the ones that have seen this form have all died afterwards.”

“The fighting form requires discipline to use, but if it is not matched with a complimentary practicing form, then the body will fall into ruins quickly. Tonight I will teach you a skill meant for fighting and increase the hardness of your palm.”

When Tang Zichen had mentioned fighting, Wang Chao had been put in a daze for a moment before thinking about just how cruel and sinister the world of Guoshu was.

“Furthermore, the leg is extremely important. The horse stance I taught you as well as the Mud Wading Step must undergo an extensive amount of training. When walking you must use the Mud Wading Step, when standing you must use the Horse Stance. The moment you can accomplish the both of these things effortlessly, then that is when you can say you have mastered both.”

With that, Tang Zichen allowed Wang Chao to go and clean himself from the washbasin nearby.

Wang Chao could only see that whenever Tang Zichen had moved as she drew closer, each footstep onto the ground held a decisive amount of power, causing the earth to shake slightly and the water in the washbasin to ripple slightly.

Tang Zichen’s steps grew faster and faster before finally reaching a speed almost inconceivable to think about. Then, finally, her two legs seemed to have blurred away and left Wang Chao almost speechless.

The water within the washbasin began to spin faster and faster before it rotating in spin thanks to Tang Zichen's movements.

A whirlpool quickly formed and violently shook as if a giant hand was stirring it.

Splash! Finally, the water within the washbasin splashed out all over the ground.

"My.....god....!" Wang Chao's jaws dropped in amazement.

Chapter 12: Finding Strength Through Passion

Chapter 12: Finding strength through passion

“What? This is what happens when one uses Hidden Power to control the heat and step into the realm where the foot holds the power. Back during the time of Cheng Tinghua, Shang Yunxiang, Fu Jianqiu, Li Cunyi, and Xue Dian, they were all capable of this. Not only that, but their martial arts had transcended to grow past their limits. When I show you Taichi, you will understand what it means for the spirit to become instinct.”

Seeing how shocked Wang Chao was, she spoke, “Come, go inside and shower, I’ll have someone bring you a new set of clothes.”

“How could I dare bother sis with something like this...” Wang Chao muttered.

Tang Zichen waved her hand as if giving an order, “No more talk. Over this week, you will stay here to learn in the already short amount of time we have left.”

Knowing that sis Chen had always meant her word, he didn’t speak any more and went to go shower.

Tang Zichen’s entire villa was expansive; the bathroom on the third floor had already been larger than his entire house. The inside was completely white with some purple and gold decorative designs. Right in the middle of this rich bathroom was an eighty meter squared swimming pool.

Wang Chao began to bathe himself while also taking a look around the bathroom. The absolute wealth of Tang Zichen had positively astounded him to the point of silence.

Although he was curious of his sis’ identity and history, Wang Chao knew better than to ask. This wasn’t something he himself could ask; he would have to practice martial arts and wait for now.

After washing himself, a female servant had left some underwear and outerwear clothes on the cupboard outside for Wang Chao to try on. As he rifled

through it, he noticed the style was quite nice, maybe it was a brand name?

But Wang Chao didn't know which brand it was, or even if it was a brand name since he had never bought one before. Putting on the white sports clothes before looking at the mirror, he noticed that the golden lines on it had matched him quite nicely.

Returning to the lounge, Wang Chao saw Tang Zichen patiently sitting on the sofa. When she saw him, she nodded her head for Wang Chao to sit down as well before turning on the plasma screen television on the wall.

The screen flickered to life before revealing a still image. Then, the image cleared up to show a strong and robust black muscular man punching at a sandbag.

This black man was a figure known to practically everybody. Even Wang Chao knew who he was, it was the "Boxing champion", Mike Tyson.

The recording on the screen was in black and white, indicating that it was an old film, but it was still very clear.

The Mike Tyson in this recording was still very young, but he continued to punch at the sandbag with heavy blows and an equally strong perseverance. The sweat on his forehead continued to flow down, but despite all of the sweat, his eyes maintained a sharp glare as he continued to pound at the sandbag.

After watching for a moment, Wang Chao realized that Mike Tyson's right hand was even more furious than the other one. With each blow, the sandbag was constantly knocked high up into the air, and on his naked right arm, the tattoo of a person could be seen.

That was when Wang Chao realized the tattoo was of the founder of a republic. It was the tattoo of Chairman Mao.

"Pi!" Tang Zichen turned off the television and turned to Wang Chao, "To practice martial arts requires one to be hardworking and to be enthusiastic about it. The most important thing is to have passion. If a scholar is passionate, then his writing will be poetic and forthcoming and will be able to write out amazing poems or songs. Martial arts is like this as well. If one is passionate, then they will be able to have an amazing way of technique. Tyson had found

something from the chairman's past that allowed him to feel passionate and from that passion, he found strength. This is the profound secret of the Xingyi style. Martial arts require passion to be mixed in it, and from that you will be entranced! Otherwise, no matter how much you practice, you will never reach such a high level of mastery. At the very most, you will be nothing more than a machine. This is the mysterious yet true way of life."

Wang Chao began to think to himself, *"Finding strength through passion..."*

"You might not understand now, but the road ahead is long and hard. You'll find it as you travel on it." Tang Zichen spoke. "Let's go eat some food, then I'll teach you the secrets to the fighting style of Bagua."

"En, let me tell my family first that I found a part time job over the winter break." Wang Chao suddenly thought about his family. Hurriedly calling back home, he spun a detailed lie for his family to hear, and after an extraneous amount of time, he had finally convinced both his father and mother. Putting down the telephone, Wang Chao realized that his lips were suddenly dry so he gulped down the tea that was right next to him noisily.

Tang Zichen laughed as she waited for him to finish. The both of them then walked towards the dining hall where a variety of luxurious dishes were already set on the table; all of which composed of some stir fry, fish soup, and some light vegetables.

Wang Chao's fingers moved about from both hands as he began to grab at the dishes and pile the food onto his own plate happily.

At this, Tang Zichen smiled, showing an affectionate manner that an elder sister would give towards her younger brother.

Resting after the meal, Tang Zichen brought Wang Chao to a giant exercise room.

When Wang Chao entered the room, he was shocked. The entire inside seemed as if it was an exact replica of the ancient dojos for martial arts

The interior of the exercise room was comprised of white and black stones that were arranged in the way of the Yin and Yang symbol of the Supreme Ultimate while the outside had the eight trigrams.

Within the exercise room, there was a meter deep stone trough where a couple of black steel balls could be seen.

Aside from this, the left side of the room had a row of weapons ranging from longspear, broadsword, jian and staff modeled weapons and their variations. On the right side was several sandbags.

The sandbags were hoisted high into the air so that even jumping wouldn't be enough to reach for it. Right underneath the sandbag was a single vat that was filled with water.

When he saw this, Wang Chao realized that this was for practice. One had to stand on top of the vat of water and strike at the sandbag from below.

"My time in China isn't long, and my visits are even less frequent so this dojo is quite simple and crude. I hope that you will be able to properly learn my teachings so that one day when I die, my knowledge will be passed down. Anything else would be a terrible loss." Tang Zichen seemed as if she was speaking to herself more than Wang Chao.

Wang Chao closed his mouth so that he wouldn't speak another word. He could tell that the identity of his sis Chen was far too mysterious. He was also sure that the world she lived in was filled with malice and danger around every corner.

"When I am finished learning, I will definitely find a way into your world and come help you." Wang Chao silently vowed as he clenched his fist.

"Come, stand at the center of the Supreme Ultimate diagram of the Eight Trigrams. I shall teach you the Bagua style of fighting and movement."

With that, Tang Zichen began to use her hands to describe the different stances. The eight stances had slowly transformed into sixty four ways of fighting, movement, and even the ways of jabbing, whipping, and chopping had been slowly explained to Wang Chao.

Wang Chao had originally learned the fighting form of the Lifting Yin Palm and had a grasp on the basics. So it hadn't taken much effort, and with Tang Zichen molding Wang Chao's hands into the proper positions, it had taken only two days to completely learn it all.

Over the course of the next five days, Wang Chao had spent all of his time in the dojo practicing. In the day time, he had practiced the forms to increase his health and strength, and at night, he would practice the way of fighting. After some time of exercise, Tang Zichen had allowed him to rest, but even then, Tang Zichen had used the golden needles to prick every single joint within his body which allowed for him to rest soundly. While he had slept for only 2 hours a day, this method had allowed all of his fatigue to be taken away/

“When humans enter deep sleep, they only require a few minutes to be relieved of their fatigue.” Tang Zichen had answered when Wang Chao had asked.

So, for five days straight, Wang Chao would practice within the middle of the Supreme Ultimate diagram, and after those five days, he was standing on top of the water vats and used the ways of Bagua Zhang to strike the sandbag above.

Every single time he had used force, the sandbag would swing wildly before coming back in place. Furthermore, the sandbags were arranged in a way so that the numerous sandbags would be sent flying back to hit the person in the center. This way, Wang Chao was forced to dodge, but at the same time, he had to be weary of the vat of water below him; but this proved to be a difficult challenge.

For the next few days, Wang Chao counted keep track of how many times he had been dunked into the vat of water or had been struck black and blue from the sandbags. At some points, he had nearly broken his bones.

But each time he was hit, Tang Zichen would use her Hidden Power to knead the bruised spots, allowing Wang Chao to feel completely refreshed the next day.

Day and night for ten days, Wang Chao persevered with his teeth gritted tightly and put his all into his work. *“If it weren’t for sis Chen who was at my side everyday to treat my wounds, then I would have used up all of my nine lives already! If a master is not by one’s side, then nine out of ten the disciple would have died! How in the world did sis Chen manage to train herself?”*

And so he would move about on the jar for the 10 days while constantly hitting the sandbags. He didn’t know how many times he fell, but Wang Chao had at last been able move around and change his center of gravity. But the sandbags had

still managed to knock him down or force him to misstep a couple of times.

But Tang Zichen had never once let Wang Chao stop. Wang Chao had never once questioned her either since he believed that she was doing what was best for him. Another three days within the ten days they had, Wang Chao couldn't help but ask when he was resting, "Sis Chen, what are those steel balls doing in the trough there?"

Tang Zichen followed where Wang Chao pointed and said, "Those aren't steel balls, go and take a look."

Wang Chao hurriedly walked over and tried to lift up the heavy steel balls. But that was when it clicked. No matter how much strength he used, it was like trying to have a dragonfly push back the stone tower—the most he could do was to push them around with difficulty and not lift it.

Wang Chao was surprised at this strange sight. When he had spun the steel balls, he could sense that there was a resonating sound coming from within.

"This ball is made of an inch thick layer of lead while the insides is filled with mercury! This is much heavier than a steel ball, so just how could you lift one?" Tang Zichen laughed. "The scholars had believed lead and mercury to be medicine, so I took their concept and used them for practicing martial arts."

Chapter 13: A Rapid Growth

Chapter 13: A rapid growth

“Nevermind, you are now able to stand on top of the vat of water and shadowbox without getting knocked off. Thus, you have a good foundation of Bagua Zhang’s “Swimming Body”.” Tang Zichen changed the topic from the lead and mercury balls and turned it towards Wang Chao’s tempo of training.

“What, this is only called having a foundation?”

Wang Chao couldn’t help but feel a little discouraged. After practicing so hard under the supervision of Tang Zichen day and night with little rest, especially the most recent of days. he had been standing on the vat of water and practiced jabbing, whipping and chopping at the sandbag. He didn’t know how many injuries he had been given or how many hardships he had faced since he didn’t wish to think back to it. If it weren’t for sis Chen at his side, then Wang Chao wouldn’t know just how he would have lived.

“Tempering the body is far too painful.” Wang Chao realized just now why there weren’t that many experts in today’s society; it was because of appearances. The way to practicing Bagua was too tricky to understand, but compared to cultivating, practicing it was far more comfortable while fighting was completely torturous.

After so many days of practicing, Wang Chao’s body grew firmer and his footwork more strong, steady and swift. Although he couldn’t be considered an expert, the distance wasn’t that far away, so it was quite unbelievable when Tang Zichen said that he had only the foundation.

“Your body is much more flexible than before. If you were to fight someone, then you will at least be able to dodge their fists. But your strength is still lacking and your skin’s hardness isn’t enough either. Your ligaments can’t be weak and your muscle elasticity hasn’t yet been tempered yet either. Even if you were to go against that officer Cao now, you won’t be able to win.”

Tang Zichen continued to criticize him, “Chinese boxing is what the ancient

Daoist priests and doctors used to temper the body and have a good health. Take a look at Hua Tuo's "Five animal mimicry". Refining the body is fantastic, but can you use this to fight someone? The fighting style of Chinese boxing were used on the battlefield as a way to kill their enemies. Only the ways of practicing don't have a way to fight because it is used to be healthy. The way of fighting doesn't have a way of practicing because practitioners would wear each other out and bring harm to their bodies. Although you have adequate nourishment, there is a limit where the body is strengthened before nourishment isn't enough. By just nourishment, one will never be able to reach the marvelous stage of Hidden Jin. However, these type of people are still quite terrifying since they can kill people easily still. With today's society where one can use supplements to regain what is lost, when you set out, you should not underestimate these men should you come across them. Do not think that they should be underestimated for not being internal practitioners, as they can still kill a person just as easily. Fights of life or death always happens within the blink of an eye, will they allow you to adjust yourself for combat or to release Hidden Jin? But still, when you have cultivated to the Transforming Jin stage, underestimating someone will not be that serious."

"The fighting form of Bagua Zhuang came from the usage of knives, meaning the most important feature is the stabbing motion. When you go on the streets and see gangsters fight, they use their knives to cut people, but that only results in blood and the victim still capable of fighting. If they were to stab, then the person would die. To cut someone is not the same as to stab someone. The fighting form of Xingyi Quan evolved from the usage of spears. The point of a spear is to stab. Even the bayonets used later served the same person. When you fight and want to kill, you stab. If you don't wish to kill, then you cut or thrash them, take heed to that."

"To cut someone is not the same as to stab someone." Wang Chao nodded his head. The words sis Chen was saying made sense, especially regarding the difference between him and officer Cao.

Officer Cao had a fast response speed and superior strength in comparison to Wang Chao who realized that officer Cao hadn't even been using his entire strength, not even a good amount of it.

“Even if I reach the Hidden Jin stage and can shatter a brick, if I have to take a few seconds to readjust my vertebrae, I’ll be dead before I can strike.” Wang Chao thought and then thinking once more, *“It seems that the way of fighting is quite refined. I haven’t even begun to practice Hidden Jin, I have to be careful from now on.”*

Wang Chao’s mentality was slowly maturing step by step.

“What is Transforming Jin like?” Wang Chao was exceedingly curious and had hoped that sis Chen would demonstrate so that he would be able to have a reference point later.

“Take a good look.” Tang Zichen spoke as she walked towards the mercury and lead balls and grabbed at the balls with both hands and then with a twist of her waist, her hands released an extraordinary amount of power. Crash! The ball began to spin around violently like the blades of an electric fan.

The ball began to roll in place with a loud crackling sound as the ball traveled at high speeds with the mercury inside making a strange sound.

Two minutes later, the sound that Wang Chao could hear reminded him of the Tiger’s Thunder.

“Mercury and lead were the two essential ingredients for ancient alchemists to concoct the pill of immortality. Mercury is quite heavy, but it flows like liquid, making it a mysterious substance and was believed to be compatible with the bone marrow. This ball is the equivalent to a human body, remember that.”

Tang Zichen twisted her arm with an unknown amount of power, causing the mercury filled ball to act like a basketball and bounce up into the air.

Afterwards, Tang Zichen whipped her arm up, causing the ball to jump slightly. When it fell, Tang Zichen switched to her shoulder and used it to touch the ball, spin it once more into the air.

Afterwards, Tang Zichen continued to adjust the amount of power in each of her body parts, whether it was the arm, foot, shoulder, head, back, waist, groin, elbow, knee, or even one of her fingers, the ball continued to spin.

The mercury filled lead ball that Wang Chao could barely even move had been spun around as easily as a basketball in the hands of Tang Zichen. Seeing the

godlike abilities of her martial arts, Wang Chao had already been desensitized to it.

Wang Chao could guess that this bigger than a basketball sized ball would be heavier than a 100 kilogram ball thanks to the mercury inside as well.

Pa! Tang Zichen transferred the ball to each joint on her body before finally dropping it back in the trough. After whirling around for a few more revolutions, the ball finally came to a stop.

“The art of moving in Bagua Zhang may be flexible enough, but its strength and your ability at it is not sufficient enough. Starting from today onwards, when you are not striking the sandbag over the water, you will try to spin this ball with your hands. When the time comes that you can make this ball spin to the point of making it bounce, a foundation for your strength will be established.”

From that day on, Wang Chao had yet another assignment. Every day at three AM in the morning, he would practice the horse stance and then use the Mud Wading Step to move around the entire lake Tianxing. Afterwards, he would practice Bagua and perfect the incorporation of the three integrals into the stances. In the evening, he would try and increase his three energies; essence, Qi, and spirit. Then, Wang Chao would kneel down next to the mercury balls and try to rotate it. Arm, hand, waist and leg, Tang Zichen had made him push at the ball with them all. Then, finally, Wang Chao would spend the rest of the night improving his footwork as well whipping, cutting and jabbing at the sandbag.

Tang Zichen’s ability at martial arts was without limits and her eyes sharp. Even her mind was quick thinking and each word of direction she said had allowed Wang Chao to suddenly see the light.

“Has sis Chen taught many people before?” Wang Chao gradually began to think, there was no way she didn’t.

For another ten days, he practiced. Even on New Years, Wang Chao had phoned home saying he wouldn’t be there. Afterwards, the winter break had finally ended, meaning that Wang Chao had finally needed to leave Tang Zichen’s villa and return to school.

After returning home, he had been thoroughly scolded by his parents, but after seeing that he was alright, they were both endlessly relieved. Strangely,

when he had returned home, they realized that Wang Chao had grown from 1.65 meters to 1.75 meters tall and his physique had been much stronger as well. He looked healthy and vibrant with energy with a boundless amount of enthusiasm that contrasted deeply with his past introverted, depressed and wretched appearance.

Wang Chao had weaved a huge lie to his parents in order to put them at ease. Although Wang Chao had made a healthy amount of progress in his martial arts, now that he was back in school, he had no one to practice with. And thanks to the lesson taught to him by officer Cao, he didn't cause any trouble either.

“Once I have properly learned everything from sis Chen’s martial arts, I will go back and take back my confidence from officer Cao. Fighting anyone else will be meaningless.” Wang Chao thought to himself as he continued to practice by himself.

School matters were especially repetitive, especially as a high school student. The gossip was endlessly boring and nothing new was ever introduced. Wang Chao's only interest was of his fight with officer Cao so he had sometimes spoke a few words with the class officer and student council member Cao Jingjing to ask about some matters regarding him during his extracurricular time.

In the past, Wang Chao hadn't dared to strike up a conversation with a girl first. But after taking martial arts, his self confidence had soared to the point where he could speak to them freely without worry.

It could be said that Chinese boxing had transformed Wang Chao's inherent nature to be more confident. This was truly refining Qi into spirit.

A semester quickly went by, but during the term, Wang Chao had secretly practiced every day to polish his skills. Every midnight on Saturday, he would use the Mud Wading step to transverse the highway to Lake Tianxing where Tang Zichen would teach him for another two days.

But in this time, Tang Zichen had only taught Wang Chao Bagua Zhang and nothing else.

Yet Wang Chao said nothing and practiced in silence. His palm strength increased and so did his body. Each time he struck the sandbag, a faint but crisp sound could be heard.

Wang Chao's movements grew more and more flexible as well. Each step was firm, and by the time summer vacation was about to start, Wang Chao could strike at the sandbags without ever falling.

The temples were slowly bulging, but just at a slow rate unlike the rate from before.

"When the temples are enlarged, that means you have a talent for the basics, but being refined is not an overnight task. If you cannot even reach the basics, then learning is useless."

"Sis Chen, telling me this now while I've been practicing so much, don't you think it's a little late?" Wang Chao asked.

"Chinese boxing isn't like learning acrobatics. If one's skeletal bones are not properly matured, then they will become deformed. Your age is just perfect. Even Xingyi master Li Cunyi was 20 when he started to learn, and Shang Yunxiang was even older. If the age is too young, then they won't be able to understand much about the martial arts world." Tang Zichen reasoned.

Up until even the second semester had ended and summer vacation started, Wang Chao hadn't said a word and continued to travel to Tang Zichen's place.

But this time, Tang Zichen was unnaturally serious. "I can only teach you for this last summer vacation. After this, I will have to leave. However, in the past eight months, you have learned a lot and have established a good foundation. I've taught you enough for you to learn by yourself now. Whether you can grow into someone strong, that shall be up to destiny and your own determination."

When Wang Chao had heard this, he grew melancholic. But there was no other choice, and neither could he ask any questions. All he could do was nod his head.

"Good. Starting from today, I will teach you Xingyi Quan." Tang Zichen spoke.

Chapter 14: Assault of Dragon and Snake

Chapter 14: Assault of Dragon and Snake

“Xingyi Quan is quite simple in its postures, but there are five ways to issue power, otherwise known as the five elements, and the twelve motions of the body. While the postures are simple, the reasoning behind it is complex. While it is also split in between a practice and fighting form like Bagua, there is a difference. Bagua is meant to twist the body to the side and strike at the laterals by jabbing at their ribs and waist. Xingyi Quan is to focus at the spearman and hit their chest and entire front side by striking them soundly. From the middle, they shall breakthrough and kill them.”

First, Tang Zichen explained the key differences between the basics of Bagua and Xingyi Quan before finally demonstrating the movements.

“Take a good look, of the five ways to issue power, the first is to chop, similar to the chopping and whipping motion of Bagua Zhang. Chopping means to resemble the motions of an axe. The second is to smash like how a bayonet or spear strikes by ramming through the person. The third is to drill, its movements is like how a fist will strike at an unusual angle or how a snake will sway to the sides before striking. The fourth is to pound, when issuing, the movements must be sudden and fierce like a cannon being shot out from a cannonball! The fifth is to cross, similar to the Returning Body Palm, both requires the usage of to throw away the enemy. As long as the enemy is close in hand, then you can throw them down, This fifth way contains methods to trip them.”

Tang Zichen had demonstrated the five motions before also showing Wang Chao an example of how to issue power with a posture that focused on the waist and legs. By the end, even Wang Chao had felt this was quite simple.

“The chopping fist originally derived from the ways of the knife. Bagua uses the knife as well, and since you’ve knowledge on that front, learning this won’t be hard. The other four fists you must learn to polish your skills on how to issue power, take a look at me first.”

With that, Tang Zichen leapt onto the vat of water and stabilized herself. With her fist held near her ribs and the palm of her hand facing the inside, she suddenly stabbed outwards with her hand.

Chi! The entire sandbag was suddenly stabbed by her hands, causing a hole to form. The sand inside it began to drip out in an instant.

The sandbag's exterior was made from a thick canvas, but it had been penetrated so easily whereas a knife would have a hard time cutting into. But to Wang Chao, he wasn't surprised by this.

If his sis Chen couldn't stab into this sandbag, Wang Chao would definitely be surprised.

"This is the way to issue the smashing fist. It is like an arrow, a spear, or the point of a knife." She explained. "Watch me issue the pounding fist!"

With that said, Tang Zichen's foot pressed against the vat and sent her into the air. With her fist aimed downwards, she struck out fiercely against the sandbag.

Bang! The entire interior of the sandbag seemed to be like a firework as it exploded with sand flying in every direction. Even Wang Chao had hurriedly closed his eyes, but with his mouth wide open, sand had been thrown inside.

After the sand had fallen, Wang Chao began to spit out the sand in his mouth without stopping.

"The drilling fist takes after the element of water and is also called the Overturning Wave Jin. When a viper bites a person, they abide their time and sway their heads. Then, when your guard drops, they strike out and bite down with their teeth. At this moment, one must issue Jin."

Tang Zichen demonstrated once more with an abrupt explosion of her fist. As if her fist was a snake entering its hole, Wang Chao couldn't see it enter the sandbag as her entire arm went in. But then the arm exploded out from the other side without a single drop of sand leaking out from the hole.

"As for the crossing fist, I've told you before when I spun the ball all over my body. The crossing fist is the mother fist of the five Xingyi fists. You must learn this by yourself carefully."

With the five fists being explained, Tang Zichen allowed Wang Chao to demonstrate for her.

That had added yet another assignment for him. Everyday he would learn the stances of the five fists of Xingyi Quan with the three integrals blended in. Slowly, he maintained a healthy life while also learning to issue power when striking the sandbag at night.

But this time, he was striking the sandbag from the ground instead of the water vats.

But after practicing the five Xingyi fists everyday, Wang Chao had realized that the fierceness of the fists was almost unnatural. Each fist was far stronger than the fists of the Bagua style.

If it weren't for the foundation he had established while learning Bagua where he had to seal his pores, Wang Chao would have definitely been unable to seal his pores now with these fierce strikes.

But this way, Wang Chao could realize that after day and night training for an entire half month, his abdomen had become as hard as iron.

Even his center of gravity had changed so that when he focused on his tailbone, the hair on his arms would instantly straighten up as goosebumps formed all over his body like pellets!

Even the knuckles on his fists began to even out as it gained calluses from striking the sandbag.

At the same time, Wang Chao's leg ligaments grew stronger as well as flexible. He could now kick up at a level near his chest.

But this leg strength had to be contributed mostly to his practice on top of the vat of water. Each time he had fallen down from it, his waist and legs still grew stronger thanks to the collisions with the floor and such.

But Wang Chao continued to grow stronger thanks to Tang Zichen's instructions. If it weren't for her, then Wang Chao would have fallen to his death on the very first day or be stuck in the hospital.

Half a month later, Tang Zichen finally began to teach the twelve postures of

Xingyi Quan; Dragon, Tiger, Monkey, Horse, Chicken, Goshawk, Sparrow, Snake, Crocodile, Phoenix, Eagle, and Bear.

“Xingyi Quan has two types of Chinese boxing, one for issuing power, another for the postures. When in battle, combine both effectively. Each person has their own understanding and form their own style.”

Tang Zichen began to teach the 12 postures for the next month with a varying difference in focal focus in each posture as well as the distribution of gravity.

As Wang Chao learned the 12 postures, he began to feel that Chinese Boxing was growing quite complicated.

But before Wang Chao could learn them all completely, after the month was over, Tang Zichen spoke, “You can continue to learn the 12 postures on your own time. I’m going to teach you Taichi now!”

Tang Zichen grabbed a long spear from the weapons rack.

This spear was rather thick and long at about two heads taller than the average person. “The spear was suitable for soldiers on the battleground to kill hundreds with while on their horse. In Chinese boxing, whether it is Xingyi, Taichi, or Bagua, the spear is the most essential part. Past Xingyi masters have all started their own schools where each one formed their own special styles to fight. When a school has made this combination, it becomes their school’s killing weapon. This combination is then passed down as the school’s tradition.

“Back when Shang Yunxiang started the Shang style Xingyi which combined the attacks of bear and eagle. My branch of martial arts combines both dragons and snakes. The dragon is the horse, and the snake is the spear. From the ancient myths, the horse is the dragon embodied, and since the horse compliments the spear, the dragon compliments the snake and kills people like grass.”

“Taichi is an exceedingly simple martial art. There are only two moves, one is to use Hidden Jin and the other is to listen to the Jin of the other person. Borrow power to use power. This listening is not through the ears, but the pores! Both the “Fair Lady Works with Shuttles” or “Grasp the Bird’s Tail” were things that Yang Luchan used to deceive the high ranking officials.”

Tang Zichen spoke, “Pay attention, everything that I’ve said is within my assault of dragon and snake.”

Chapter 15: Let Us Paddle the Boat Together!!!

Chapter 15: Let us paddle this boat together!!!!

Tang Zichen stood with the spear pressed against her waist in the three integral position. suddenly, her waist and legs seemed to have buckled as if there was a shaking horse underneath her.

This type of posture was the standard position for riding a horse!

But the spear in Tang Zichen's hands faced outwards as if like an arrow which was similar to the Crushing Fist.

But just as her body compressed downwards, her upwards momentum was almost as if she was using the Jin of the Pounding Fist.

The spearhead seemed to tremble and shake as if it was the head of a snake searching for a moment to strike out at a person with the Jin of the Drilling Fist.

This single move seemed to have combined the "Three Integrals", the "Horse Stance", the Crushing Fist" of an arrow, the "Pounding Fist" while high in the sky, and the "Drilling Fist" like the "Overturning Wave Jin".

"This is the true standard of the fists, the fists that an expert would use" Wang Chao turned to look at the spear in Tang Zichen's hands with some awe in his mind as if he had thought the things he was previously learning was all crap.

Suddenly, Tang Zichen's body flew forward as if she was urging her horse forward and borrowed that forward momentum to stab forward as well.

As the spearhead broke through the air, the light flashed luminously like a silver light.

Pa! Tang Zichen had stabbed her spear into the mercury balls from the stone trough.

The instant the point of the spear had made contact with the ball, Wang Chao noticed Tang Zichen's body drop slightly as her arm shook, causing the spear to lower as well. As if drawing a circle, the ball began to spin before flying up from the ground.

Whoosh! The ball left the trough and spun around on the spear almost as if it was stuck to it.

Ding ding ding... with each hop of Tang Zichen's spear, the mercury filled ball leapt up into the air and back onto the spear.

Pa! With a shake of her spear, the mercury filled ball fell back down onto the trough and continued to spin.

This process of spear stabbing, ball jumping, spear sticking and ball juggling had only taken a few moments, but it had already explained the refined motions of martial arts.

"The revolution of Jin, listening to the mercury inside the lead ball, changing the center of gravity, and borrowing the power of rotation, these are some of the major principles of Taichi with no special styles within." Tang Zichen spoke as she demonstrated her "Assault of the Dragon and Snake". When she leapt into the air, it seemed as if she had reached the highest points of heaven.

"Do you understand this move that combines the dragon and snake styles?"

"About 70%, but I've got a good gist of it! I just need to try my hand at it!" Wang Chao answered.

Wang Chao had been captivated by Tang Zichen and watched her movements without distraction. The things he had learned in this half year he was slowly linking together and so his comprehension was slowly raising. The black and white details were still not there yet.

This feeling of nearly understanding didn't suit well with Wang Chao. But he could only contemplate this to himself and continue to polish his own skills in the meantime.

"Ai, I was originally planning on stopping here, but seeing how interested you, I'll demonstrate another spear move. Follow me!" Tang Zichen spoke as she walked out of the room.

Wang Chao followed her out to what seemed to be the garage.

The garage was quite expansive and had a silver racing bike on the terrazzo.

After turning on the lights, Wang Chao realized that there was a single

handprint on the wall along with the remnants of some blood.

“Take a good look!” Tang Zichen broke off Wang Chao’s train of thought and brought him back to focus just in time to see Tang Zichen’s spear to strike like a viper at the chassis of the silver racing bike.

The staff of the spear pressed against the ground at an angle as Tang Zichen leapt into the air! The silver racing bicycle was sent flying into the air before making two revolutions and then falling back on the ground like a leaf without any sign of damage.

“There is something in Beijing Opera called the iron pulley block. When they put on a play for Yue Fei’s assault on Gao Chong of the Jin army, the Jin army constructed an iron carriage that could travel downhill. Yue Feng was forced up into the air using his spear by this. My assault of dragon and snake is similar in concept to that.”

Wang Chao silently nodded his head.

“The essence of my martial arts has all culminated within these two spear techniques to the utmost limit. You should learn your own.” Tang Zichen threw the spear at Wang Chao and walked out of the room.

Wang Chao silently grabbed onto the spear and followed behind.

For the next ten days, Wang Chao practiced to himself quietly. However, he could only think about Tang Zichen’s style of the “Assault of Dragon and Snake”. He had even often times brought the spear nearby, but Tang Zichen had never once been interested.

Tang Zichen had barely taught him any new things and had only watched Wang Chao practice the Assault of Dragon and Snake while occasionally correcting him.

With the end of summer break, Wang Chao prepared to leave for back home. When he thought about how sis Chen was going to leave after the summer ended, he began to feel depressed.

“Today you won’t be practicing. Come walk with me.” In the evening as the sun was setting, Tang Zichen suddenly spoke to Wang Chao.

Wang Chao stopped his movements and immediately walked out of the villa with Tang Zichen.

The two walked to the broad shoreline of Lake Tianxing where countless of white geese could be seen with the sun just about to disappear behind the mountains and dye the area a golden hue.

Tang Zichen took a boat and waved for Wang Chao. “Get on, I’ll tell you what I want to say when we get to the heart of the lake.”

Nodding his head, Wang Chao climbed aboard and Tang Zichen began to paddle gently. Soon, the boat began to travel through the waves towards the heart of the lake.

The water was extraordinarily peaceful and it seemed as if there was a song playing nearby as a gentle tune could be heard;
“Together we paddle this boat,
Through the waves it shall float,
A beautiful white tower rising above the waters
This scenery surrounded by trees and the red wall moat,
The boat is gentle, and upon the waters it feels fair,
Blowing ahead with this cool and refreshing air.”

Tang Zichen swayed her head gently as she smiled with bright eyes as if she was feeling something emotional.

Just as the day was turning to night, the tune slowly dissipated away, but Tang Zichen had not yet shaken out of her stupor. Unable to help himself, Wang Chao spoke up, “Sis, Sis!”

“Oh!” Tang Zichen spoke up quickly.

Hurriedly, Wang Chao spoke, “Sis, you said that Taichi has no special style, but in the beginning, you’ve taught me the Lifting Yin Palm as well as the Body Blocking Blow and spoke of how fierce Taichi was. What’s up with that?”

Tang Zichen replied, “When Yang Luchan was learning under Chen Jiaguo, the style there was not not Taichi, but ‘Cannon Punch of the Three Emperors’, or ‘Pao Chui’. The Pao in Pao Chui is the same as the Pounding Fist in Xingyi Quan. To pound is an excessively fierce way of attacking. Afterwards, Yang Luchan and

his master Chen Jiaguo came across Wang Zongyue who was a Daoist martial artist. At this time, Taichi was the most prominent topic of research at the time, and so Wang Zongyue had become the master of Yang Luchan. After Yang Luchan studied for some time, he had mixed the martial arts from Wang Zongyue and Chen Jiaguo and promoted it in Beijing where it slowly became the modern day Taichi style.”

Wang Chao nodded his head, “Ah, I see.”

Tang Zichen suddenly took off her shoes to reveal her jade white feet. Rolling up her pant legs, she dipped her legs into the water.

“For those with an affinity for water, they can tread in water with ease. They can even make the area with their dantian level with the water surface, but that is their limit. For those who are proficient martial artists, they can continue to rise inch by inch higher. For each inch raised is another huge improvement. Take a look at me.”

Wang Chao watched Tang Zichen’s leg disturb the water and then as it moved about the water surface as if drawing a picture. With each movement, a ripple could be seen on the surface.

“Using the leg to issue Hidden Jin and stand on water, it is possible to be lifted up. When every toe can issue an equal amount of Hidden Jin, that is the level of Transforming Jin. Wang Zongyue’s martial prowess had led him to the Transforming Jin stage. So when Yang Luchan met Wang Zhongyue, Wang Zhongyue was capable of wading across water without it getting past his knees. This water walking could be considered one of the highest levels of achievement in the martial art world.”

Then, Tang Zichen suddenly stood up and away from the beat so her body was on top of the water, the water didn’t even reach past her knees!

“For the water to reach the knees, that is the limit of Chinese boxing. If one wants to achieve a higher state and go further, it is impossible and is nothing more than a myth.” Tang Zichen spoke, “The toes must issue out an equal amount of Hidden Jin.”

Tang Zichen’s knees refused to sink under the water when a whirlpool suddenly formed by Tang Zichen’s side, but the water had never once reached

past her knees.

Tang Zichen took her shoe and began to tread through the water farther and farther away. “Your sis has to go now, take care of yourself and remember: improve your martial arts, but do not earn your meals with it. In today’s age, if you come across firearms, do not try to show off. Keep an open mind and be forgiving, but do not stand to be insulted. These are the doctrines of those who practice martial arts. Your sis will leave this house with you, but there is no money. Money must be earned by yourself. The house will be for you to live in, but the servant have already been terminated. Learn to clean the house by yourself. In my drawers, I have left behind a book for you; the essence of the martial arts I’ve learned in my life. The foundation is there for you to learn, but it is still up to you to understand it.”

Tang Zichen continued to walk further and further away, her voice grower fainter and fainter as well before ultimately disappearing.

“Sis!” Wang Chao fell into the water, water sweeping into his mouth as he tried to cry out.

In the abyssal night and the disappearance of Tang Zichen, Wang Chao suddenly felt himself as being alone in the world.

Chapter 16: Kidnapping for Money in the Middle of Revenge (First)

Chapter 16: Kidnapping for money in the middle of revenge (First)

Crawling out of the icy cold water, Wang Chao sat on boat in a daze. Looking up at the night canvas that was the sky with the numerous stars, he could see the various constellations while the other side was a beacon from the residential area. Within the dark night and without any measurement of time, Wang Chao felt extremely cold, but the cold had shaken him awake. Grabbing the oars, he began to travel for the shore.

Tang Zichen had long since left by traveling through the water, which had also shocked him. Countless of emotions clogged up his thinking process, leaving him melancholic.

Returning to the villa, it was deathly silent inside with only him in there. Wang Chao couldn't help but feel nervous after realizing that he was the only one there. Without any further thought, he walked for the training room and sat down on the ground before closing his eyes as he tried to remembered what memories he had of sis Chen.

Starting from the "Horse Stance", "Lifting Yin Palm", "Monkey Stealing the Peach", "Three Integrals" to the "Bagua Zhang", "Xingyi Five Elements and 12 postures" before finally the "Assault of Dragon and Snake" Spear technique along with some other Taichi frameworks.

The smiling and happy Tang Zichen that had taught Wang Chao for more than half a year had ran through Wang Chao's mind clearly almost as if she was still there. Wang Chao felt as if she had never really left.

Gradually, as these memories flowed into Wang Chao's head, he began to feel how deep Chinese boxing was. Every single word from Tang Zichen, every single action, he began to think about how truly profound it was. He didn't know if it was because he had lost this precious thing that he was beginning to mature, but when he thought back to when he was practicing martial arts, he

immediately realized just how much of an impact martial arts had on him.

Jumping back up onto his feet, he leapt back onto the vat of water.

Turning his body around as he stepped on the vat, it was almost as if he was walking on normal ground.

Wang Chao's arms raised up in an arced manner as he rotated his body. With a single extended palm, he slammed it into the sandbag.

A single ripple made its way across the body of water.

Each strike of his had an equally distributed amount of power running through his body, so the recoil from the blow had only caused a simple ripple to go through the water. While it did not reach a perfected realm, there was still a uniformed ripple that was still not yet a whirlpool like.

Pa! Pa! Pa! Pa! Pa! The last few strikes had been filled with strength that had also a faint crisp sound to it.

At the faint crisp sounds, they still weren't comparable to the strikes that Tang Zichen was capable of. It was still far away from the Pounding Fist that Tang Zichen did.

"Hssssh!" After making the strike, Wang Chao leapt down and began to practice both the Five Element Fists and 12 Postures. With each move, he tried to issue Jin while bending his body to fit the postures and forced his pores shut.

"Ha!" At the end of the practicing, he couldn't help but try to try to fit the stance for the Assault of Dragon and Snake. Both of his hands imitated holding a spear and the legs crouched down in the same combination of the Smashing, Pounding and Drilling Fist. Then he struck at mercury ball fiercely.

His waist bent down as both arms released its strength, crash! The mercury filled ball was grabbed by Wang Chao's arms and was violently spun before moving out from the trough.

Seeing the ball move from the trough, he immediately spun it once more while a strange sensation went through his sealed pores in his arms.

Wang Chao's mind suddenly seemed to have the image of the inner mercury within the ball appear in his mind as he issued power to follow the direction of

the swirl inside.

Involuntarily turning and twisting the ball, pata! The ball suddenly flew up from the ground and left the trough completely.

“So this must be what listening to Jin is like. No wonder Tang Zichen was able to feel someone’s center of gravity from touching their hands.”

Huuu! Dropping to the ground as if he had no energy left, Wang Chao began to think as he laid on the ground while taking in deep breaths.

The sky outside was already turning bright; Wang Chao had practiced for the entire night.

The sunshine shined brightly down on the ground with its intense light as it did yesterday, but the only difference now was that Tang Zichen was no longer here.

But now that Wang Chao’s mind was in a better state than before. When he thought about how Tang Zichen had left behind a book for him, he immediately ran up the second story to find her sleeping room.

Sure enough, there was a simple book with crisp pages and a clean cover. Each page had even a gold and silver decorative line running through them as borders, giving the book an expensive feel to it.

Even the pages had a strong feel to it as well. A strong fragrance could be smelt as if someone had sprayed a type of perfume to the pages.

“It’s like these pages were made from sheepskin before being sprayed with some sort of perfume. And these gold and silver decorative lines, I’ve read about this in history class! This is from the middle east and is used in the Quran!”

While Wang Chao never studied, he wasn’t an idiot where everything seemed Greek to him. Seeing this gold and silver decoration, even he could remember just what he had learned briefly in history class.

This page was about three or four inches thick with several hundred pages. Written on top of the cover was the five words, “The True Record of Guoshu” in a mysterious font with Tang Zichen’s name inscribed underneath.

Opening the book, Wang Chao realized that it was written with a tiny brush. He flipped through the book briefly only to see that a good majority of the pages

talked about the ways of fighting, killing techniques, and then several accurate pictures of the human body. One page had the human body with the nervous system, bones, muscles and organs all illustrated. There was even a description on the best way to strike and kill someone using Hidden Jin.

These paintings were far too accurate and required a good amount of knowledge with the human body. Wang Chao had no idea how she could draw this out with dissecting open a body.

The final hundred pages was about the “Blows” of Taichi as well as the Eight Extreme Fists’ elbow strikes, Tongbei’s Overturning Arm Jin, and several other martial art that weren’t even given proper introductions. As long as they had a practical use, they were added in there.

Afterwards, the calligraphy grew bigger as Tang Zichen’s brush reached the end with a copy of the Sage of Calligraphy Wang Xizhi’s *Preface to the Poems Collected at the Orchid Pavilion*.

TL Note: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lantingji_Xu

Each one of the strokes twisted and turned with so much ink it penetrated the back of the paper so that even a calligraphy illiterate person like Wang Chao could realize just how powerful the meaning was supposed to be.

But there was no ending. After the *Preface to the Poems Collected at the Orchid Pavilion*, there had only been the words “Future readers”, and then another line, “If educated could please”. There was nothing else written as if waiting for someone else to pick it up.

After finishing flipping through the book, Wang Chao cleaned up the book for later studying. Laying back on the bed, he fell asleep until the morning of the next day. Collecting the keys and house card, he took one last meaningful look at the house before returning home.

While Tang Zichen had gifted the house to him, he had no desire to live in the house since he had no idea just how much the monthly house payments would be like. It was best to leave now before he could be torn apart by the management. He wouldn’t even touch the cars inside the garage and would naturally let it remain inside.

Plus, all of these things were left behind by Tang Zichen. No matter what, Wang Chao wanted to preserve it for her.

In a flash, the summer break had come to an end. School resumed with Wang Chao entering his third year of high school with college exams looming almost overhead, causing the atmosphere within the school to grow tense. However, Wang Chao hadn't put that on his mind at all. Up to now, there were only two things that interested him.

The first was to have a contest with the class monitor Cao Jingjing's father, Officer Cao for revenge. The second was how to earn money, otherwise, he would have no money to preserve Tang Zichen's house as well as for his own living expenses. His house was still in need of money as well.

Regarding his thoughts on making money, Wang Chao had poured a lot of thought into it. However, he could not find a single suitable way since learning martial arts seemed as if it was only good for robbing people with.

But Wang Chao had no desire to rob people. The first time when he had beaten those gangsters was because of revenge, taking the money was merely another perk in the moment of crisis.

"I should first take revenge on officer Cao first." After many days, Wang Chao had decided on taking care of one problem first

That night after finishing school, Wang Chao silently followed behind Cao Jingjing. He was prepared to find Cao Jingjing's house and then block officer Cao's path when the time was right for a match.

The streets were well lit at night, but the weather was quite hot still. Nonetheless, Wang Chao persisted in following Cao Jingjing from behind while also dodging her detection.

After turning around several streets, just as Cao Jingjing was about to enter an alley, a van suddenly came in from an intersection and stopped right in front of her in an instant. Three men came out: one shut her mouth, another grabbed at her arms, and the third at her legs.

Before she could even yell, Cao Jingjing was snatched away.

"A kidnapping?" Wang Chao couldn't believe his eyes.

Chapter 17: Kidnapping for Money in the Middle of Revenge (Second)

Chapter 17: Kidnapping for money in the middle of revenge (Second)

“Officer Cao is a police officer who definitely offended many people. Could this be a revenge kidnapping on his daughter? That doesn’t matter, Cao Jingjing’s in danger.” Wang Chao thought as his mind instantly snapped him awake. “Now that I’ve seen this, I can’t just ignore this. I’ve practiced for half a year, this is my chance for real combat. Unless those guys have guns, I shouldn’t have trouble.”

After weighing his options in an instant, he immediately ducked into another alley without another word with a fast amount of speed.

The car up ahead roared into life as it drove away to another street. Quickly remembering the model and license plate, Wang Chao waited for the car to disappear before running out of the alleyway into another direction.

While Wang Chao’s leg strength was still far away from Tang Zichen’s ability to tread water, after a prolonged amount of time, the explosive strength would surprise anyone. It was his body especially that because of his constant training of inner martial arts that he was far more physical than even the athletes.

His legs crossed each in a single fluid motion as the soles of his feet smashed against the ground. His running posture was smooth and in coordination with his legs, and with each large stride, he was moving at 1 meter, this was the long stride method from Bagua.

Stride forward as if flying before landing gracefully on the ground.

Not a moment after, Wang Chao crossed a street only to see the car traveling on a road around the city.

Because the car was traveling towards downtown, the car wasn’t traveling all that fast. With all of the red lights along the way, its speed was only restricted, allowing Wang Chao to be able to catch up on foot.

It was only after it had exited from the traffic congested areas that the car

began to pick up speed. However, it was already getting dark so Wang Chao did not need to hide anymore and could run on the sidewalk without being discovered.

Within the shroud of the shadows, Wang Chao had straightened his vertebrae, centered his gravity, steeled his abs and sealed his pores so that goosebumps appeared everywhere. Issuing power, he began to run as if he was a wolf chasing after his prey in the wilderness in attempt to prevent the car from ever leaving his sights.

This vigorous amount of movement had caused a large amount of Qi to move about inside his body and demanded to be released as sweat through his pores. But with the pores sealed shut, there was no way for it to be released.

Wang Chao's ability to seal his pores had grown even stronger as a result of him practicing his inner martial arts to a deeper level.

But chasing after the car was still a laborious task. He had chased after it for ten kilometers while it continued to stop and go. At some times, the tail lights of the car had disappeared over the horizon, but because there was no side lanes to turn, Wang Chao could catch up without losing it.

"Fuck, why doesn't it stop? I'm getting so tired, I'm finished!"

Wang Chao's frantic rush had caused his sealed pores to reach a limit and made his skin swell as if it was on the edge of bursting.

This was the limit of refining spirit to Qi, and for most martial artists. They would have to stop for a while and make use of a few stances to make the Qi enter their abdomen before being distributed around the body for cultivating the health and improving the body.

If the limit was surpassed, then the pores wouldn't be able to contain the Qi anymore and sweat would instantly be produced. By this point, they would collapse from dehydration and perhaps go into shock!

But Wang Chao couldn't stop. He could only grit his teeth and brace the pain.

Wang Chao knew that he was playing with fire by this point. The normal person would be sweating after so much exercise and slow down, this was self control. But those who practiced martial arts were different. If one was unable to close

the pores, then all of the Qi would escape and it would seem as if a dam was suddenly broken within the body, placing the person in danger for their life.

Just at the most critical moment, the car up ahead made a sudden turn onto a path towards a village before stopping at a two story building.

Immediately stopping, Wang Chao didn't dare drop his guard and got in the stance for the "Assault of Dragon and Snake". Crouching down a part of the body lightly, Wang Chao slowly began to make the Qi he accumulated in the last half hour settle down into his abdomen. With this, he slowly began to laxen his pores without a single drop of sweat.

After recovering, Wang Chao walked his way towards the village where the two story building was.

The car was parked on the outside with no one inside already. There was no perimeter gate on the outside, showing that it was just a normal village residential house. The gates were closed, but there was a light on the floor with the faint sounds of several guys.

After observing the environment, Wang Chao noticed there was a water pipe to the second story on the back of the house. Promptly climbing the pipe up onto the roof, he made his way to the platform of the building.

There wasn't anyone on the platform, just a single door that led to the inside of the second floor. Wang Chao climbed in stealthily like a cat with a single breath before looking all around himself. His ears were pricked up as they listened for any sound before running for a dark shadowy gap where he could watch the lit room.

"Do I have a talent for being a thief?" Wang Chao thought to himself as he congratulated himself on his stealth.

The inside of this village residency was rather plain with no one inside. There were cobwebs in most of the corners as well even, but Wang Chao had brushed those aside with no problems.

"Big brother, what should we do now that we've kidnapped her? Should we tell her daddy Cao Yi to come over?" Wang Chao peered into the room to see five or six males.

A large figure with a red sleeveless shirt could be seen with his muscles bulging outwards as he played with a dagger. The other males were seated around a table with several beers and snacks on the table. On the side was a single electric fan that blew at the hair of everyone there.

Cao Jingjing was tied in a corner to a wooden stool with her mouth taped shut and her entire body sweating. Her two eyes blinked rapidly with fear, but she was trying her utmost hardest to keep calm.

“I’ve already called Cao Yi to come by himself. He knows our game, we have his precious only daughter here. If he does us a favor, then this 100,000 RMB is his. If he doesn’t agree, we’ll rape and kill his daughter!”

The man grabbed the dagger he was playing with and stabbed it fiercely into the table. Then, pulling a hidden suitcase, he placed it onto the table.

“Boss, do you think 100,000RMB is enough to bribe Cao Yi?” A long ponytailed male asked.

“Cao Yi is too cunning, so I gave him an incentive. This was the boss’ plan as well when he let us on this mission. Don’t underestimate Cao Yi as a sub-bureau cop, he has another identity as a special ops soldier!”

“Big brother, why didn’t the boss let us have guns? I’ve heard Cao Yi’s skill is strong!”

“Hmph, he’s strong? I’m not lacking either! I’ve already planned on fighting him a long time ago to see who’s stronger, what use are guns?! Would you even be able to carry that through the airport? You idiots! Wait for Cao Yi to arrive, and then search him! If he carries a good, then it’d become ours! If he isn’t carrying one, then isn’t that better for us?”

“Big brother’s thinking is too smart!” A male laughed.

“100,000RMB!!!!” Wang Chao screamed to himself internally as his blood began to boil. *“Without a gun, do I dare try to steal it? I dare!”*

Just as Wang Chao was about to spring into action, the sound of a whistle could be heard on the outside.

One of the males looked out the window, “Boss, it’s Cao Yi! His car is here with

no one else!”

“Good, go down and search him then bring him up here!” The boss’ words were icy like ice.

Chapter 18: Kidnapping for Money in the Middle of Revenge (Third)

Chapter 18: Kidnapping for money in the middle of revenge (Third)

“Haha, just which brother doesn’t know the rules of morality that one must not harm another’s family?” As Wang Chao hid in the dark, he could hear the sounds of officer Cao. In the next moment, the sounds grew louder as officer Cao was being brought upstairs.

At this moment, while Cao Yi was laughing, his tone was quite calm as if there was a storm waiting to come out.

“Is this how a cop is supposed to talk? He’s talking like he walks the path of a criminal than a cop. Could Cao Yi really have a second identity where there is no difference between immorality and morality?” Wang Chao thought to himself as he slowly moved himself to an optimal position to strike at any given time.

“Officer Cao truly does have such short memory! Last month at the Bay of Tolkin, you got on the boat where several of my boss’ underlings were and took the goods on it. You were said to be exceptionally fearless, the modern day Zhao Yun even! When my boss heard of this, he was overjoyed and spent time tracking you down after you went into hiding. Then, after hiring us to come, we realized that officer Cao was the boss of this area. If we are to be dragons, then we didn’t dare to play by the book, would we? Thus, we’ve decided to go with a different plan and lure the snake out of the cave.”

The bald man came walking out of the room as he spoke to the officer Cao who was brought in by another person. The two men’s eyes crossed with a careful gaze.

“So you’re from the Chenshi Corporation, speak then. Just what is your purpose?” Although his daughter had been captured by these men, Cao Yi had kept his calm and looked around the place before turning back to look at the bald man.

“First, we would like to know of sir officer Cao’s true identity.” The man held

up one finger. “Second, we would like to invite sire into our group for a mutual benefit. Third, the goods you took from our boss, where is it? Fourth, your skill is quite unique to be able to knock down one of my brothers. I naturally have to find a way for them to vent their anger. How about the two of us fix a date for us to compare notes? How does that sound?”

“Fine, then release my daughter first!” Officer Cao immediately got into a boxing stance. His answer was clear, which shocked the boss for a moment.

“Since it’s like that, fine! You can’t make friends without fighting! We’ll get to know each other after we fight!” The bald man began to crack his knuckles as he climbed down the stairs to walk three meters away from him.

Hoorah! The four other males formed a circle around the two. At the same time, the captured Cao Jingjing was left behind on the second floor and was being looked after by a single person.

“My name is Chen Wuyang, you’d best remember that, Cao Yi!” The bald man took off his sleeveless shirt, revealing his bronze like muscles that seemed to have veins twisting throughout his body.

What was the most obvious about his body was the brown calluses around the joints of his limbs, symbolizing that he was a martial artist for many years.

“Ha!” Without any other superfluous movements, Cao Yi immediately flew towards Cheng Wuyang when he had made a fighting stance and kicked at his opponent’s waist.

Pa! Chen Wuyang had used his arm to block the kick as he retreated backwards. Stopping right in front of the stairwell, he shook his arm which was already turning red. “What leg strength!”

Cao Yi didn’t speak a word and flew at him again with a straight punch and then another kick. The attacks came like a strong gale with extreme force. With the punch, there was a faint but crisp sound.

Losing his opportunity, Chen Wuyan could only defend himself passively with both of his arms brought up hastily. Protecting not only his chest, but the sides as well.

When the two men’s arms crossed paths, they were met with force as they

struck each other with a loud fleshy sound. This type of fighting was not only straightforward, but also uncivilized like.

Chen Wuyang had already been forced past the stairwell and was pressed further away. Finally, there was no choice but for him to step back onto a lower step. His body immediately dropped in height as he tried to steady himself.

With Cao Yi being a combat expert, there was no way he would miss such an opportunity. Immediately bringing back his fist, he gathered energy in his left leg before viciously lashing out at the other's calf joint.

Snap! The sounds of a bone snapping could be heard as Chen Wuyang fell down onto the stairs with his leg broken.

Seeing his defeated opponent, he immediately thought of his daughter and ran up the stairs to find her without regard for Chen Wuyang.

But who would have known that despite Chen Wuyang's leg bone being snapped, his inner vitality and his intrepid personality would refuse him from losing any fighting ability. Just as he saw Cao Yi turn his back to run up the stairs, his entire human turned animal-like in nature as he leapt forward to grab at Cao Yi's heel and give it a strong pull!

Against such an intense pull, while Cao Yi had prepared himself, he was still caught off guard. His hand hurriedly grabbed onto the railing of the stairs to level himself before using his leg to kick out fiercely.

Taking advantage of his hold on Cao Yi, Chen Wuyang pulled himself up. With one hand holding himself close to Cao Yi, his other hand had already pulled at Cao Yi's neck.

This was a common sight to see in wrestling as well as being very vicious. From the back, one would use their hand to strangle the person and cause them to choke to death.

The moment he had been pulled in, his face grew red with blood as he continued to bash onto Chen Wuyang's chest with his elbow.

Pa pa! Pa pa! Hearing the sounds of Chen Wuyang's rib fracture, Chen Wuyang's eyes widened wide as his mouth and nose began to leak blood. But his hold onto Cao Yi had remained tight as he continued to strangle him.

“A battle like this is truly bloody. It’s nothing like those one on one mixed martial art matches on TV. This is a good lesson I have to remember. These men were planning on hiring a person, but after one strike not ending the match, it has become a struggle for life and death.”

Wang Chao looked at the battle with a slight nod of his head. His experience in combat was lacking, but the battle in front of him was truly bloody and had given him a lot of material to study and learn from.

“Kill him!” The four men that were watching immediately raced towards Cao Yi.

Cao Yi immediately slammed his leg against the stairwell and sent the both of them tumbling downwards.

“Good, it’s time for me to strike!” Wang Chao immediately stood up from his corner and ran for the door. In another stride, he had reached the room where Cao Jingjing was being imprisoned and immediately took advantage of the element of surprise to strike at the male in charge of guarding her.

Three steps forward over the flat ground and strike like a cannon from the sky. This fist was from Xingyi Quan’s “Three Pace Pounding Fist Jin”

In those three long steps, he had made sure he made the most optimal steps and forced his waist, soles, and vertebrae in the standard position before leaping into the air. Bursting forward like a tiger jumping down a mountain, he put his entire strength into his fist.

The fist had made a loud crisp sound in midair.

The ponytailed guard had been paying attention to the fight downstairs, but he couldn’t leave his guard. He hadn’t thought that there would be a person flying through the air as if a bolt of lightning. In that burst of speed, the guard didn’t even see who it was.

He could only bring his arms up to defend himself!

Bang! Resistance was futile. Wang Chao’s fist had forced its way past his arms and hit him square on the chest.

His entire 90 kilogram body was sent flying through the air before smashing

against the table, causing the beers to splash on the ground and fill with foam.

The ponytailed guard was then hit by another stroke of bad luck. When he had hit the table, the fan had been mixed up in the collision and fell down, twisting up his long strands of hair in the process.

By the time the fan had stopped, the guard's hair and scalp had already been entangled. His entire head had entered the fan as well, causing him to stop breathing. Wang Chao didn't know if it was his fist or if it was the fan that had killed the man.

"Mphm, mphmmm!" Cao Jingjing could clearly see Wang Chao standing before her with a pleasantly shocked look before struggling towards him.

Immediately taking off her gag, Wang Chao took off her bindings and then grabbed the suitcase on the ground.

"100,000 RMB!" When Wang Chao grabbed the suitcase in an almost blissful state of joy.

TL Note: 100,000 RMB equates to 15,200 USD in today's market.

Just at that moment, a single person came up from the stairwell. It was Cao Yi.

Cao Yi's body had been dyed with blood, but there were no injuries on his body, meaning that the blood was from someone else. Running forward, the moment he saw Wang Chao, he grew stunned. Then looking around to see his daughter, he suddenly realized what had happened.

Looking at Wang Chao for a moment, Cao Yi spoke, "Put down the suitcase."

"Aiya!" Wang Chao sucked in his breath, "Officer Cao, your timing is always spot on! Last time, you nearly crippled my hand, but since we meet again today, let's have another contest! Since this money is stolen anyways, whoever wins should take home the prize!"

"What a funny kid!" Cao Yi began to laugh, "It seems that you are trying to take advantage of my weakness to aim for my life! I didn't believe that Jingjing's classmates would have such a terrifying kid. But still, unfortunately for you, I've been practicing martial arts for 20 years. With such a long time, you weren't even born yet. Even if my body has used up a lot of energy, I've enough to spare!"

Come, show me just how much you've improved in this amount of time!"

"Wang Chao, just what are you doing?!" Cao Jingjing was puzzled as she listened to Wang Chao and her father prepare to fight before yelling at her classmate.

Waving his hand, Wang Chao spoke, "Don't get involved and just watch." Putting down the suitcase, he stepped two paces away to where Cao Yi was standing three feet away.

Cao Yi had brought up his hands once more to assume a fighting stance before breathing in to regain some of the energy he had used earlier. After fighting four men, he was a little weary.

"Officer Cao, maybe you should rest up first?" Wang Chao laughed as he looked at him.

"Ha!" Just as Wang Chao spoke, Cao Yi suddenly burst forward before nimbly throwing his fist out towards Wang Chao's chest. With a speed like this, there was no feeling as if he had just been in a fight.

"How sly!" Wang Chao hadn't spent his last half year staring dumbly. With a single step, he had already made his way to the side of Cao Yi before gathering his fingers into a point to stab at Cao Yi's kidney.

If this were to land, then Cao Yi was afraid that he would lose his fighting energy.

Not knowing that Wang Chao would have made such a move, Cao Yi was shocked for a moment and immediately turned his body around to lash out with a kick.

Wang Chao kicked off the ground to once again be at Cao Yi's side. His legs bent down as his hands formed a knife point once more to strike at his kidney quickly, fiercely, and swiftly.

Cao Yi repeated his previous moment to strike at Wang Chao, but each time, he had been able to sneak over to his side to aim at his kidneys. This continued for another three or four times before Cao Yi began to feel dizzy.

The past had a proverb that once said, "Bagua is sneaky.", and Wang Chao had

clearly demonstrated how sneaky the word could mean as he could finally demonstrate the power he had cultivated from on top of the vats of water.

“Ha!” Advancing five steps, Wang Chao once more stabbed at Cao Yi’s rib and made contact. Cao Yi’s face immediately went white as his body turned and fell to the floor.

Chapter 19: Officer Cao, the One who Commits Murder and then Arson

Chapter 19: Officer Cao, the one who commits murder and then arson

“Wang Chao, you—stop it!”

Cao Jingjing who had initially been puzzled as to why her father and Wang Chao were fighting immediately snapped awake as she realized that he had come to save her. At the same time, the class monitor felt as if this classmate was suddenly a different person.

With all things said and considered, that sudden explosive strike on the long haired guard had certainly left a deep impression on her.

But when she had seen that her father had been hit in the kidney by his hands before falling to the ground, Cao Jingjing grew nervous. Hurriedly running to him, she tried to kick Wang Chao in the head.

This kick was rather high and beautiful at the same time. Clearly showing that she too, had done martial arts for some time. However, compared to her father Cao Yi, hers was unfit for anything but show.

“Eh!” Hearing the wind in his ears, Wang Chao reacted instinctively as it was habit to dodge the trajectory of the sandbags. His left hand moved up to protect his head as like a monkey would use its tail to protect its head to block the kick.

Then making a rotation around her while rotating his body to come to her side, he formed a point with his hand to stab at her kidney as well.

Unavoidably, this had all been instinctive, and so the strike came easily without thinking.

“Halt!” When Cao Yi saw this from his seat on the floor, he couldn’t help but cry out with wide eyes before making a start towards him. He had used a lot of energy to fight Chen Wuyan and his four underlings. And the after being stabbed in the kidney from Wang Chao, he had been instantly been knocked aside and could do nothing more than to yell out loud.

But when he heard the voice, Wang Chao instantly grew aware of himself. Just as his fingers touched Cao Jingjing's waist, he hurriedly spread out the fingers to turn the knife into a hand and stopped harmlessly.

"What a soft waist!" Instantly feeling the creamy skin like body, Wang Chao realized what he was doing and pulled his hand back.

Cao Jingjing's leg fell to the ground with a fearful cry. Her body went weak as she almost followed her father down to the ground in weakness.

As the proverb says, the male has a head, the female has a waist. While they could look, they cannot touch. The waist was a sensitive area that when Cao Jingjing felt the attack, she couldn't help but lose control.

"Hsss!" Wang Chao let out a long breath and rejoiced himself in remembering where he was so quickly.

This was the way of Bagua styled fighting. There was no mercy and relied on the leg and the bent knee to circle around to the side before striking at the frail rib and kidneys as if using a knife to stab.

If used on a regular person, if the stab hits the waist of even a strong man, the man would not be able to endure it. And after all the training Wang Chao had gone through, if he had not stopped at the final moment, then Cao Jingjing would have become handicapped if she didn't die.

The way of Bagua styled fighting was to use a knife. It was fraught with danger and no leeway of safety.

Wang Chao's Bagua Zhang had been practiced by use of the water vat and jabbing the sandbag. For all nine lives he could have had, he had practiced proficiently on top of the water vat. Many times he had fallen, and many times he had gotten angry, so his strikes had been fierce.

"Dad, what's wrong, dad! Are you okay!!!!" Cao Jingjing instantly snapped awake, seeing her father on the ground, she hurriedly ran on over and began to cry.

Hurriedly taking an unopened can of beer, he hurriedly popped the seal and handed it to Cao Jingjing so she could give it to her father.

Sure enough, the cold beer had been of use. Cao Yi's eyes slowly grew wider as he drank it. Then, spitting out a mouthful of phlegm, his eyes gained a more focused look to it.

"Kid, that was great! Superb even!" Cao Yi instantly expressed his approval as he stared at Wang Chao before sighing in praise, "This is the first time I've lost in a long time. Very well, very well."

Wang Chao didn't know what Cao Yi was thinking, but he didn't want to say anything more and take the money home.

"Uncle Cao, our matter is finished then. As we said before, this money is mine. I hope that you do not go back on your word. As for the men you killed, it has nothing to do with me. Infact, I helped save Jingjing, I see that you are a cop, but at the same time a criminal, no matter which you are, I hope that you will not betray your helper?" Wang Chao spoke politely for the sake of the money.

"If this guy doesn't agree, what should I do... should I...no, not that..." Wang Chao thought to himself as he spoke, but the following thought had scared him.

"These men were killed because they were kidnappers, but I didn't kill them. If I were to kill a cop for money, then the situation would go to hell....it's not worth it...killing someone for money? That's not acceptable..."

"But still...." Wang Chao suddenly had another thought, *"If I were to kill Cao Yi, then I could say that it was a mutually assured death with the kidnappers and had nothing to do with me... but what about Cao Jingjing? I couldn't kill her too..."*

The evil thoughts continued to flow through his head as he failed to suppress them.

"If I didn't let you take the money, would you try to kill me?" Cao Yi had taken notice of the suitcase as well as exposing the thoughts within Wang Chao's mind.

"The thought crossed my mind." Wang Chao answered honestly.

"When an ordinary person gains strength, evil thoughts tend to raise because they want to change. This is what it means to 'the poor learns, and the rich enforces'. Evil thoughts actually come from the restrictions in one's life and not because of strength. Ai! I was the same back then." Cao Yi suddenly sighed

before waving his hand, “The money is yours to take home, take Jingjing back on the way too. This uncle’s past is not a simple one that can be revealed. I’ll take care of things here.”

Wang Chao let out a sigh as he took the suitcase and then spoke to Jingjing, “Your dad’s going to take care of things here, let’s go. I’ll send you back home.”

Cao Jingjing took a look at Cao Yi who had only nodded his head before following Wang Chao out of the building.

The moment when he got to the first floor, Wang Chao saw the rolled up figure of Chen Wuyang whose entire face was bleeding from every orifice in a grisly manner. Hurriedly, he called for Cao Jingjing to close her eyes.

When Cao Jingjing heard, she obediently closed her eyes and allowed Wang Chao to lead her out by hand.

The other four men hadn’t died yet and were instead rolling on the ground while groaning.

“This Cao Yi is quite fierce, if he hadn’t fought these men first and we had a match, I don’t know who would have won.” Wang Chao thought.

Pulling Cao Jingjing out of the house, when they had walked four or five miles away, a sudden bonfire illuminated the night. Turning his head to look, Wang Chao saw the house they had been in go up into flames.

“Murder and then arson, how fierce! This cop is quite good!” Wang Chao couldn’t help but admire Cao Yi.

Chapter 20: Tang Zichen's Autobiography in the Book

Chapter 20: Tang Zichen's autobiography in the book

Ten bundles of paper bills were seated on the bed as Wang Chao sat down and stared at it for a long moment. With an equally long sigh, he began to clean it up before wrapping it up in newspapers and stowing it underneath his bed. His actions were the same as that of a miserly landlord.

But he couldn't be blamed for such an action. He was still a regular high schooler who had never seen so much money in his life.

"True enough, the restrictions on one's life gives raise to evil thoughts. If I want to change these evil thoughts, then I first have to change my way of living." Wang Chao thought. The thoughts he had of killing Cao Jingjing and then Cao Yi had bothered him to no end afterwards.

"Martial arts should not feed one's mouth. Your mind must be vast and forgiving, but do not stand to be insulted...." Tang Zichen's words from before were suddenly recalled into his mind.

"Sis Chen definitely isn't any regular person. If I want to see her in the future, I can't be this cowardly. I need more power and more money!" After Tang Zichen had left, her silhouette had still remained within Wang Chao's mind and captivated him.

"The changes I have now, it was all because of what sis Chen gave me. I definitely have to have the power to help her, I have to grow stronger."

"Alright, no more thinking. I might as well think about martial arts." After calming himself, he began to earnestly think about what he had learned from the battle.

That had been his first true combat experience, but the opportunity to fight wasn't there. A single fist had caused the long haired male to be sent flying when he was least expecting it, and so this did not count as a true fight. And the fight with Cao Yi had been unfair as well. Cao Yi had been weary after using all his energy from the previous fight, that was why the Swimming Body from Bagua

Zhang had proved to be so effective.

These two fights were not fights where both combatants were on equal standings.

“Clear Jin, Hidden Jin and Transforming Jin...considering my current level, Clear Jin is still a long ways ahead of me. While I had made that crisp sound while using the “Three Pace Pounding Fist”, it had only happened after I used my entire body and a long piece of land to issue power. In a real combat experience, I won’t have enough time or that much space. Even then, that single Pounding Fist Jin took a toll on my body, I wouldn’t be able to do it twice. When sis Chen taught me, she had made that crisp sound with ease; I’m still far away from her level.”

“As for Hidden Jin, even moving would be too difficult. The Qi would be burst past the pores and be lost, unlike the principle of sweating only when killing.”

From his own strength, he analyzed his fight and thought about the different stages of Jin he was working towards to, only to conclude he was still far away from it.

When he thought about the Hidden Jin, Wang Chao jumped down from his bed and straightened his vertebrae. Swelling all of the pores on his body, he made a few slow moments as he focused the Qi around his body before trying to expel it from his hands only.

Bang! A palm slammed against the wall as Wang Chao slackened his vertebrae and diverted his center of gravity to force the energy to rush out from his palms. Trying to combine the principles of Clear and Hidden Jin in his palm strike, his goal was to try and split the wall.

Huuu! HUUUU! Wang Chao gave up. As soon as the energy left after the strike, his entire body slackened as sweat began to appear through every pore on his body.

As his entire body began to grow weak, the sensation of collapsing grew stronger. Wang Chao’s body couldn’t muster any strength at all.

“How frustrating!”

Sitting on the bed once more, he thought to himself, *“I shouldn’t think about expelling the energy. When I do, all of it becomes scattered, aren’t I just seeking*

for death now?”

A person who practiced inner martial arts required their hair to spike, their goosebumps to appear all over their iron like skin while able to defend against any attack. At the same time, they would need to regulate the amount of water they had in their body without any of it leaking out so that they would be able to fight for an extended period of time without tiring. After spiking all the hair and focusing their entire concentration, then they would be able to detect even a single blade of grass being blown.

This was a good thing, but if one were to try to abuse this method, then in the case that their pores could no longer contain the Qi inside, then the Qi would be forced out as water, plummeting one's life into a critical state.

When tempering one's body, slowly shadowbox so that no Qi would be forced out. Then, transform the Qi to rotate within the body, and under the control of the practitioner, there would be no further harm.

But in a fierce battle, a balance between the two would not be met.

As for expelling Hidden Jin during a battle, it was the same as expelling fire outwards. As it burns the other person, the owner itself would face some danger as well. The majority of the time if one didn't hit the other person, then they would kill themselves.

“It's no wonder that the rumors said that when Bruce Lee reached the pinnacle of Clear Jin, his attacks were so brilliant it stunned everyone. But when he had an accident when cultivating Hidden Jin, he died.”

“An accident, what a convenient word to use!” Wang Chao spoke after experimenting with himself. After this, he had felt a deep respect for the word.

Flipping through Tang Zichen's *True Record of Guoshu*, there was an excerpt on both Clear and Hidden Jin:

“I practiced martial arts when I was almost five years old. I could only practice my internal Jin, instead of my outer strength. Because my bone structure was still unstable, I could only practice by standing on stumps and nourishing my body for ten years. After another ten years, I was able to condense Jin and have finally attain the peak of training my bone marrow. Three years later, I was able

to unite with Dao and practice martial arts whenever I walk, stand, sit, or sleep. If I thought about it, I could kill someone within thirty six steps and with no fear of guns. I

possessed telepathy, and could predict like the cicada, sensing the coming of the autumn wind before it has even arrived. I possessed extraordinary abilities that was far stronger than intuition. These hardships and survivals in these practices, only I myself understood in ways other people could not even comprehend.

From the time that my body attained a perfect state, I had already accumulated countless of experience regarding fighting and killed countless more. Those that I killed by hands numbered to be around 80% while those I killed by firearm was 20%. My achievements entirely depended on my ten years of posture training. First, I followed the path of practicing my Hidden Jin. This Hidden Jin was not practiced until circulated my whole body. When my body was tightened, my skin was like iron, and the pores were brought up an inch, looking as if they were soybeans. When relaxed, my body was like the fat of a goat, shiny but soft. If your body did not reach this state, then do not release this Hidden Jin easily. If it had attained this level, then your martial arts would become capable of the One Inch Punch. During fights, you could add the Hidden Jin. With the use of both the Clear Jin and the Hidden Jin, you would be able to reach a natural realm. This was also similar to the teaching of the Tachi martial arts. If the Hidden Jin had not been completely practiced, you could practice the Clear Jin first. In With inner martial arts, there were more creators of strength-based skills, yet during the beginning of the practice, the movements should not be complicated. It would be better for the movements to be more simple. Just practice one punch. As the saying goes, if one punch is achieved, then the hundred punches would succeed. If one punch was not successful, then any more practice would be useless.

The words written had been Tang Zichen's insightful opinion.

"So my Hidden Jin is perfect yet and my pore strength isn't enough. I have to bring it up an inch. It's best not to think about expelling the Hidden Jin then. But effort leads to success, it's only that my body isn't strong enough yet to be able to control the flexibility of my pores. I should first practice my Clear Jin to the peak first. But simple is good, which should I practice first?"

After some thought, Wang Chao decided. While the Three Pace Pounding Fist

could make a man fly, the amount of distance needed was far too much. In a real battle, it was useless.

After another moment of thought, Wang Chao had decided to practice the Smashing Fist that master Guo Yunshen had used to defeat everyone.

There were nine variations to the Smashing Fist: Half-step Smashing Fist, Retreating Smashing Fist, Rotating Smashing Fist, Chain Smashing Fist, Sideways Smashing Fist, and etcetera. But each one of these relied heavily on the strength of the waist and abdomen. The calves, joints and thigh muscles would assist in this motion. Then the shoulder, hand and vertebrae would harmonize with it.

“Guo Yunshen had practiced his Smashing Fist within a prison cell with dozens of kilograms heavy cangue on his arms and legs. Could I use something heavy to add onto my body?”

Once he finished planning, Wang Chao spent the next three days buying lead before using them to attach to his body, adding onto 35 kilograms to his body weight. At first, he was worried he would ruin his muscles or bring his practice off in a tangent. So carefully, he moved around first. After 10 days of practicing, he was able to issue power at every single spot. By adding more weight to each spot, he was able to issue even more power.

As he continued to add weight onto his body, Wang Chao had continued to refer to the True Record of Guoshu and learned from the diagrams of the joints within. As he continued to move and feel his body, he reallocated the weight as needed. Wang Chao could gradually feel that he could feel and recognize the muscles and bones on his body much more smoothly than before with even more precision as well. It was as if he was a worker that was growing more familiar with the inner workings of the machinery he was using.

Practicing this for three months, Wang Chao one day took off his clothes and stripped away the lead only to find out there had been a change to his muscles and joints, especially the joints to his shoulder and legs. When he had issued power, the socket of his joint in the area had clearly sunken in, showing that his ability to stretch the leg had grown stronger.

Even at this time, Wang Chao continued to practice his stances everyday. But the difference now was that instead of the three integrals, he had tried to

practice the stance of the Assault of Dragon and Snake.

Aside from this, Wang Chao had spared no efforts in his Bagua drills. Every day at one in the morning, he would use the Mud Wading Step to travel to Lake Tianxing and then back, which would take him approximately five hours.

With each trip to and from, he would shut his pores and run wildly in imitation to the day he had chased after the car. His two legs would plow the ground almost as he sprinted.

The Qi in his body would be locked away, and it was only when he couldn't contain it any longer that Wang Chao would practice standing still in several postures to regain his breath. Then, he would transform the Qi to enter his legs and all around his waist to settle once more.

During his two day weekends, Wang Chao would travel back to Lake Tianxing and think about the time he had spent with sis Chen.

With all said and done, Lake Tianxing's residential district was not a place for the poor to live. Wang Chao had asked once only to find out that the villa that Tang Zichen had lived in cost 10,000 RMB a month.

The 100,000 RMB he had gained wouldn't even be enough for a year.

But the rent and other fees had already been paid for a year previously, allowing Wang Chao several more months.

With time, summer disappeared as autumn approached, then autumn had gone while winter had arrived. In this time, Wang Chao had been satisfied with his school life. Since the time he had followed Cao Jingjing back home, she had taken notice of him and the two became close friends. Afterwards, they had seemed to others to be quiet intimate. This had caused many others to feel quite jealous, but Wang Chao had paid no mind to them.

All Cao Jingjing had known was that the day she was kidnapped, Cao Yi had suffered only internal injuries that had taken a month in the hospital and two months afterwards to fully recover.

As for what Cao Yi had done, it was only said to be a normal outbreak of fire.

That had set Wang Chao's heart at ease.

“Today when my dad get’s back, he wants to see you, so come with me later.” Just the day before break after school had ended, Cao Jingjing had called out for Wang Chao shyly.

“Alright!” Wang Chao replied hurriedly. But inside, he thought, *“Cao Yi’s methods are quite amazing, I was just about to go test out my skills. After practicing for so long, it would be strange not to try it out. And with his wide expertise, I can consult him to see what ways I could earn money. After all, in a week we’ll have the college exams. With my current grades, there’s no chance at all; I better find another alternative.”*

He began to think about his future prospects.

Chapter 21: Job Introduction

Chapter 21: Job introduction

“Jingjing, isn’t your house that way?” Wang Chao spoke to Cao Jingjing as they walked after realizing this wasn’t the regular way back to her home.

“My family has several houses. My dad bought them a few years back. He said that house prices were appreciating, so it was time to invest. He also said that as a police officer, he has arrested many men who would want revenge. So a few more hiding spots would be good. After the events that day, I moved here.” Cao Jingjing spoke with a mischievous look in her eye.

“Even a rabbit has three burrows, but he has multiple homes to hide in...” Wang Chao couldn’t help but laugh at his thoughts before nodding.

“What bad thoughts are you making up now? You’re definitely badmouthing my dad.” Cao Jingjing stopped before giving Wang Chao a look.

“Ha, you can see even that?” Wang Chao was surprised before thinking, *“No wonder men say that a woman’s intuition is the scariest. It seems the rumors are true.”*

“Hmph, with the many plots your scheming of inside, do you think I wouldn’t be able to see through it?” Cao Jingjing spoke with a proud smile.

“Woah, car!” Wang Chao didn’t wish to spend anymore time nagging about this and hurriedly ran over to the bus. From there, they traveled to a rather luxurious neighborhood.

This neighborhood was the most recent developed district where many influential companies had bought. The location was quite nice and had sold for 4000 or 5000 RMB a square. Naturally, compared to Tang Zichen’s villa in Lake Tianxing, this was nothing much. But even like this, Wang Chao’s family wouldn’t be able to afford even a kitchen and toilet even if they sold everything.

“Eh? Why isn’t it miss Jingjing.” Just as the two were waiting for the elevator, the doors opened, revealing a rather pudgy middle aged man and a heavily

dressed up woman with cherry red lips and a alluring figure.

“Uncle Zhang!” Cao Jingjing spoke, “What business did you have here?”

“I heard that your father was getting better, so I came to congratulate him. This is Aria.” With that, the man called uncle Zhang motioned for the woman behind him.

“I didn’t think that Jingjing would grow so beautiful. Auntie doesn’t have anything to give, but since this is our first time meeting, take this for your new year gift.” Aria spoke with a smile before taking a precious jeweled ring. “Here, this is for you.”

This ring had an illustrious glow of a sapphire, showing that this ring was worth a decent sum of money.

“Auntie Aria, I can’t have this.” Cao Jingjing secretly gave Wang Chao a look as she placed her hands behind her back, “Uncle Zhang, you work so hard to earn money while being friends with my father. There isn’t a need to spend money on me, I will happily accept your kindness and pass it on to my father. They say that a friendship between gentlemen is as inseparable as water. My father is a good police officer, he and you do not need any gifts to remain so, isn’t that right? While this is a nice gift, there is no need for such a thing.”

Uncle Zhang was stunned for a moment as was the lady Aria. At first he had been embarrassed, but hearing Cao Jingjing’s words, he couldn’t help but laugh.

“Haha, Jingjing has quite the future ahead of her.” Uncle Zhang nodded his head in approval. “Cao Yi has a good daughter. Jingjing, when you get accepted into Tsinghua University, then your uncle will congratulate you then.”

“En, then it’s a deal, don’t go back on your promise!” Cao Jingjing waved the two people away before joining Wang Chao in the elevator.

“Cao Jingjing really knows how to behave herself? Why didn’t I see this behavior before?” When Wang Chao saw this, he felt as if he had gained a new layer of understanding of her.

The elevator stopped at the 28th floor as Cao Jingjing opened the door with her card and passed through a wall of glass. This was the living room, but as they walked into the corridors, Wang Chao’s eyes lit up at the expansive place.

“Dad, I brought Wang Chao!” Cao Jingjing swapped out her outdoor shoes for a cute bunny slipper before calling out to her father.

“Come into the sports room!” Came out the loud voice of Cao Yi.

“Hmph, you can go in by yourself, I’ll be in my room studying. The sports room is over there.” Cao Jingjing pointed before turning away and walking to her own room before closing the door behind her.

Slowly walking for the direction Jingjing pointed him to, he saw a room that was presumably the sports room.

Without any more words, Wang Chao opened the door only to be assaulted in the face with a strong wind. Against such a surprise attack, Wang Chao didn’t move completely out of the way and had only turned to the side with a bent waist as he prepared himself into the Pounding Fist posture. A single step forward had already shook the floor of the building for a moment.

An exchange of fists! Wang Chao’s strike was almost as if he had struck iron, but Cao Yi’s face grew astonished as he hurriedly flew back with an injured look. But recovering quickly, he charged back towards Wang Chao.

Wang Chao stepped back one step at a time before seeming as if he was a monkey ready to strike at a hornet’s nest before leaping backwards.

His posture resembled that of the Monkey stance from Xingyi Quan, it was also called “Monkey Poking the Bee’s Nest”

When a monkey stabs the hornet’s nest, they are afraid of being stung. For a final last effort dash, they would leap backwards with an incredible distance.

When he had leapt, Wang Chao’s heart skipped a beat as he grabbed onto the door. With a mighty pull, the door closed and closed Cao Yi within the room.

This “Monkey Poking the Bee’s Nest” involved leaping backwards and close the door to protect himself. It was just perfect for usage around a suitable environment to evade any attack.

Crash! Upon leaping backwards and closing the door, Wang Chao leapt backwards once more as he prepared. Then, with a sound like a thunderclap after adjusting his vertebrae, he leapt forward.

His entire body flew forwards as he borrowed the power of the ground to accelerate, High Pounding Fist Jin! A fierce blow without mercy onto the door!

Bang! The entire floor rocked to the bang as the wooden door was smashed inwardly to the room.

Cao Yi was just about to open the door before the strike, but he hadn't thought that Wang Chao would act in such a violent matter. Being forced backwards after the door had smashed into him, he steadied himself with some difficulty as blood streamed down his nose and onto his chin.

He had been forced to have a nosebleed by the door to his own room.

"Wang Chaooooooooo!!!!!! Why are you destroying the house door!!!!" An angry shout came from behind as Cao Jingjing came running out to see what was happening only to see the destruction that happened, causing her to scream so loud that Wang Chao's ears could barely handle it.

"I didn't start it first, it was your dad's fault!" Wang Chao's face grew innocent as his heart began to grow gloomy. His actions had been extremely optimal in terms of fighting, but he hadn't thought about the consequences.

"Good, very good! Attack without restraint, and restraint without attacking! Your actions were very good." Officer Cao's face was like a bitter melon as blood streamed down his face in an unappealing manner. "Jingjing, go back to your room and study, there's no need for you to be here."

Cao Jingjing glared angrily at Wang Chao before going back to her room angrily. With a loud shout, someone from the floor downstairs cursed out, "Be more quiet up there, did someone die or something!?"

Wang Chao spoke carefully, "Uncle Cao, are you fine?"

Cao Yi snorted before taking a towel to wipe his face and several tissue papers to clean his nose. Sitting down on the sofa, his two eyes stared fiercely at Wang Chao.

"You practice well, and your progress is remarkable! To be able to use your environment like this is a talent in itself! I've underestimated you in the past, good!" Cao Yi had a depressed look as he looked at the broken door caused by Wang Chao before a twitch developed in his face. "I haven't lost like that since to

my 80 year old mother as an infant, but to you, I've lost twice...fine!"

Wang Chao nodded his head with an awkward smile, "It was a fluke, that's all!"

"Actually, I have a request for uncle. With uncle's experience, would it be possible to give me an introduction and show me the right path to travel for the future?"

Wang Chao hurriedly changed the question, afraid that Cao Yi would ask for him to compensate him for the door.

"Don't be engulfed by martial arts. I had originally planned on calling you over here today to introduce you to a job, but you've managed to say it first. This job will allow you to earn money and also experience some real combat. At the same time, you'll get to know people. If you wish to make yourself known, then you must work for it yourself! After all, you helped rescue my daughter, so I am indebted to you." Cao Yi cleaned his nose and spoke, "Tomorrow I'll take you to the capital."

Chapter 22: Which Earns More Money, Instructing or Killing?

Chapter 22: Which earns more money, instructing or killing?

The next day was the start of winter break. Giving a shout to his parents, he traveled for the public safety bureau. This year, his parents had been convinced that Wang Chao was using this break to get a job and earn money. But under the painstaking planning of Wang Chao, the two parents had never realized that the money he had was actually earned from an equally illegal manner. Of course, Wang Chao had never took out all of it at once.

Reaching the public safety bureau, Cao Yi had coincidentally came out driving a car. He had been promoted at his workplace, earning the title of vice-bureau chief.

From a low ranking sub-bureau captain to jump into a high ranking position, this was a rarely seen achievement. Even if Wang Chao didn't understand some of the bureaucratic tricks of the system, he could still tell that Cao Yi was not an ordinary person.

"No wonder he was so nervous when those gangsters fought with me a long time ago. He was afraid of something happening and changing the votes. The conference he was so worried about was a way for him to climb up the ranks."

Although he was extremely curious about Cao Yi, he hadn't planned on getting any information out from Cao Yi. Every person had their secrets. In the case someone were to tell their secrets, then even friends could become enemies.

Wang Chao's mentality had already matured a long time ago.

"You're here!" Cao Yi's previously red face had disappeared overnight as if he had used some sort of strange medicine.

Waiting for Wang Chao to get into the car, Cao Yi suddenly stamped on the gas pedal and sped off.

Needless to say, this was the very first time that Wang Chao had ever been in

such a small car. This strange sensation was completely different than the time he had traveled on the bus where it was crowded and usually dirty smelling. There was a rather sweet fragrance being blown about in the car thanks to the air conditioning, but the car was reasonably warm as well so that any of the frigid coldness was diverted elsewhere. Both running and taking the bus had been a punishment, but this was a pleasurable experience.

“What, is this the first time you’ve sat in a car?” Cao Yi’s eyes were quite perceptive and could easily make sense of Wang Chao’s expression.

“It’s nothing. I generally go to the capital by foot, it doesn’t even take that long. But since we are taking the car today, I’m not used to it.” Wang Chao was unwilling to look weak and lied through his teeth.

“Your leg strength is quite good in fact!” Cao Yi spoke as he continued to drive the car.

Traveling as fast as lightning, the scenery blew past as the car finally arrived at the capital half an hour later. Skyscraper after skyscraper came and went before the car finally stopped at a building that was well over 40 stories tall and was painted an azure blue color.

Stopping the car for a moment, someone had gave them the directions to park within the parking lot besides the building.

Getting down from the car, Wang Chao tilted his head up to see a fancy looking board with the words, “Asian Taekwondo Union”.

The doors to the building was quite large and had electronic sliding doors that were similar to the ones at the airports in terms of wideness.

Walking into the lounge, Wang Chao had instantly taken notice that the interior design was rather classical with two banners strewn across the walls. One banner had the national flag while the other had the symbol of the Yin Yang symbol that could be seen on the Korean flag.

Looking at the flags, Wang Chao nodded his head in understanding. He knew the two flags were a symbol of friendship. If they had strewn the complete flag of South Korea, then it would not be a smart move.

“This Taekwondo building is not like the ones in the city. A few of the average

instructors from those will often times rent out a room and advertise it so that they can cheat money out of students for the clothes and lessons.”

As Cao Yi entered the room, he explained it to Wang Chao.

“This is the official Taekwondo branch of Asia that was recognized by the International Taekwondo Association. Over here, there are advancement tests and official training grounds along with specialized trainers. The students that sign up here, if they do well, then they will have the chance to be sponsored by the Korean corporation and be sent to the competitions to fight and win prizes or even money.”

“Apart from this, there are also annual exhibition matches for both domestic and international!”

“Aside from the competitions, there is also a circle of those who love to train themselves. Let me tell you, the topmost VIP floors are for society’s upper class specialists to use. This is no mere place, but is a mixture of business, training, performance, connection making, culture, and ceremonies! The upper class figures of society have all joined together to form an organization where their power is massive and their influence is even wide spreading beyond what you could think of.”

Wang Chao listened to this calmly as he looked around. The four walls were also decorated with wall scrolls with the words “Propriety, Justice, Integrity, and Honor”, “Restraint and Discipline”, and “Unyielding under 100 losses” written with an ink brush in clear black ink. They written in such a way that made one feel quite inspired.

To the side of the lounge, there was a sign up and consultation area where a rather pretty and white uniformed young woman was stationed at; her appearances were quite pleasing to look at.

Apart from this, there were people of all ages coming in by twos and threes. Each person was refined and not lacking in manners, as they talked, they mutually bowed to each other.

“Business and trade....competition, sponsorships, exchange, performances....upper class meeting...” Wang Chao’s mind thought over Cao Yi’s introduction before having a bigger understanding on why Guoshu had declined

over the years.

“To kill, not for performance....” Wang Chao began to mutter to himself the words he had first heard from sis Chen.

“To kill and not perform, how do you eat, how do you earn money?” Cao Yi had heard Wang Chao’s words and turned around. “Even if your martial arts has reached the realm of invincibility, you still need to eat. You still need to earn money, or do you plan to rebel against the world?”

“You brought me here for what type of work?” Wang Chao asked.

“Come, up the elevators to the 36th floor! I’ll tell you on the way.” Cao Yi laughed as the two entered the elevator.

The elevator was quite slow as it ascended, but it was made of transparent glass so that one could see outside.

“Taekwondo is split into 10 belts. The highest ranking black belt is then categorized into 9 degrees. Each floor in this building represents another advancement in belts. For each registered student, after training for some time, they can participate in an examination.”

“How much is the tuition fee for here?”

Wang Chao’s question had immediately made Cao Yi laugh, “Very expensive! The adult branch, child branch, juvenile branch, female branch, all the branches cost a different price. Even the different training grounds depending on your rank has a different cost. However, if you have a good performance and pass the administrative inspection, then it is possible to waive the cost and participate in the competitions. If your luck is good, then you can make this your job. If you become well known, then you could be in movies and earn even more money. But the chances of that is quite small.”

Cao Yi and Wang Chao’s elevator ride stopped, causing them to walk out before walking along a corridor. Plenty of people were inside the training grounds while some were standing outside resting and talking.

There was a plain carpet on the ground, but not too long after Wang Chao and Cao Yi had exited from the elevator, an uniformed female had bowed to them, “Misters, which training institute are you from, please show proof of your being

a student. We will then take you to where you can change into your uniforms.”

“No need, we are looking for president Li!” Cao Yi waved his hands before taking Wang Chao to another elevator.

“There’s so many students here?” Wang Chao spoke before thinking *“Just why is there so many people here?”*

“With today’s society, all of the rich people pay attention to maintaining their bodies. The children of the rich can come here by the money of their parents. The officer workers, bosses, managers, etcetera, all come here for either training, for fun, self defense, making friends, or even picking up girls! After all, those who study here are all rich! Furthermore, this is a place of ceremonies and culture. It is different from those high class clubs; while they have money as well, there is no etiquette, making it seem vulgar in comparison!”

“Confucius had focused on etiquette. Us Chinese are extremely focused on this aspect. Although this is merely a remnant of the past, it is still something. Being naked would be worse than this!”

By the time Cao Yi finished, the elevator had already reached the top.

Once they walked out, Wang Chao asked, “Did you want me to learn Taekwondo and then take part in competitions?”

“No no no.” Cao Yi laughed. “I’m introducing you here so you can look after the place.”

“Look after?” Wang Chao’s eyebrows furrowed together.

“You must know about challengers!” Cao Yi spoke. “For the sake of commercializing Taekwondo, they have discarded many of the harmful and killing nature of it. All that remains now is the beautiful performance aspect. This has been watered down so much that many experts see this as useless for fighting, but they were able to manipulate the workings of the system to offset it. Thus, while there are many experts that are unsatisfied by this, there are also even more people that come looking for trouble. If it is an expert, then the instructors would be no match for them. If it is the reputable, then the police cannot be called. Only an expert of the art of offense and defense could oversee this and deal with those challengers.”

Wang Chao spoke up in realization, “So that’s the reason!”

“Correct, that’s the reason. However, to be an overseer, you must undergo many examinations. Naturally, if you pass them all, guess how much your monthly salary is?” Cao Yi held up three fingers.

“Three thousand?”

“Add another zero!” Cao Yi snorted. “In this place, you can also make friends with many of the upper class. Through them, you will earn another opportunity. It is up to you to see if you can grasp it.

“You must have thought about being an overseer here once. But when you got promoted, other things came up.” Wang Chao gave a look to Cao Yi with yet another understanding about him.

“Taekwondo, if I were to be the overseer here, then I could be a guard against any challenger, how interesting...”

Ignoring Wang Chao, Cao Yi brought Wang Chao out of the elevator and then to a young uniformed man. This man was at least over 20 years old with a well proportioned build. His eyes shined brightly and each step was calm and confident as if he had no issue with himself.

“Chief Cao! Our president Li has been waiting for you!” The youth seemed to be familiar with Cao Yi and then looked at Wang Chao with a narrowed eye, “This is the person you wanted to introduce?”

These words were not spoken politely and there was even some disdain in his eyes.

“Li Feng, take me to see president Li. She will be the one making the arrangements.” Cao Yi’s face had a smile, but it did not quite reach his eyes.

“Come with me then!” Li Feng snorted as he gave a rigid stare at Wang Chao, expressing his hostility.

Wang Chao had felt a little happy about that, “This guy feels unhappy, wait until he gets into a real fight.”

Wang Chao and Cao Yi were both led to an office door that was not closed.

“Chief Cao, come in!” The cold voice of a woman could be heard. “Li Feng, go

and notify all of the black belt instructors.”

“Yes!” Li Feng gave one last glare to Wang Chao before turning.

Cao Yi and Wang Chao entered the office.

There was an office desk up front where an uniformed but pretty woman could be seen sitting at.

This one woman gave the feeling that she was an iceberg. Cold, serious, and not one for humor had all combined to her temperament that would seem to repulse any suitor.

“This is president Li.” Cao Yi introduced. “I’ve introduced you, but there’s still some legal matters I have to take care of back at the station, I’ll be leaving first.” With that, he gave a short greeting before turning to leave the place.”

After Cao Yi had left, the iceberg like lady stood up from her desk and gave a look at Wang Chao before speaking, “Hello, I am the president of the Asian Taekwondo Union branch, Li Wanji.”

TL Note: Li Wanji is a famous legend in Chinese history.

With that, she walked towards Wang Chao and extended out her left hand.

“Li Wanji!” Upon hearing that name, he was stunned for a moment before hurriedly bringing out his own arm, “My name is Wang Chao.”

After the two had shaken hands, Li Wanji suddenly forced her leg to kick upwards, aiming straight for his neck!

Chapter 23: The Beginning of the Art of Offense and Defense

Chapter 23: The beginning of the art of offense and defense

To be honest, when Wang Chao had heard the name Li Wanji, he had been momentarily stunned.

That was because, he had suddenly remembered a dirty joke.

Legend had it that a reporter had once asked a farmer, “Who do you think is the world’s best looking woman?”

Without any hesitation or thinking, the farmer had replied, “Li Wanji!”

The reporter was shocked, “Why is that?”

The farmer replied, “The television had always said that grownups must ‘fuck Li Wanji’. If adults ‘fuck Li Wanji’ and say that Li Wanji is not beautiful, then why do they say that every adult has to fuck her?”

TL Note: There is an idiom 日理万机 (Ri Li Wan Ji) which means to do everything diligently. The character Ri is also slang for ‘to fuck’. The joke is that the farmer hears ‘Fuck Li Wanji’ instead of ‘do everything diligently’.

Though, Wang Chao knew that the surname Li was very common in Korea. There was such people like Ri Chun-hee, Li Taiji, and Li Wanji in Korea. But hearing this icy like woman have such a name like this, Wang Chao couldn’t help but secretly laugh to himself.

However, the moment the two had given each other a handshake, Li Wanji suddenly brought up her leg to kick Wang Chao.

This was a sudden but fierce strike that gave almost no chance to evade. Furthermore, the technique was rather strange as if the leg that came out from the clothes was like a viper in the way it moved.

Sleeved Kick! Issuing power would be hidden within this short distance, but the energy would be fierce and uneasy to defend against. In the time it took to hold

hands for a handshake, the enemy could strike out under the chin and seriously fracture it. If the enemy was not killed, then they would be crippled.

The people from the past would wear robes with big sleeves. So when they shook hands, the kick that would come out would often times be seen as a drill coming out from their robes.

That was why this kicking method was called the “Sleeved Kick”. It was a move that could seriously kill and was an art in every nation which would usually have their own variations of it. It was only natural that the kick heavy Taekwondo would incorporate this into their style.

However, if one wanted to use this method of kicking, then the ligaments and muscles within the legs must be enough for it to be flexible. Those who did not temper their legs and work hard would never be able to release such a kick.

But this sudden strike was evidence enough that the iceberg that was Li Wanji had a deep enough understanding of the ways of kicking.

Li Wanji’s intentions were equally clear; she was testing him. If Cao Yi had introduced someone to be the overseer, then whomever had the job must be able to know how to fight.

If Wang Chao couldn’t dodge even this, then he would instantly be asked to leave.

This viper like kick had taken advantage of the handshake to be initialized, so there was no time to prepare oneself for it. For any other martial artist, they would still find it hard to dodge such a strike.

However, Wang Chao had built up an impressive foundation for Bagua Zhang which emphasized the word “Sneakiness”. To be able to slip away and listen to the wind while being nimble and quick. These were also the principle on how to make people trip and fall.

Then, Wang Chao had also learned the ability to use the Taichi’s ability to listen to Jin after practicing Tang Zichen’s Assault of the Dragon and Snake.

The ability to listen in Taichi could be done in an instant after holding hands. By using the pores, one could sense the center of gravity in the other person’s body and then pull on it a little and divert the enemy’s Jin. This would break their

center of gravity and allow them to be tripped.

Wang Chao had a deep grasp of his inner Jin and was quite keen with his pores, but he had not quite reached the realm of Hidden Jin like sis Chen who could send a person flying like a bullet with a simple push of her hands.

But in this half year where he had trained in the Smashing Fist Jin as well as reading from the *True Record of Guoshu*, he had a deeper understanding of the inner muscles, nervous system, and bones of a person.

The moment Li Wanji shook hands with Wang Chao, he had already come into contact with the areas of the hand which had told him her muscles relating to the leg were twitching, meaning she was about to lash out with her leg.

The nerves and muscles were interconnected. If a person wants to kick, then the brain must send an impulse to the nerves which would allow for the action to take place.

When Tang Zichen pressed against someone's hands, she could send them flying. That was due to her Hidden Jin attacking the nerves of the arms which would be transmitted through to the legs of the enemy and cause them to involuntarily jump.

This required an understanding of the human body as well as focusing the Hidden Jin to be like a needle.

Wang Chao's current pace was a thousand miles away from such a realm.

"If it weren't for me practicing the Smashing Fist and have a foundation for listening to Jin, then it'd be pretty hard to dodge this kick!"

Straight after shaking her hands, Wang Chao had repeated the exact posture for the "Monkey Poking the Bee's Nest" and leapt backwards, dodging the kick from Li Wanji.

Unable to avoid it, Wang Chao had immediately repeated what he had done in Cao Yi's house. After leaping back, he slammed the door shut on reflex.

The next step would be the Three Pace Pounding Jin and slam his fist against the office door.

But the office door was not like the door in Cao Yi's home. While it was

luxuriously made, it was not real wood. Wang Chao's fist had shattered the door, but it did not fly outwards in a single piece.

The Li Wanji that had just kicked outwards had not expected Wang Chao to leap back and close the door. But in the next moment, an ear splitting sound could be heard as the entire door fractured and several planks were sent flying towards her.

With a startled cry from Li Wanji, her leg immediately swept away the flying planks while Wang Chao slowly walked out from the remnants of the door.

"Miss Li, how about it, do I fit the requirements? I evaded your sneak attack and retaliated. About the door, I'm extremely sorry about that."

Seeing how Li Wanji had kicked away the planks, Wang Chao could only think to himself about what a shame it was. If this door was real wood, then Li Wanji would have met the same fate as Cao Yi.

When a fight didn't end with the other person knocked down, Wang Chao could only feel a sorrowful regret.

"This move is quite practical, especially in such a closed off area like an office where one can take the key moment and deliver the killing blow!"

Wang Chao had creatively leapt out behind the door and then shattered the door as an away of attack, this to him, was quite satisfying.

Although he was a bit regretful about breaking the door, Wang Chao had a single thought wake him up, *"I came here for money, this will only inconvenience president Li Wanji, ai! Taekwondo has been commercialized to the point where it is for the sake of culture and not for killing. If I don't perform, then there is no food to eat, how would I survive then? So many people have thrown about their money here to learn, sprinkling the ground vainly with it, this won't do. I came here for fighting experience, over here, I could fight without breaking the law."*

"Good, very good! The one Cao Yi recommended is surely not lacking at all!" Li Wanji seemed to have calmed down as well before her previously cold face melted away to reveal a charming one. Returning to her desk, she pressed a button.

Ding dong! A sound could be heard as two uniformed males came in, "Clean

this up and have someone install a new door!”

The two men stared at the broken door with a surprised look before immediately setting about to do the tasks set out for them.

“When we came, Chief Cao didn’t tell me much. If I could ask, if I were to be the overseer, how much would my monthly salary be?”

Wang Chao’s mentality had already matured enough for him to ask such a question freely.

“I’m sorry, mister Wang, that cannot be determined right now. However, I can tell you that you have past the first assessment from me. You must know that I have many instructors that are fighting experts. They will not accept you, so you must make sure each one of them will concede before I can formally hire you to be a part of this dojo! Our union is an institution that follow the words of the strong and the wise. If mister Wang can show everyone his true skill, then I can pay you a salary that you will definitely be satisfied with.”

Li Wanji and Wang Chao walked out of the office, “Mister Wang, please walk with me. Our instructors are all at the VIP fighting rooms waiting to see you.”

With that, Li Wanji guided Wang Chao past several corridors and around several loops where suddenly, a wide and spacious fighting ring could be seen.

This was a training ground that was several hundred square meters. The entire floor was fitted with a black and white carpet while sofas and coffee tables were seated all around. Clearly, this place was meant for people to come and watch the fights.

At this moment, there were several white uniformed males and females with black belts all standing about the center of the ring. Around a dozen of them were male while there was another three females.

Sitting on the sofas, there were plenty of middle aged men along with several pretty looking young women. From the appearances of these women, they were all from the upper class, and when they saw Wang Chao and Li Wanji enter, they all began to gossip amongst each other.

“Mister, please change into an uniform.” Li Wanji spoke.

“Don’t need to.” Wang Chao walked forward and into the ring.

Chapter 24: Hitting Someone Until They Cry

Chapter 24: Hitting someone until they cry

“You! Don’t be too unruly!”

Seeing how Wang Chao had no intentions of changing into an uniform, all of the Taekwondo instructors gave Wang Chao a despicable look. Even the first person from Li Wanji’s office, Li Feng had a little snort through his nose as he readied himself.

“Taekwondo fourth degree black belt, Li Feng. Please treat me well.” Li Feng’s tone had not been polite at all as if he grinded the words through his teeth. Both of his legs planted firmly onto the ground as he got into a fighting stance.

“Li Feng, how could you have forgotten the very basics of etiquette? You are impatient and your heart is feeble! Just how will you master the art of offense and defense?!” Li Wanji stalked forwards on the black and white carpet as she pressed a hand down onto his shoulder and spoke gravely, “You should be careful, I’ve tested this person in my office already. His is nimble, strong, and a master of a moving battle. But if you issue power from afar and get close to him, you may be able to win using a throwing technique.”

Li Wanji’s fighting experience was quite rich, so after that exchange of fists between her and Wang Chao, she could discern enough information on how Wang Chao fought.

“I understand, president!” Li Feng replied, the irritable expression turned calm as he spoke to Wang Chao once more, “Please treat me well.”

At this moment, Li Wanji walked to another black belt instructor and spoke some words before walking over to the other upper class members standing around.

“President Li, just who is this youth? Just why have you called so many black belts here to test him?” A middle aged man with a rather prominent beer belly spoke to Li Wanji while also discreetly looking at the proud assets of her chest.

“Chairman Wu!” Li Wanji spoke out courteously. “This is the person that officer Cao recommended to be one of our expert instructors, so I’ve come to conduct a test!”

Although she loathed chairman Wu’s lecherous stare, Li Wanji pretended not to notice.

Chairman Wu was a well known real estate agent of the province. With the Zhongee Real Estate group, he had monopolized about a third of the area. Aside from the rich Lake Tianxing district, the Zhonghe Real Estate had their hands on the rest.

This high and mighty person was also a high ranking member of this dojo. Each year, he had spent several hundred thousand and had his group sponsor and host several of the province’s Taekwondo competitions.

This god of wealth was naturally someone Li Wanji did not want to offend.

“A person recommended by old man Cao?” Chairman Wu was stunned. Averting his eyes away from Li Wanji, he turned back to where Wang Chao was in the center of the ring.

“This is the youth that Cao Yi recommended? He’s so young, and yet he wants to be an instructor?” Another girl who overheard the conversation on the couch suddenly asked.

This woman was wearing an uniform that did nothing to hide her creamy white like skin and a graceful face that exuded as much charm as a young married woman could muster.

“Director Zhang.” Li Wanji gave a look at her before nodding in a respectful way. This married woman was called Zhang Tong and was the director of a French originated international corporation for cosmetics that made a branch in southern China.

A vast majority of the high classed woman would generally learn self defense or wrestling. So it was only natural that director Zhang would be a high ranking member of the Taekwondo union. Her own strength wasn’t that bad either, as she had already earned the right to be a black belt.

Zhang Tong frequently came by to teach and to exercise since she knew how

beneficial this dojo was.

Originally, it was Cao Yi that had sometimes come in as the high leveled expert.

Cao Yi's past was something that Zhang Tong knew. She knew that he had been a special ops soldier that was stationed in this place for some time. In the last year he had been promoted several ranks and became a well known member to the upper class. At first, he had been only a basic leveled person, but after several shocking reveals of strength, he had been inducted as a high ranking member.

People like Cao Yi were destined to go far in the government, so it was only natural that this woman would know of him in the business world.

But now that Cao Yi was promoted, he wouldn't be playing guest instructor at the dojo anymore, so she had been wondering just who would be replacing him.

At the S province branch of the International Taekwondo Union, they had a dazzling amount of business, so had come to be expected that many people would come to spy on them. Challengers had come by with the excuse of having a competition, causing the dojo to lose many expert overseers and causing trouble overall.

Although challengers could easily be disputed with the police, but this way would be detrimental to their reputation. At the same time, many of the VIP members were eager to see a match between the challenger and dojo.

After all, every foreign and coastal areas had cruel black market fights for the sake of a rich man's entertainment. But within China, this type of underground fighting was heavily cracked down by the Chinese government. Each case was soundly investigated with leniency, causing the rich who were always entertained by these violent fights to find other ways.

No matter how fierce or deadly one fought, with submachine guns, the militia could turn them into swiss cheese.

"That youth is quite calm." Zhang Tong spoke as she looked at Wang Chao with a renewed interest.

Daintily raising from her seat, Zhang Tong walked over to the alcohol rack and poured herself half a cup of red wine. Sampling the alcoholic beverage, her eyes

never moved away from the ring.

Li Wanji knew that whenever Zhang Tong took interest to something, she would always take a sip of red wine.

At this moment, the fourth degree black belt Li Feng was about to strike Wang Chao.

Moving into motion, Li Feng executed a beautiful kick towards Wang Chao's abdomen. The wind rustled through his clothes and made a fluttering sound.

Taekwondo emphasized the beauty of the movement of the leg. There were 10 different ways to kick, and amongst those was the flying kick. The leg that Li Feng had made was definitely one of undeniable strength.

Wang Chao made no movements to dodge and instead moved into a horse stance. With a steady release of his breath, he brought both of his fists up right as Li Feng was about to make contact.

"The Smashing Fist is as swift as an arrow and takes after the element of earth, to issue power is to rely completely on the dan." The dan was the dantian, which was located in the lower abdomen.

After Tang Zichen's departure, Wang Chao had experienced true combat. Returning to his own memories, he thought to the principle of turning complexity to simplicity, and mastering it all. The Smashing Fist was something that he could say he was proficient at.

This way of fighting was suitable with the Xingyi Quan's principle of "The fist comes from the face." Wang Chao would not use Bagua Zhang where the hand would form a vicious knife that could kill or cripple. Furthermore, Bagua would not give him the satisfaction of beating the other.

Thus, Wang Chao would use Xingyi Quan to fight fiercely. His legs would strike the ground and he would charge at his opponent head on.

An arm and a leg made contact as Wang Chao's fist clenched tightly with his pores sealing shut. Crinkling his eyebrows, Li Feng hastily took back his leg and shook it in pain.

Wang Chao took advantage of this and moved forward with heavy steps that

left behind marks on even the carpet.

The art of fighting had a simple rule, “Chase the winds and overtake the moon without stopping. Cheng Tinghua himself had a simple saying as well, “Fight as if kissing”. When two people kissed, one must give way while the other gives chase. This type of relentless pursuit was extremely suitable with the way of fighting.

Author’s PS: For readers experienced with kissing a girl, you can understand the ideology behind mister Cheng.

Right as Li Feng had started to shake his foot in pain, he felt the carpet underneath begin to tremble as if there was an earthquake. By the time he realized, Wang Chao had already drawn close.

“This is my chance!” Although he hadn’t anticipated that Wang Chao would be that fast, Li Feng had been given directions from Li Wanji that if Wang Chao were to draw close, then he should use a throwing technique. Rapidly twisting his body and making contact with Wang Chao to wrap around him, Li Feng’s leg had already struck against Wang Chao’s calf from the inside out in order to trip him.

This was the Taekwondo’s way of throwing and tripping. It was capable of sending a person to the ground and was as terrifying as Wrestling was.

When Wang Chao had charged forward, he had intended on using the Pounding Fist to send Li Feng flying. But he hadn’t expected that Li Feng would somehow manage to dodge and then grapple to him after taking advantage of the dodge.

And straight after Li Feng had grappled onto him, he felt his center of gravity suddenly drop along with his leg.

“Good grappling technique.” Wang Chao sighed to himself in admiration. His entire body shifted as he deliberately made himself look unsteady before winding around Li Feng like a snake.

Li Feng’s tripping technique had not been enough to send Wang Chao the ground, so he tried once more.

But after the first time, Wang Chao was well prepared to control his own center of gravity. Straightening his back, he prepared to issue power.

“You tried to trip me, so I’ll do the same to you!” The two arms crossed against each other, and at the moment Li Feng had issued power, Wang Chao’s own hand had already listened to the movements of his Jin before forcing Li Feng’s body to be pulled forward and shake his center of gravity.

Expertly offputting Li Feng’s center of gravity, he suddenly turned around and crossed his arms to shove the ribs. His legs crouched and his waist turned, this was the stance for the “Returning Body Palm”.

Bang! Li Feng’s entire body fell to the floor after being thrown. As his entire body was in the air for a moment, he tumbled three meters away before staying still on the ground. As he tried to climb back up, Li Feng’s eyes rolled to the back of his head as he finally fell back to the ground and began to sob.

“Did I hit him so hard tears came out?” Seeing how Li Feng was crying, he was shocked.

Wang Chao’s “Returning Body Palm” was so exceedingly beautiful that it had caused everyone on the outside of the ring to feel shocked as well. Even Zhang Tong was standing still with some of the red wine spilling onto her white uniform.

Chapter 25: The Most Classical Way of Fighting

Chapter 25: The most classical way of fighting

“Sure enough, this is the way of fighting. Not hitting is the incorrect way, and hitting is the correct way.” Wang Chao’s Returning Body Palm had been executed perfectly, so he felt content.

When he had been shaking Li Wanji’s hand, he was fast enough to listen to the Jin after coming into contact with her hand. This had allowed him to know that a kick was on the way. But when he fought against Li Feng, he had been able to cross arms with him and so he had used his pores to listen to the Jin in his opponent’s body and the center of gravity being changed. Then, with this information, he had easily reversed the situation back onto Li Feng.

“This feeling is great, could this be what the Jin of Taichi feels like?” Wang Chao thought back to what Tang Zichen had spoken to him, *“Taichi has no style. Those stances of “Fair Lady Works the Shuttles” are merely things that Yang Luchan had used to sway the officials. Taichi has only one move, and that is to listen to the Jin of others as well as their potential movements.”*

“Although there is only this one move, one can freely manipulate and break the person’s center of gravity in thousands of different ways.” Wang Chao thought back to these words, finding them to be flawless.

Truth be told, when Li Feng had gotten up close to him and grapple onto him, Wang Chao had nearly fell to the ground. If it weren’t for his last moment “Snake Coiling around the Tree” motion and relied on his opponent’s body for the center of gravity, then he would have fallen to the ground and potentially lost.

But the main reason that Wang Chao hadn’t fallen was due to the exquisite leg strength he had. After Bagua and Xingyi, his leg strength was superb and thus led to him rotating his body when he fell thanks to the additional practice he had with the water vats.

Xingyi had focused on the leg strength on the moment between life and death. That was because when the human body rotates, there would be two different

movements of the leg. One leg would detach from the ground while the other would borrow strength from the ground with the natural rotation from the spin while keeping a dangerous amount of power.

But for Taekwondo where the leg would superfluously flounder about, Wang Chao had disapproved of that.

Yet after some thought, he realized this was for show and not for fighting, thus the power to kill was not there.

“This Jin of Taichi is quite practical. With all the pores being so sensitive, my entire body becomes my eyes and ears.” Wang Chao thought back to when he and Li Feng had crossed hands. This experience had caused him to have another deeper insight to all three styles of Chinese boxing.

“This variation of the Returning Body that was able to be combined with the wrestling techniques. Ah, that’s right, Cheng Tinghua was first a wrestler before learning Bagua Zhang with Dong Haichuan. In the end, he made his own school which combined the palm techniques along with the wrestling techniques. It looks like if one wants to fight with a single style, they must be familiar with the surrounding styles as well in order to be great. If one doesn’t, then he will lose constantly. It seems that in the future, I must learn from everyone else while I fight.”

As Wang Chao thought about this, a fierce desire to fight had suddenly burned brightly within him.

“Who’s next?” Wang Chao looked towards the other black belt instructors.

Li Feng had already been carried away from the ring by another black belt instructor prior to this.

“Just you wait, I’ll find and beat you in the future!” As Li Feng was about to exit the ring, he stopped his tears for a moment to utter those words and give Wang Chao a poisonous glare that promised revenge.

“Crap, this guy is a petty and arrogant person. He must have never lost before, but when I made him cry today, his reputation must have taken a hit. I can bet that he’ll make trouble for me later. If I had known earlier, I would have nipped this problem in the bud. A snake doesn’t stop trying to kill a man after

biting it."

Wang Chao turned to look at Li Feng with a thought of regret about not being able to finish him off to beat away any arrogant thoughts from him.

Wang Chao wasn't some sort of softie. It was only because he had lacked the strength before. Now that he had learned martial arts and matured a bit, he could understand the ways of the world with even more clarity.

"Sixth degree black belt, Liu Wenjun. Please advise me well!"

Next, a calm looking middle aged man walked forward. No matter if it was his stance, air, or even demeanor, he looked stronger than Li Feng many times over.

Li Feng had been 21 years old when he became a fourth degree black belt, but this man was 30 years old by the time he made the sixth degree. While there was a considerable amount of an age gap between these two, the difference between the levels of temperance and skill was as wide as the heavens and earth still.

"This Liu Wenjun is most likely the strongest of the black belts here. Okay then, let me test my strength!" Wang Chao felt the desire for battle enter his heart as he prepared to test himself against an even stronger opponent.

"Okay!" Just as Wang Chao uttered that single word, Liu Wenjun had suddenly charged forth, his entire body leaping forward 1.67 meters or so with both his legs already striking at Wang Chao's head viciously.

This was one of Taekwondo's top notch kicking techniques, the double flying side kick.

Wang Chao immediately felt a gust of wind blow at his face, stinging his eyes and blocking his mouth from breathing. If this move were to connect, then it would at the very least cause a head concussion.

"Sure enough, it is both fierce, yet beautiful at the same time." Wang Chao thought as he moved to dodge it.

Because how strong the leap had been, this kick had taken around two seconds. But because of Wang Chao's instincts, he had easily dodged it.

As Wang Chao moved to dodge, Liu Wenjun landed on the ground once more

before swiveling and then bringing a leg up into the air. With a downwards momentum like an axe crashing to the ground, his leg tried to slam down upon Wang Chao's head.

This was a fierce example of his flexibility and ability to do the splits.

Needless to say, this type of move would cause those who had never practiced before to feel intimidated and cowed. However, to Wang Chao, the movement in Jin was far too noticeable and so it was easy to dodge. Since he had also learned Bagua and could change his footwork at a moment's notice, even if Liu Wenjun was just a tiny bit faster, he would not have been able to touch Wang Chao.

However Liu Wenjun continued to chain his kicks with different variations, but never once resting from his attacking position as if to show his vibrant attack and strengths. In this time, Wang Chao hadn't been able to find an opening to take advantage of.

"With this level of Taekwondo, one could fight against seven or eight gangsters on the streets without anyone being able to dodge and be knocked unconscious." Wang Chao thought as he altered his footstep once more to dodge.

But in terms of the eyes of the layman, it would appear that Liu Wenjun had the upper hand. With how many vicious kicks Liu Wenjun was doing, it looked as if Wang Chao was barely able to dodge by using all of his strength.

"This youth is quite the strong one, how extraordinary." The heavily interested Zhang Tong continued to look for a moment, but she could already see the ending. Liu Wenjun was able to rapidly thrust out with his legs at an incredible speed and power. But in the case that his strength ran out, then a crack in his offense would be shown, and everything would be over from there.

Sure enough, three or four minutes later, Liu Wenjun's kicking speed and power had clearly grown sluggish, showing signs of his exhaustion.

But to be able to kick so many times for this long, it was far more than enough to show why he deserved to be a sixth degree black belt.

"Just what does this Liu Wenjun even eat everyday? His nutritional intake must be massive if he could manage to kick for such a long amount of time."

Wang Chao had been secretly surprised by this man and his endurance.

For those who didn't practice inner martial arts and wished to be an expert with a high amount of physical strength needed to cater to their body more than usual. These types of people, if they practiced enough,, then their speed would be quite fast and their power quite strong. Often times, some inner practitioners wouldn't even be an opponent for these. Only those that reached the Transforming Jin stage would be able to contend against the outer practitioners that relied on money and hard work.

But this Liu Wenjun was clearly not an expert outer practitioner. There was no variation in his kicks and relied completely on his drive. Once his drive was gone, so would his strength.

Just as Liu Wenjun lashed out with another kick, Wang Chao tilted his body and allowed it to pass him.

By the time Liu Wenjun had kicked another time, Wang Chao had already forged forward with his left leg bent and his knee braced. Inserting his knee in between Liu Wenjun's legs, it had been like an arrow shooting forward from a bow.

This was one of the most classical ways of fighting in Xingyi Quan. A leg to ram between the legs before arching one's back and smashing the shoulder into the body full force, this was the "Bear Knocking Down the Tree" move that would send anyone to the ground.

Liu Wenjun had naturally been no exception. After being rushed at his median line, he had pushed and rammed away so that he flew for a moment before tumbling onto the the carpet.

"Good, good good! What a heroic kid." Zhang Tong put down her wine glass as she propped her head to her hands.

Chapter 26: Principles of Chinese Boxing Being Applicable to the Way One Talks

Chapter 26: Principles of Chinese boxing being applicable to the way one talks

Liu Wenjun had been the strongest black belt instructor at this dojo. As a sixth degree black belt, his ability and experience with Taekwondo had been the best quality. But at his defeat, not a single instructor had dared wanted to fight against Wang Chao, making him feel disappointed. His fiery temper had just been activated and was itching for a fight, but now, he couldn't even show his strength.

With no one coming forward, he couldn't make a move either. This type of feeling was similar to being a drunkard that had only just finished half a bottle of wine before it was snatched away from him.

“Little brother, what is your name and how old are you?” Zhang Tong had called out before gracefully walking onto the ring. Her voice had been melodically sweet as if it was rice wine.

Wang Chao looked at Zhang Tong and her elegant nodding of her head of approval once before giving her his name. Right now his strength was still growing and so was his confidence. Not only were his fists and words confident, but even his attitude. Chinese boxing raises the Qi and spirit which is both transformed to change one's personality. This was also the very same argument that martial art masters Song Shirong and Sun Lu-tang had both said.

Those who were adept at raising Qi did so for their inner body, those who were not would do otherwise for their outer body. Learning Chinese boxing would require the Qi to become spirit and transform both outer and inner. One's nature would follow the Dao of Yin and Yang and be born anew as one who would not hold back, yet not offend others. This profoundness was what it meant to be called an inner practitioner. Otherwise even if one's skill was high, but the temperament was explosive, sinister, cruel, cowardly, gentle, or even too tolerant, then it would be seen as being an outer practitioner.

This was what Tang Zichen had meant by being lenient, but not standing to be disgraced.

Wang Chao's skill was decent, but his nature had not yet reached the pinnacle of being born anew. But, he was still slowly tempering himself with his martial arts.

Zhang Tong had been so pleased with Wang Chao's reply to her question to such a degree that even Li Wanji could see it.

"President Li, have I passed all your tests?" Wang Chao asked.

Li Wanji had called for someone to bring out Liu Wenjun to be carried out first before speaking to the rest of the instructors, "Which person wishes to go next?"

The other black belt instructors had already seen Wang Chao's skill for themselves however. After he had beaten both a fourth and sixth degree black belt, they had no objections. Actually, there had been three girls that were looking at Wang Chao with interest.

"Good, then as the Asia branch representative of the International Taekwondo Union, I hereby hire you as our dojo's high ranking instructor. Come with me and we'll sign the paperwork." Li Wanji spoke.

"This is good. Let's see what conditions are on this paper. In today's age, the words from the mouth can't be relied on. It all depends on what is written." Wang Chao thought to himself before turning to Zhang Tong with a smile as he bade farewell.

"One moment, little brother, once you sign your papers, would you like to eat a meal together?" Zhang Tong extended a hand out to Wang Chao gracefully.

"Of course." Wang Chao had won two battles after practicing martial arts rigorously. Even his words were growing more skillful and carried a small amount of elegance to them.

After shaking hands with Zhang Tong, Wang Chao followed Li Wanji back to her office where she had taken out a document for him.

Taking the papers, Wang Chao gave it a look only to discover that the contract was rather simple to understand and not at all filled with technical jargon. There

were only a few conditions like how to treat the visitors and protecting the reputation of the dojo. It wasn't required to work everyday, but they must be available to come into work at any time for at least two hours.

Other than that, there was one more condition. If the contracted person were to damage the reputation of the dojo at any given time, then the contract would be instantly terminated. Any of the damages to the dojo would then be calculated by the Taekwondo Union and be billed.

Wang Chao knew that this condition had basically meant that if there was a challenger that he couldn't beat, then he wouldn't be able to be paid and would have to compensate the union instead.

Looking over the conditions, Wang Chao noticed that the salary was printed below as well. Every month, the salary would be 45,000 RMB excluding room and board.

TL Note: About 6800 USD a month.

"Was this condition here before uncle Cao had the job?" Wang Chao asked as he pointed to the condition about compensating for a loss.

"No." Li Wanji replied, "Officer Cao had a special reason. But because he didn't have this condition, his salary was only 30,000 RMB a month. Now that we've this extra condition, it's only natural to add more money to your salary. Is there any dissatisfaction with these conditions? Being a high leveled instructor is not an easy job. If you don't have any confidence, then you don't need to sign this. We'll just need to find someone else."

"Not bad. With this condition, there is an increase of salary, that is fair enough. The most important thing is that I can fight and earn money. This type of job is a hard to find thing, I'll sign this." Wang Chao thought to himself before grabbing the pen to sign the papers.

"One form is for you to keep." Li Wanji took the papers and signed it with the official seal of the Taekwondo Union before handing a copy back to Wang Chao. Then, she handed him proof of him being an instructor before saying, "Starting from tomorrow, the contract will come into effect. You are now officially employed, Keep in mind that when you are working, you should keep your certification on you."

Wang Chao walked out of the office afterwards and rode the elevator down to the lounge. A luxurious red sports car suddenly came into view before the windows rolled down automatically, revealing Zhang Tong.

“Get in.” Zhang Tong’s hair fluttered gently in the wind like water cascading downwards.

Opening the door, Wang Chao took a seat inside where he was instantly struck by a sweet fragrance within.

“Little brother, your technique is excellent, who was it that taught you?” When the car went into motion, Zhang Tong asked the question straight away with curiosity.

“This is....” Wang Chao gave a small laugh as an embarrassed look appeared on his face.

Zhang Tong was an astute girl and had instantly understood the meaning. Without asking again, she had switched to another topic, “When it comes to martial arts from China, I know a decent amount. My bodyguards were trained in some of the disciplines as well. Which discipline might little brother have learned?”

“I study the discipline of Guoshu.”

“What is Guoshu?” Zhang Tong asked curiously.

“Chinese boxing that is meant to kill and not performing, that is Guoshu.” Wang Chao recited Tang Zichen’s words, feeling a sense of intimidation and power in the words himself.

“Oh!” Zhang Tong’s eyes blinked rapidly a few times before stepping on the accelerator hard, sending the car into a frenzy.

The car eventually arrived at the province’s most luxurious Star City restaurant where Zhang Tong led them both up 28 floors. Arranging for a table, she ordered a few dishes before asking Wang Chao, “Little brother, what did you wish to drink, would wine be fine?”

Wang Chao had long since thought about the proper answer to this question. So when he had heard this question, he smiled and spoke with a half serious

expression, "Alcohol is the poison that spears through one's intestines, and women are the steel knives that scrape away at the bones. For those who practice the ways of the fist, they should avoid these taboos."

Zhang Tong had been stunned for a moment at first before smiling in return, "Then that's fine. I won't try and coerce you with either of the two. Waiter, two cups of ginseng and oolong tea."

The meal was neither too hot or too cold, and Wang Chao had expertly replied to each one of Zhang Tong's questions when a bright idea popped into his head. Saying a few jokes and then some words that were purposely laced with meanings that meant otherwise, Wang Chao continued to eat and chat with Zhang Tong.

"Where does little brother live, I'll drop you off." Zhang Tong spoke.

"I live in the closeby Tianxing district, there's no need." Wang Chao spoke.

"Eh!" Zhang Tong had been clearly amazed. In her experience of business trading around the world and after talking with Wang Chao, she had never thought that he belonged to a high social class. But when she had heard Wang Chao lived in the Lake Tianxing district, she was dumbfounded.

"All of the houses in the Tianxing district are villas where the price is almost just as large, could I have judged him wrong?" By now, Zhang Tong couldn't help but feel doubt.

But she would never dream that Wang Chao was actually using Tang Zichen's property as his disguise.

"That's fine, my house is in the same area. I didn't think that we would be neighbors on the same way." Zhang Tong had a house in the district as well, meaning that she could take him home.

"Okay then." Wang Chao nodded his head. After the meal, the two climbed back into Zhang Tong's car. Not too long later, they had arrived at the district, "I live in the 18th villa, where might Zhang Tong live?"

"I live in the 24th villa facing the lake."

Sure enough, Zhang Tong saw that when they had arrived at the 18th villa,

Wang Chao took out the electronic card for access and invited her inside. By this moment, her doubts had been dispelled.

“No need, I’ll come in another time.”

Wang Chao watched Zhang Tong’s car leave before furrowing his eyebrows together. “Truth and deceptions, fake or real, hot and cold. Even when talking to people, there are still the principles of Chinese boxing applied to it it seems.”

Chapter 27: Mastering the Jin perfectly

Chapter 27: Mastering the Jin perfectly

After beating the fourth degree black belt Taekwondo expert Li Feng and the sixth degree black belt Liu Wenjun, Wang Chao felt a whole new level of understanding in his martial arts. This was especially true in regards to Taichi's way of listening to Jin. Feeling for a person's center of gravity was yet another skill that would prove to be invaluable in a real combat situation.

Right now it was about time for winter vacation. Only a year had passed, but Wang Chao had already experienced such a world shaking transformation.

A year ago, he had been a regular high school student and was especially reserved. A year later, he had learned martial arts to a good degree and had entered the occupation world of the white collars who were usually paid 50,000 RMB a month. This was something that he would have never dreamed of.

All of these achievements had been accomplished thanks to his fortunate encounter with Tang Zichen. After her patient but strict guidance, he had come to be the person he was now.

Unfortunately, the beautiful woman that was both his elder sister and mentor had disappeared away into the water as if a goddess or an Immortal.

Wang Chao could always remember that summer night where the sun was setting and the night was rising. The sight where sis Chen had tread the water before disappearing without a trace, it felt as if everything had been a dream.

It was only after he had explored the world of martial arts that he felt this sensation was actually true. However, each time he had made a step forward in his martial arts, he thought about sis Chen for a moment before making another leap forward. In the end, it had gotten the point where every move had led to him thinking about finding her.

Yet he also knew that this was not a realistic thought. He had heard from sis Chen before and could tell that she came from outside China and was involved within a dangerous secret. Wang Chao didn't even have the money or strength

travel outside of China. And even if he did, with the world so wide, how would he find her?

Wang Chao had even thought about looking for information in regards to the residents of the Tianxing district, but there had been no hints. That was because all of the residents within this district were all wealthy and influential people, so the information would not be made public. Plus, the real estate company in charge was an overseas branch, meaning he was all the more powerless to be able to gather any information.

With no other options, Wang Chao could only do one thing. As he practiced his martial arts, he would have to think hard about the words she had said to him to counteract his thoughts.

“Even if I saw sis Chen now, my martial arts is still extremely far away from the realm of spirit transformation. Would I even be able to help her? Every single battle so far has been fought relying on what I already know, I have to get more fighting experience. Unfortunately, for the past few days that I have been working as an instructor and overseer, why hasn’t there been even a single challenger?”

After tasting the sweet euphoria that was battling, Wang Chao had wished to use those chances to improve his martial arts to become as high of an expert as he could. But it had been 10 days since he had signed his paper and became an instructor and not a single challenger had came.

However, he had spent several days going around the dojo and compared notes with several of the other black belt instructors.

But even those instructors weren’t a match for him. Ever since he understood the complexity that was the listening Jin of Taichi, each time he had grappled with his enemy, he could feel their center of gravity and throw them in any direction accordingly.

This method had also given Wang Chao the added benefit of being able to understand the inner nerves, muscles, and joints of the human body.

A few days later, the Taekwondo dojo instructors were all afraid of him. Each time they saw him, they quickly tried to find an excuse to leave. While it was true that the ground of the fighting grounds were soft and the carpet even softer,

being thrown about wasn't something that anyone would be happy about. Furthermore, when Wang Chao would throw a person to the ground, it wasn't by any ordinary means. When he used the Rotating Body Palm, his entire vertebrae, waist, leg and shoulder distributed power evenly and sent the person soaring high into the air before falling back down onto the ground quite heavily.

To anyone watching, this was a spectacular fight, but for those who were swung to the ground, this was painful beyond belief.

Like Li Feng, when the three female instructors tried to spar with Wang Chao. After being thrown just once, their eyes were filled with tears.

But Li Feng was never seen again. It was almost as if he had resigned and never came back to the dojo.

"Could this guy be planning for revenge 10 years later and is training hard somewhere else?" Wang Chao thought as he tried to think about Li Feng's personality.

Although there was no combat, it wasn't all that bad still. The Taekwondo dojo was tailor made for business and had many beautiful female receptionists as well as many other female college students working there. Half of the male students that came to study were all thanks to these women. Although Wang Chao was around 18 years old now, he was already nearing the age where males would feel extremely sensitive to women. However, Wang Chao had no such feelings with Tang Zichen as his "Immortal sister". The second reason was that he was deeply engrossed in martial arts and did not stray from the path. There was no time for leisure time.

Because there was no one else to fight, after another 10 days, Wang Chao stopped patrolling the dojo. Instead, he continued to stay within Tang Zichen's villa and practiced martial arts every day. In his spare time, he would find resources on Guoshu and read to further his comprehension.

Guoshu had its golden age during the final moments of the Song Dynasty. In that time, Sun Yat-sen and Feng Yuxiang led the spearhead that expanded the world of Chinese boxing to bring raise to a great power. With the government's support, a vigorous expansion had taken place; in less than a hundred years, many top notch martial artists had emerged.

But once the People's Republic of China had been established, the movement had died down as Guoshu slowly withered away to what it was now.

“The scholar brings disorder by the use of the brush, and the chivalrous uses force to violate the law. In an equal world, the regulations on killing people with martial arts will flourish with the chivalrous. In a peaceful world, they will grow silent. This is something that has proved true throughout history.”

Wang Chao continued to read the information regarding Guoshu and studied the texts from the experts before him before reading up on their philosophies.

In his hand was a book labeled *The Study of Bagua Zhang*. This was a book that Wang Chao had paid extra attention to, and when he had come by a chapter that was labeled, “Style of the Burning Yang and Sealed Yin”, Wang Chao delved into it and began to see similarities with his own understanding of Bagua.

Every palm within Bagua had two types of Jin. One was the Clear Jin which was named the Burning Yang and the Hidden Jin which was named the Sealed Yin. The Clear Jin had six Yang points; the hand, foot, waist, leg, vertebrae, and head. Each one had to coordinate with each other. As for the Hidden Jin, there was the six Yin; the heart, intention, Qi, spirit, the five viscera, and the meridians which also must coordinate.

This Study of *Bagua Zhang* had been written by one of the supreme masters of the Republic of China, Sun Lu-tang. It had used many Daoist terminology to describe and explain Chinese boxing with unbelievably profound words and had given no specific training methods. There was only one simple basis that anyone who understood the terminology and had carefully studied the texts would be able to understand and integrate within themselves.

“This must be what they mean by having no path is not the same as not being passed on, and having no teacher does not mean it is not nonsensical.” Wang Chao finished up the Study of Bagua Zhang and then picked up another book. This one was labeled the True Narration of Xingyi and after looking up references to the other masters, Wang Chao could only sigh.

For those who walked the path of a scholar, if there was no book, there could be no information to be passed on. If there was only books without the guidance of a master, then the knowledge learned would be the same as not learned.

It was only under the previous guidance of Tang Zichen that Wang Chao had been able to understand the meaning and experiences written within the book.

After finishing up the rest of the books and information he had on hand, Wang Chao felt as if he had made yet another advancement in the world of Chinese boxing. Walking to the back of the house, he jumped onto the vats of water to practice his Bagua. Sure enough, he felt that this time's drill was far smoother than before. His footwork had been calm and steady, his hands had weaved in and out like the leaves within a gale of wind. At the same time, his hands had cleverly integrated some of the strong fierceness found in Xingyi Quan.

"If I were to apply some vegetable oil to the water vats, would I fall?"

As he struck the sandbags, a sudden thought had popped up in his mind about how to make his practice even harder.

With this new thought in mind, Wang Chao immediately headed for the kitchens where he grabbed a few buckets of cooking oil before slathering it onto the vats of water until it shined with the sauce. Taking off his shoes, he carefully stood back onto the vat.

Sure enough, the slipperiness of the vats was astounding to see. The moment he had settled on top of the vat, Wang Chao felt his stance grow unsteady. His feet were nearly on the verge of slipping, and then with a sudden bang, he fell off.

Fortunately, his leg strength was strong enough for him to leap into the air before landing safely on the ground in order to avoid injuring himself.

"Good, this is a challenge!" Wang Chao was overjoyed. Jumping back onto the vat and exerting pressure onto his toes, he managed to cling to the vat as he tauted the muscles in his legs with all the muscles he could use.

It went without saying that after some time, he had made some improvements. Slowly but surely, he had grasped control of the vat, and with each footwork he made, it grew more and more steady.

After two days from when Wang Chao began, he had fallen several times. But with time, he had fallen less and less.

With his increased understanding of how to move and distribute his weight, he

had begun to move faster and faster. Now, he was capable of moving with the same fluidity of when the vat hadn't been greased.

"Would I be able to hit the sandbags like this now?" Wang Chao wondered.

Bang! Wang Chao's palm slammed against the sandbag and felt a vibration go through his legs, causing him to hurry to steady himself once more. But his body had struck against another sandbag and sent him flying to the ground.

Needless to say, the greased up vat of oil was far more difficult to practice martial arts than before.

This time, Wang Chao had returned to practicing once more while falling to the ground. The only difference this time was that there was no sis Chen here to lead him.

But the Wang Chao of today was much more mature than the past. Trying to compare the two now was impossible. Even after falling, he hadn't sustained any damages.

Continuing onwards for half a month, Wang Chao had continued to eat, sleep, and practice on top of the water vats. Aside from Bagua, he had practiced both Xingyi and the Assault of Dragon and Snake.

Gradually, Wang Chao's feet could feel the greased vats with ease. His legs could move about the vat while his hands struck the sandbag without falling down even once. Instead of falling, he grew even more nimble and could stay on top of the vat without feeling a disturbance in his movements even as he iterated through 12 of the Xingyi stances.

Finally, Wang Chao began to feel that with each turn, his joints and muscles within the body began to have a pinching feeling as if something had penetrated into him.

"Aha, this must be having the Jin obey when one feels this sensation. This has to be when one reaches the upper levels of the Clear Jin stage."

The winter break had quickly went by with Wang Chao being completely engrossed in martial arts. he had only returned once to give his parents 5000 RMB and said that it was his salary, causing his parents to be overjoyed at his success.

Even up to the very last few days of the winter break, Wang Chao had continued to practice on the vats. In the final day, no matter how much he had moved, there had been no chance of falling.

Planting his feet on the ground, Wang Chao felt completely at ease before striking downwards once. Pa! A crisp sound rang through the air.

Having practiced perfectly, his entire body was perfectly full of power, allowing his strikes to be crisp in sound.

“Why is it in this entire winter break, there has been no challenger at all?” Tomorrow would be the official end to the winter break, and so Wang Chao was prepared to head back home when all of a sudden, his cellphone began to ring.

Picking up his phone, the icy tone of Li Wanji could be heard, “Hurry up and come to the dojo!”

When he heard this, Wang Chao knew that this could only mean one thing. Hanging up the phone, he immediately called for a taxi and drove over to the dojo. In these two months, Li Wanji had always made timely payments without any defaults. Wang Chao would naturally try not to neglect his duties either.

Chapter 28: A Shoulder to Carry the Crotch With the Air of a Master

Chapter 28: A shoulder to carry the crotch with the air of a master

By the time Wang Chao had arrived at the dojo, the entire atmosphere in there was very chaotic. Everywhere, there were both uniformed and motley-robed people. Judging from their ages, they were also students with the school badge on their chests.

These people, no matter if they were students or not, male or female, everyone was excited. The entire area was jampacked as everyone tried to crowd into the elevator.

“What’s going on?” Seeing such a loud cacophony right in front of him, Wang Chao asked a few of the service women. With such a commotion, it was the only sensible thing to do.

“Ah, it’s instructor Wang!” One of the females recognized him straight away. At this moment, Wang Chao was wearing a purple Tang suit with cloth shoes that made him look rather respectable.

After reading and cultivating his Qi, his mindset had underwent drastic changes to the point where even his clothing style was affected. But wearing a purple Tang dress could only be attributed to sis Chen.

“What’s happening, is there a challenger?” Wang Chao waved his hand as if trying to make sure the others didn’t say anything else.

“Yes, yes, there is.” One of them spoke. “This isn’t like in the past. Previously, it would usually be challengers from other dojos like Karate or Wushu. But they would usually communicate with us beforehand. This time it’s completely different— it’s an university student this time. I’m guessing there was some sort of argument that made him come over. You didn’t see it just now, but that university student is really strong. The moment he entered he was able to beat two instructors. But he’s really arrogant too...He’s definitely a challenger, but he didn’t talk to us beforehand. I don’t know what this challenger is going to do, but

he's definitely gone up the elevator already..."

"Oh!" As he listened to the words of the female, Wang Chao began to realize what was happening.

"A student from university?"

There was some shock in his heart. He had only worked here for two months, but even he could understand just what generally happened when a challenger appeared. Generally, it would be people from other disciplines or dojos for the sake of improving the reputation of their own.

But even those challengers would ask first before challenging as a peaceful sign. Not a single one of them would storm into here and provoke people into a challenge first.

But this method would also bring about the best excitement.

"A fallout at university caused a challenger to appear..." Wang Chao knew that the university had no organized structure. The majority of them were mainly clubs with other university students being the presidents, many of them being members of this dojo. Some of them were even black belts as well. Aside from Taekwondo, there was still the Wushu club, mixed martial arts, and even the Wrestling club. Arguments between the clubs were actually a common sight.

But for these arguments to end up becoming a challenge to a dojo, that itself was a rare sight to see.

After all, the dojos had experts that had black belt instructors. They were extremely powerful and were not people that could easily be defeated,

"Would there be experts like that in university? Is that even possible? Or was there such a fast change in today's society that there are hidden dragons within here?" Wang Chao didn't even think about the fact that he was a third year in high school.

At that moment, Wang Chao's cellphone rang once more. Picking it up, he could hear Li Wanji, "Have you arrived yet?"

"I'm here. I'm asking what happened in the downstairs lobby, just what is going on?" Wang Chao asked.

“Don’t even bother asking. Hurry up and head up to the top floor. I’ll explain there.” Li Wanji’s voice was a little irritable.

“Okay, I’ll head up straight away.” Hanging up his phone, Wang Chao got into the elevator and rode all the way to the top floor.

“You’re here.” Upon exiting from the elevator, Wang Chao could see Li Wanji waiting for him before pulling him along.

“I already know the gist of things. An university student grew angry at another and came here to deal with us.” Wang Chao spoke.

Li Wanji nodded her head with a serious look, “Even I didn’t expect to see such a terrifying wrestler in university. Several of the instructors were overthrown, and even Liu Wenjun nearly suffered from a concussion after being struck in the head while wearing protective gear. This student is quite excellent with his hands. He cleverly uses his elbows and grapples around the body with a fierce strength. When you face him, you must be extra careful to make sure you don’t get hit by his elbow.”

Li Wanji was a responsible president as well as a woman who carried a strong sense of business. After paying attention to Wang Chao for the past few days, she had to be very cautious.

“Elbow strikes and is very fierce...” Wang Chao began to think, “Where is he, I’ll fight him now!”

“Let’s go then.” Li Wanji led Wang Chao to the fighting arenas where a large group of university students were gathered and a long stream of instructors could be seen exiting.

While anyone was free to enter the fighting arena, it didn’t require one to actually go inside to see what the result had been.

“Ai, one shouldn’t provoke an university student.” Li Wanji sighed. Nodding his head, Wang Chao followed her into the room only to see another youth standing in the middle.

This youth looked to be around 18 years old as well. He had a tall bridged nose and eyebrows slanted pointedly like a sword. Both of his eyes sparked with a bright glow, and in overall, this youth was well worth the second look.

He wore washed-out jeans and without his jackets, his two well proportionate arms could be seen.

“Where is that instructor you spoke of? It seems that Taekwondo isn’t anything special. If you can’t bring anyone out to fight against us, then don’t even try to start a Taekwondo club at our university and save yourself some face.” Just as Wang Chao entered the room, a joyful sounding voice could be heard.

Looking at the center, Wang Chao could see several males standing tall and proud, clearly showing that they were the challengers.

On the side, Wang Chao could see Zhang Tong wearing her uniform and a wine glass in her hand. Seeing Wang Chao, she nodded her head in greeting with her eyes revealing a spark of excitement.

Seeing how Zhang Tong was drinking some wine, it would seem that these youths had appealed to her interest.

“Instructor Wang, everything is up to you.” Li Wanji clapped a hand on Wang Chao’s back.

When Wang Chao had entered, the entire room had gone quiet. The presence of the purple Tang suited person had caused everyone to grow still.

“Are you the instructor everyone is talking about?” After the jean wearing youth took notice Wang Chao, he was taken aback for a moment before starting to size him up.

“En.” Wang Chao nodded his head with a smile before speaking in a good-natured tone of voice that his sis Chen had always favored, “You must be the here for a challenge. I am the overseer, if you can beat me, then you win.”

“En.” The youth’s nose let out a snort as he asked, “What’s your name?”

“I’m Wang Chao, you?” Wang Chao looked back at him.

“Zhao Xinglong.” This youth looked to be an indifferent person, but when he saw Wang Chao, his guard had gone up.

“So that’s your name? Let’s go then.” Wang Chao smiled.

Zhao Xinglong shook his head, “I don’t want to kill anyone again, wear some

protective gear first.”

“*Kill another, again?*” Wang Chao’s eyebrows creased together, “Did he kill someone before?” With that thought, Wang Chao immediately shot forward as he raced towards Zhao Xinglong.

Upon seeing Wang Chao run at him, Zhao Xinglong spoke out quietly, “Then don’t blame me.” Suddenly, his entire body had cracking sound coming out from it as his hair stood up tall and goosebumps began to form. This appearance was almost like he was a leopard preparing to go after his prey!

Wang Chao immediately felt an air of danger, “*It’s an expert! So he’s an internal practitioner as well. Judging by his stance, he’s already gone through many battles, no wonder he says he doesn’t want to kill again! Was there such a strong person in university? This world is truly a place where experts hide and where dragons and snakes mingle!*”

Wang Chao’s forward advancement had been an experiment to test for the other person’s strength. He already knew that this Zhao Xinglong was no easy target and this act right now had only confirmed that he was an expert. Because of this, Wang Chao immediately brought up his guard to the maximum.

Ba! Zhao Xinglong stamped forward with a powerful stride that seemed as if trying to knock down a mountain. His speed had been both fast and fierce, causing the entire ground to shake for a moment.

“*Leaning Mountain!*” Wang Chao immediately knew this move wouldn’t be good for him. He had seen this move before in sis Chen’s *True Record of Guoshu*. This specific move had belonged to the most fierce and vicious classical style, the “Eight Extreme Fists”.

The Eight Extreme Fists were split between two stances; the major stance which was for fighting, and the minor stance which was for practicing. While it was possible to practice martial arts and learn to fight with the major stance, the major stance alone would not allow one to cultivate Jin. The Eight Extreme Fists specialized in elbow strikes which derived from the art of the spear. The arms imitated the spear and would strike into a person sharply.

In the highest levels of the Eight Extreme Fists, there was a method to change the marrow that had two sounds, the sounds of “Heng” and “Ha”.

To control the muscles and joints, there was a rhythmic sound of “Heng” and “Ha. With these two sounds, it was comparable to the Tiger’s Thunder.

In the era of the Republic of China, the Eight Extreme Fist master “God Spear” Li Shuwen and his disciple Lei Diange had reached this realm. Unfortunately, Lei Diange had then become addicted to opium and died. His death had brought about a huge loss to the tradition of the Eight Extreme Fists.

When it came to the history of the Eight Extreme Fists, Wang Chao knew a decent amount on it. In the past, Wu Zhong had been influenced by the Quran and mixed together many different spear techniques to form the Eight Extreme Fists.

But this Zhao Xinglong was definitely not at that “Heng” and “Ha!” stage of changing the marrow, otherwise, Wang Chao wouldn’t have tried to fight him.

As the “Leaning Mountain” came closer, Wang Chao noticed Zhao Xinglong’s arm looked as if it was a bullet of muscle. His elbow was thrown out front where calluses could be seen on it, the entire move making him seem as if he had an arm of copper and an elbow of steel.

Wang Chao didn’t know just how strong Zhao Xinglong was, but this blow was not a blow he could accept easily. Moving to the side, Wang Chao arrived at Zhao Xinglong’s left side.

With the footwork from Bagua, his legs moved across the ground as if sliding on oil. Wang Chao had already made several breakthroughs with his training so that his body could rise like a dragon ascending into the sky, fall like an eagle dropping down onto a rabbit, weave like a snake going through grass, and pierce like a bear hunting for fish. With his left hand forming a point, Wang Chao immediately stabbed fiercely into his opponent’s rib.

Crack! The power from within had caused a crisp sound!

At this moment, Zhao Xinglong’s body turned at the same time as his hand. With an inconceivable twist of his elbow and arm, Zhao Xinglong had managed to blocked Wang Chao’s strike.

“Rotating Elbow!” Wang Chao immediately took on the eagle posture as his knife hand instantly transformed into a claw hand and caught the elbow coming

at him only to feel a sharp pain in his hand.

The Eight Extreme Fists treated the elbow as a spear and was split into four types. Rotating Elbow, Locked Elbow, Forceful Elbow, and Hip Elbow. Each one was incomparably strong, but Wang Chao had been prepared against this with the eagle form.

A snake like spear, and the claw of an eagle used to defend against the point of the spear.

But Zhao Xinglong had trained his elbow to resemble iron thanks to the strength of his pores and training. When Wang Chao had tried to grab his elbow, it was as if he was trying to grab a python that was coated with oil. Not only did it get past him, it had also nearly broken his fingers.

As the two continued to circle around each other and trade blows, Zhao Xinglong could tell that Wang Chao was a formidable opponent and spoke out loud, “Good!”

Abruptly turning around, he began to use the Leaning Mountain with his elbow acting like a spear once more. His entire arm was like a viper in terms of movement as it tried to strike at Wang Chao in places like his throat, chest, abdomen, rib, and even waist.

Wang Chao was astonished at the ferocity of his opponent, but he was not afraid. Using the footwork from Bagua, he continued to move around to the side of Zhao Xinglong and strike at his waist with the clawed hand from the eagle posture.

The two continued to exchange blows with an intensity that left all of the outside spectators breathless.

Zhang Tong looked on with shock while Li Wanji clenched her hands nervously. Unknowingly, her forehead had already begun to collect sweat.

“If I didn’t make such a large amount of progress with my Jin, then I definitely wouldn’t have been able to be an opponent for Zhao Xinglong!” Wang Chao thought to himself. The more he fought, the more excited he became. With the Zhao Xinglong’s pores raised up, it was difficult for Wang Chao to get a feel for his center of gravity.

“Stay down!” Suddenly, Zhao Xinglong spotted a chance. His back suddenly turned over and hunched his head down. Bending his body downwards, he began to lash out with various blows that seemed as if he had even more arms towards Wang Chao’s abdomen.

“Tongbei Jin!” Too late to react in an appropriate measure, Wang Chao could only interact with the move he knew best.

Assault of Dragon and Snake! Wang Chao’s waist crouched down, imitating the movements of a snake. Both of his hands were held vertically before connecting with Zhao Xinglong’s fist. Placing all of his weight onto his backwards most foot, he gave up his center of gravity to fall back and relied on the strength of his opponent’s arm to stay up. This was the “Freedom of the Python” movement of the style of Dragon and Snake.

Zhao Xinglong was gobsmacked. He had absolutely no idea that his opponent would have such a strange move. As he lowered his arm, Wang Chao had managed to wrap around his arm. He hadn’t thought that like a snake coiled around a stick, Wang Chao would act in a similar fashion.

Zhao Xinglong could only try to step back in a hurry!

Borrowing onto the spear like arm of Zhao Xinglong, Wang Chao suddenly stabbed ferociously at Zhao Xinglong’s crouch with an arm.

Zhao Xinglong hurriedly brought both hands to protect his groin. He had no idea that Wang Chao would have been able to get past like that. While he had brought both of his hands down to protect himself, his entire body had been brought into the air like a spear.

As the dragon ascends into the sky, shoulder the opponent with your shoulder! One shoulder shall lift the other.

Wang Chao’s shoulder had managed to latch to the crotch of Zhao Xinglong before bringing his entire body higher up into the air.

As Zhao Xinglong lost his equilibrium, he suddenly grew shocked. But before he could react, Wang Chao immediately swiveled his body and threw the 50+ kilogram body of Zhao Xinglong to the ground!

Zhao Xinglong slammed onto the ground, causing the entire arena to go silent

with shock. For a moment, everything stood still before Zhao Xinglong stood back up and prepared to leave with a sigh.

“Wait, you two fought quite nicely. Allow me to treat the both of you to a meal.” Zhang Tong immediately regained her spirit and blocked Zhao Xinglong’s path.

Wang Chao walked up as well, “Win or lose is common on the battlefield. There is no such thing as an expert that never loses. Your martial arts is amazing, don’t mind the rest. Let us be friends, and with sis Zhang Tong treating us out, let’s eat a meal together.”

With that said, Wang Chao pulled onto Zhao Xinglong’s sleeve to follow behind Zhang Tong without even paying attention to the other students.

As if moved by their enthusiasm, Zhao Xinglong had allowed himself to be pulled out and sat in the car as it drove towards restaurant Star City.

Arriving at the restaurant, Zhao Xinglong had been awkwardly cautious, but Wang Chao didn’t mind it at all. Taking a sip of his drink, he spoke, “Bro Zhao, I can tell that you’ve learned both the Eight Extreme Fists and Tongbei. You’ve must have gone through a lot of fighting, are you really an university student?”

Zhang Tong had been enthusiastic in her questions as well. After Zhao Xinglong had finished two cups, he grew more and more talkative. Unable to ignore Zhang Tong’s words anymore, he began to talk a little more about himself. “Ai, I learned the Eight Extreme Fists from my father who passed it down onto me. Later, I came to the coastal side to work and was noticed by the boss. For the sake of money, I began to fight in the underground rings where I eventually killed the boxer of another boss. That boss had wanted to kill me, but thankfully, I managed to escape with what money I had left. Returning back home to study, I managed to enter university. But now my money is nearly gone. With your Taekwondo dojo intentionally stirring trouble, I couldn’t keep quiet about it. If I could teach the dojo a lesson, the mixed martial arts club would later pay me money to be a challenger, so I came with that intent.”

“So that’s your story...” Wang Chao nodded his head.

After the meal, Zhao Xinglong began to leave when Wang Chao hurriedly blocked his path and took out a card from his clothes before handing it to him.

“What are you doing?” Zhao Xinglong was shocked, he knew this card held money in it and tried to return it.

“Take it and listen to me.” Wang Chao gave Zhang Tong a look before sighing. “To practice martial arts requires one to concentrate on it. This is exceptionally hard. To drift around well is decent, but to drift around badly is to wander the earth endlessly without a steady supply of food and clothes. Often times, they must kill someone. Even if your martial arts is decent, it will be in vain by then. What do you think about master Guo Yunshen and his martial arts? He had to rely on the salary of being a government official. This card has several thousand RMB that I saved up. Guoshu in today’s age is almost all but gone. You are strong, so study hard and make your resolve. This way, your martial arts will soar higher than before. The win or loss of a single match doesn’t mean anything. We can compare notes later in the future.” Wang Chao stared back at Zhao Xinglong honestly.

Zhao Xinglong had been moved by Wang Chao. Taking the card, he listened to the passcode obediently.

Watching Zhao Xinglong leave, Wang Chao sighed as if he was reliving some memories.

“What a guy, he’ll definitely become a great master!”

As for Zhang Tong who was watching this sight, she was shocked to the core of her heart!

Chapter 29: The Trail of Clues Left Behind by Zhang Tong

Chapter 29: The trail of clues left behind by Zhang Tong

“Youngsters are exuberant in both mental and physical fortitude. Loving to battle fiercely is no oddity. But to not be arrogant after a win and instead sympathize with the loser, and then giving money? He is truly modest, and his words of reason flow from his mouth like water. What a modest nobleman; gentle like jade, a matured youth. He has already the fledgling state of mind to become a master. His future will definitely not be limited.”

At the first moment of contact Zhang Tong had with Wang Chao, she had felt that he was a youth with a decent skill of martial arts, but she had only been interested in him. This was merely one of her interests, like when Zhao Xinglong had appeared, she had taken interest in him too. But when she saw just how liberally Wang Chao had given his money to Zhao Xinglong, she felt a shock go through her heart. From there, her interest had transformed to become admiration.

“Hm? What is sis Zhang Tong thinking about?”

After watching Zhao Xinglong leave, Wang Chao thought back to the battle he just had. It was only now that he could truly appreciate how terrifying Zhao Xinglong was. If he had not spent so much time practicing his entire body, footwork, strength, and posture to the stage of Clear Jin, he would not have been an opponent for him.

Zhao Xinglong had also an abundant amount of fighting experience. In the final moments, he had been able to issue power through the use of Tongbei to strike out viciously and explosively. Even as Wang Chao thought about it now, he began to feel some fear from it.

Fortunately the Assault of Dragon and Snake style had been exquisite. Using the snake form to evade and get up close, then the dragon form to carry the crotch and then the Returning Body Palm to swing his way to victory! But even

with Zhao Xinglong falling to the ground, he could still climb back up since he did not yet lose his fighting spirit. If this had been a fight to the death, there would still be a fight. It was only when one falls dead that the other is the victor.

When discussing power and skill, Wang Chao felt that his own strength compared to the iron elbow of Zhao Xinglong was still lacking.

Zhao Xinglong's ability with his inner Jin had even advanced to such a stage where his skin was like iron and his pores like pellets. After his pores had been sealed, Wang Chao had been unable to listen to his Jin and get a feel for his center of gravity.

"I've only fought against wrestling experts in the past like officer Cao, Li Feng, and Liu Wenjun. But officer Cao is still quite amazing with him hiding his true strength. However, he isn't as scary as Zhao Xinglong. Compared to him, Zhao Xinglong's strength is something that doesn't come around often. That battle was quite a valuable one."

As he thought about Zhao Xinglong as an opponent, another zap of lightning ran through his head, shocking him away. Seeing how Zhang Tong was looking at him, Wang Chao couldn't help but ask her a question.

"En?!" Zhang Tong was instantly brought back to awareness. With a dainty smile, she looked back to Wang Chao, "I was just thinking about how odd this was. You are a third year about to graduate high school, meaning that you're not even 18 years old yet. But your words sound like they belong to a wisened person. Youth are supposed to be youthful, hot-blooded and full of acute spirit, but you have none of that. I'd say that's a bit odd."

Zhang Tong's words were spoken from her heart, and so she eagerly awaited for Wang Chao's response.

"Is sis Zhang talking what I just did?" Wang Chao finally understood the meaning behind her words. "That's nothing, I recently read a book of the history of the martial art masters. Each one of them lamented about how the path of martial arts was difficult, and the majority of them were hard-pressed by how to live. Even if they were undefeated as martial artists, if they had no other support, then they would only be able to live a wretched life. Zhao Xinglong is a strong martial artist, if he were to give up martial arts for the sake of supporting

himself, that would be a shame. Besides, it was just some money I had idling around, if I can make a difference, I should make the difference then. Compared to Taekwondo, Chinese boxing has really declined and withered away. If it went on, then I would be able to find no one else. I have no girlfriend and am alone already, so money is not much use. This has nothing to do with being mature. The elder generation of masters were all like this as well, I feel that as one who walks the road of martial arts, this attitude should be necessary.”

“En, this type of thinking is definitely a sign of being mature.” Zhang Tong laughed. “When you and Zhao Xinglong were competing, I thought it was rather spectacular. What about you?”

“It was a narrow victory, but if this was an underground fight to the death, I don’t know who would have won.” Wang Chao spoke. “He has practiced martial arts longer than I have, and his experience is well beyond mine. With those two advantages, I can’t hope to say I could beat him as I am now.”

“Wait for the future to compare notes, it’s too early to say you cannot improve to beat him. The fist fears growing weak, and the elderly do not cheat the youth. You cannot say clearly who will be the winner so easily then.” Zhang Tong could see where Wang Chao was getting at. “I have several amazing bodyguards who are all practitioners as well, are you interested in sparring with them?”

Zhang Tong had placed the bait, all that was left was to wait for Wang Chao to take it.

If there was a chance for actual combat, there would be no way for Wang Chao to decline. Immediately, he replied, “I can’t think of anything better.”

“Let’s go then, I’ll take you!” Zhang Tong paid the restaurant bill and then left the restaurant with Wang Chao. In an instant, she had drove the two of them down the road into the downtown portion of the city.

It had taken them around half an hour before they finally arrived at a luxurious building. This area was S province’s most flourishing commercial street.

This official building had been even more grand than the Taekwondo dojo. With the reinforced glass and high beam steel structure, it gave off that modern city feel. Even the people walking on the streets next to it had a city feel to them as they bustled about.

The moment when Zhang Tong had stopped the car in front of the building, three men wearing black suits and earphones suddenly appeared out of nowhere with expressions as cold as ice.

“Chief Zhang!” The first most male looked at Wang Chao with an odd expression before looking away.

“Take the car around the back, then come back up.” Zhang Tong nodded her head as she gave an order. Leaving the car, she let the the bodyguard drive the car down to the garage of the building.

“Let’s go!” Zhang Tong gave Wang Chao a smile before walking with the remaining two bodyguards into the elevator within the building.

When Wang Chao saw the three bodyguards, he had immediately measured their strengths, They looked like the typical bodyguard in their black suits and earphones, but when Wang Chao looked at their hands, he felt that they were similar to Cao Yi’s hands. The knuckles were equal in height and brown in color. But the one difference between Cao Yi and them was that their eyes were exceptionally cold. They had even given off an unfriendly air around them.

This type of aura would make any regular person feel that it was dangerous to be too close to them.

But this feeling had only served to make Wang Chao feel more cautious around them.

“They are all retired military men that became mercenaries for hire. Trained in Africa with a stringent schedule, they are adept in the art of killing and spy methods. Their cruel training had forced them to give up their emotions, so they are extremely terrifying to fight. Do you still wish to fight against them?”

As the elevator stopped, Zhang Tong gave a single question to Wang Chao.

“Mercenaries?” Wang Chao was stunned before a thought popped up in his mind. *“I’ve read in the True Record of Guoshu that there were other places that trained mercenaries in the art of killing. They might be related to sis Chen...”*

Chapter 30: Even the Strong Fears Those Who Disregard Their Own Lives

Chapter 30: Even the strong fear those who disregard their own lives

“A mercenary....” Wang Chao began to think about sis Chen’s *True Record of Guoshu* where she had mentioned about the methods of training a mercenary. But the information in there was small in comparison, so he had not been able to make a direct connection.

Tang Zichen had only mentioned them in passing when it came to their way of fighting: “A mercenary’s method in fighting will disregard their own safety to kill. If they could not kill their opponent, then they would take them down with themselves. The completion of the mission is the most important thing to them.”

To do or die was a dangerous method of fighting and was also the most terrifying way of fighting. Even if they were to come across a fighter that was stronger than them, it would be hard to predict just who would end up surviving at the end.

Even in the battle between Wang Chao and Zhao Xinglong, he had managed to hook his shoulder underneath Zhao Xinglong’s body and crotch. While taking advantage of Zhao Xinglong’s loss of equilibrium after trying to protect himself, Wang Chao had managed to send him flying with the Returning Body Palm.

But if he were to go against an even stronger opponent, if Wang Chao managed to hook his arm underneath the crotch of his opponent, the opponent could just as easily punch him in the face twice. With this, both sides would lose.

Humans had a self preservative instinct to ensure that harm doesn’t befall on them at a moment’s notice. But a mercenary had that instinct trained out of them, so when they moved, it was normally with a terrifying outcome.

But even as he recalled that tidbit of information regarding a mercenary’s way of fighting in sis Chen’s *True Record of Guoshu*, Wang Chao was excited. He was eager to fight against such a person, but he didn’t think that Zhang Tong would have given him such an opportunity.

“No wonder! When I saw their eyes, I could tell they had no human emotion almost. They must have undergone special training to become as fierce as they are now, no doubt they are fierce against others as well.” Wang Chao understood that even the strong feared those who disregarded even their own lives, *“But wait. Just what type of person is Zhang Tong if she has these mercenaries as bodyguards?”*

Although Wang Chao knew that Zhang Tong was an exceptionally rich business woman, her having mercenaries as her bodyguard was not something he had expected.

This entire building had been dedicated to commercial goods for women, makeup, clothes, purses, and jewelry. There were even massages, cosmetic surgery, and other relaxation or entertainment facilities. Each floor had a different theme and was decorated with a glorious splendor in the style of the modern day architecture. Even Wang Chao who was not knowledgeable about womanly things knew that this was different from any regular place.

“Zhang Tong is great at business, this is most likely just a small portion. It looks like what Cao Yi said about meeting the higher ranking members of society was true.”

The elevator finally stopped at the highest floor where the entire atmosphere was calm. Walking her way into the luxurious office space, Wang Chao could only follow.

The gigantic office space had been surrounded by transparent reinforced glass that allowed for anyone to be able to see the full splendor of the S province. The horizon was so vast, and anyone watching from the office would be able to see so far away and feel their hearts soar with a comfortable sensation.

There was an ancient mahogany wood table with a Ming Dynasty styled rosewood chair right next to it. On the table was a blue-green jade pen holder and ink stone. One look at the both of them revealed that they were quite high priced. And even the entire environment looked to be more grand than the office in the Taekwondo dojo.

But what had surprised Wang Chao most was the nearly meter long purple scabbard and sword hanging above the mahogany table.

“I had no other interest at first. I loved Wushu since I was young, but I ended up learning sword dancing, but unfortunately, I gave that up.” Zhang Tong looked over to what Wang Chao had been staring at with interest. “Although I haven’t practiced in a long time, I still remember the 13 techniques of the sword: whip, deflect, block, strike, stab, poke, burst, stir, brush, press, and chop to a decent extent. I’ve heard that even the spear has 13 techniques as well. You learn martial arts, so you should know how a spear works. Well, let’s move on from that topic. Today we have mutual interests. You wish for real battle by battling my bodyguards, and I wish to see a good battle. In a moment, I’ll allow you to see my sword dance as well.”

With that, Zhang Tong walked to her mahogany and picked up a white ink brush before dipping it onto the inkstone. Placing it on paper, she wrote out the phrase, “A single sword to light the the path.”

Zhang Tong’s words had been written nicely, but when Wang Chao looked at it, it seemed lacking compared to sis Chen’s writing in her True Record of Guoshu. Zhang Tong’s handwriting just did not carry about the majestic feel that sis Chen did.

“This woman is quite graceful and accomplished. She isn’t like some sort of upstart, I wonder what her identity is.” Wang Chao thought to himself with curiosity.

“Are you prepared?” Zhang Tong blew on the paper briefly before two bodyguards suddenly appeared to the left and right of the table.

At the same time, the bodyguard that was driving the car into the garage had finally returned. Seeing the expression on Zhang Tong’s face, the bodyguard immediately closed the door behind him and then stared coldly at Wang Chao.

Wang Chao watched the bodyguard closely, his body began to unconsciously fill with goosebumps. He felt as if he was the prey a leopard had its eye on.

“En, I’m ready!” Wang Chao looked back to Zhang Tong for a moment before concentrating on the bodyguard completely.

“Be careful then.” Zhang Tong warned one last time before giving a small cough.

Suddenly, the bodyguard sprung into motion as he flew at Wang Chao like a leopard at its prey.

But Wang Chao was prepared for this. Seeing this sight, he immediately moved back before stabbing at the bodyguard's ribs. This was the habitual move of his where he imitated the shape of a knife that had proved well over time.

Who would have known that this bodyguard was like a machine. Without even caring as if it wasn't him being stabbed, he continued onwards despite the fist coming at him before throwing a hand towards Wang Chao's throat.

The bodyguard was exceptionally fast with his hands as well as being powerful. But his face hadn't made a single twitch, making him true to his name of being a 'killing machine'.

Wang Chao knew that if this move were to connect, than his throat would be crushed instantly. With a cold heart, he quickly drew back his hand stepped backwards. Forming a claw instead of a knife, he brought it up to his throat and tried to catch the bodyguard's fist.

This "Eagle Claw Catching Fist" was a variation of one of the 12 postures of Xingyi. After a breakthrough he had made, this was a rather frequent move of his. Catching the explosive fist in his hands, Wang Chao's nails dug into the bodyguard's fist, drawing blood.

If Wang Chao had trained to the stage of the Hidden Jin, then this claw strike would have done much more than what it had done now. The fist's muscles and bones would have been crushed most likely. But Wang Chao wasn't strong enough yet and could only do a normal amount of damage. If it had been anyone else, then the hand may have been crippled, but the bodyguard's hand was filled with calluses, so drawing a small amount of blood was all that Wang Chao could do.

But, while Wang Chao had dealt this blow, the bodyguard had been unflinching. Bringing up his knee to smash it into Wang Chao, he immediately drew close the instant Wang Chao moved to dodge. Both of his grim looking eyes widened as he brought one hand to grab the chest, the other hand to move back to Wang Chao's throat once more.

This series of blows left the opponent's upper area open, and Wang Chao was

planning on throw a punch and an elbow to attack, but against this opponent, both sides would not escape harm.

Hurriedly running back, Wang Chao tried to move about the bodyguard, but the bodyguard had been able to follow his movements no matter where Wang Chao had turned to. The two were in a stalemate and tried to grapple around each other.

If it were a regular person, then the difference in strength would have been too much. But Wang Chao wasn't afraid. A single strike of his was usually capable of making people lose their fighting strength. But this bodyguard was different, he had more strength than most and a resilience that Wang Chao had never encountered before.

As sis Chen had said, these mercenaries were extremely tenacious that would make any regular person worry. Their blows would be like a mosquito bite to them, and even if these type of men were to have their arms cut off, they would continue fighting as if nothing had happened. To let down one's guard around them was to throw away their life.

Because he had prepared earlier, Wang Chao hadn't gone in blindly. Using his footwork to dodge, he continued to wait for a moment to strike.

After a while, Wang Chao began to feel his endeavor had been exhaustingly fruitless. It was far more difficult than when he fought Zhao Xinglong. Although the bodyguard didn't have Zhao Xinglong's iron elbow or practice inner martial arts. But the only difference was that Zhao Xinglong would make an effort to protect himself while this bodyguard did not care for even his own life.

As the two continued to grapple, Wang Chao's arm continued to try and strike at the bodyguard, and finally he had been able to make contact with the other person's hand. In that instance, he had been able to get a feel for his opponent's center of gravity and began to sense where he was planning to move.

Immediately, the bodyguard's large body was swung to floor.

When Wang Chao let out a breath in relief, the bodyguard suddenly sprung back up from the ground and leapt at him once again.

"Nice!" When Wang Chao saw this, he could only sigh in praise as he brought

both of his hands to and threw the other guy down once more.

For another three or four times, the bodyguard was sent flying to the ground, causing Wang Chao to think, *“Is this guy made from iron or something?”*

Just at that moment, Zhang Tong let out another two coughs. The two bodyguards by the table instantly shot towards Wang Chao and surrounded him.

And now, the pressure on Wang Chao had been increased!

Chapter 31: Using People to Test One's Taichi and Jin

Chapter 31: Using people to test one's Taichi and Jin

Ha! Wang Chao's footwork began to slow down for a moment. Stepping to the left and treading to the right, he looked at the two bodyguards. "Rise, fall, cross, pierce." The four words were constantly running through his mind as if he was mentally reciting the scripture written within a textbook.

The two bodyguards coming at him was truly a significant increase of pressure. If it were two regular fighters, then this would have been over, but they were mercenaries who were adept at Chinese boxing and experts on any sort of killing technique. Even their physique was alarming, combined with their willingness to ignore any damage to their own body in order to kill the enemy, they were a terrifying force to deal with.

When Wang Chao had touched hands with his enemies, he had been able to listen to the Jin as was taught by Taichi. With the ability to turn strength against the weak, he had been able to take the opportunity to throw the bodyguard to the ground. But now that there were two people fighting him at the same time, if he were to try and throw one person to the ground, the other person would take advantage. By that point, he would only be able to dodge without being able to retaliate.

"This type of fighting is annoying!" Wang Chao dodged strike after strike as he tried to look for an opportunity.

But after some time, even Wang Chao could gradually sense his weakness. One reason was that he wasn't strong enough—against regular people, he would be able to. But these men were specially trained to be resilient to most blows. A single strike would not be enough to do any significant harm to them.

The second reason was that he was not perfect with his ability to listen to the Jin within. His pores were just barely able to detect the person's distribution of power within and counteract against it in the best possible way.

Tang Zichen had been able to immediately feel one's center of gravity and then

manipulate it without using Hidden Jin at all.

This ability to listen to Jin was compatible with being able to do more with less was the genuine ability of Taichi. If it didn't require instantaneous thinking, it was dodgeable.

Even the realm of not moving when the enemy doesn't move, and making the first move when the enemy does was one of the highest levels of accomplishments in Taichi.

"Instinctual movement!"

Wang Chao's strength in Taichi was still lacking and so required having to touch his opponent's first in order to gauge their center of gravity. After this, he would be able to influence their next movements. With this intentional movement, the speed would naturally be slower.

To be able to do this without thinking would require a high level of martial arts. To have to think before moving would require a lower level.

This difference in skill would only take less than a second of hesitation in an actual fight. But a second of hesitation was enough to kill someone.

In a battle of life and death, a second or two was enough time to walk the path to hell or heaven.

From the very start of the two bodyguards coming up to fight Wang Chao, the three men were locked into a tight battle within the office room. Although the two bodyguards were extremely strong, Wang Chao was similarly fast and slippery in his movements. Every single time, he had been able to just barely escape from peril.

After 10 minutes or so, the three men had finally began to wear out in terms of energy. While the two bodyguards were trained rigorously, Wang Chao's continuous circular motion had forced them to feel a little dizzy. Droplets of sweat could be seen dripping down their foreheads down onto their suits.

But yet their eyes continued to carry the fierce cold look on their impassive faces. They hadn't even blinked even when sweat had dripped down into it. It was almost as if they were waiting for the most optimal time to strike Wang Chao down.

While Wang Chao wasn't sweating at all, his inner Qi was boiling as his iron like pores struggled to keep the heat down.

After 10 minutes of an intense struggle, Wang Chao practically exhausted all of his strength dodging and keeping the Qi from leaking out.

When the Qi escapes, so would one's strength.

Wang Chao knew completely well what sort of situation he was in.

"Who would have thought that this experiment became my hardest battle yet instead of a simple spar?"

Throwing a look across the crimson red desk, Wang Chao could see that Zhang Tong was still looking at him with a smile.

"Hssssh!" Wang Chao let out a long breath of air before expelling the Qi from his mouth. Immediately, he felt no more pressure in his pores, but when he let out the Qi, he grew tired almost instantly.

With a great amount of effort, he stilled his heart and brought his nerves back together. Sensing that one of the bodyguard's eyes had closed due to his sweat dropping in on it, Wang Chao quickly straightened his back and lashed out a fist like it was an arrow towards the bodyguard's shoulder.

Although the bodyguard had sweat in his eye, there was no fear. At the same time as Wang Chao, he lashed out with his own fist.

Bang! The two men's fists struck at the same time with a bone shattering sound. The joint of the bodyguard's shoulder had been crushed, sending him flying backwards and rolling onto the ground as a result. As he stood back up, his shoulder could only flop in place lifelessly—he would not be fighting with that arm any time soon.

As for Wang Chao, he could only feel a sharp pain as his intestines felt the blow. The pain had been so severe, his breath had been lost and his control over his pores slackened, causing a layer of sweat to appear.

Another large wave of weakness entered his body.

"I'm lucky that this guy's strength is pretty much gone. Otherwise, this guy's fist would have been strong enough to destroy my intestines." Wang Chao had

only took this risk after making sure the two bodyguards were spent in energy.

All of a sudden, another bodyguard had quickly flashed behind Wang Chao. His left hand grabbed for Wang Chao's neck while his right hand wrapped around his chest. Simultaneously, the bodyguard's knee came up to strike behind Wang Chao.

Against such a thrilling killing move like this, Wang Chao was not panicked. His left hand flew behind as if it was a tail to obstruct the knee as his vertebrae transformed to act like a snake. With a violent twist, his center of gravity flew down to his tailbone and his hair spiked up as Wang Chao began to regain the energy he had lost.

The bodyguard that was trying to grab Wang Chao could only feel as if he was trying to wrestle a writhing python. With such a large amount of strength coming out from Wang Chao, the bodyguard couldn't help but let out a grunt as he used all of his power!

In that split second, Wang Chao had managed to get a read on his opponent's potential directional path and immediately issued power by jumping backwards. This course of action had allowed him to counter against the bodyguard's strength.

But then Wang Chao suddenly changed his direction and tried to go forward with the help of the forward momentum the bodyguard was outputting.

Suddenly, it seemed as if the bodyguard had become a scarecrow after being launched forward into the sky towards the broken shouldered bodyguard.

The bodyguard that had his shoulder broken by Wang Chao had been extremely resilient. After being sent to the ground, he was able to climb back up, but he hadn't expected to see the body of his companion come flying at him.

Bang! The two men collided. The broken shoulder bodyguard was sent rolling on the ground with a muffled grunt before quickly scrambling back up.

Just as the bodyguard was scrambling to get up, Wang Chao had already flew viciously at him. With a raised fist, the two made contact before Wang Chao flung the bodyguard away once more.

The other bodyguard that had been thrown had gotten back up by then. But

Wang Chao had beaten him to the punch and sent him flying as well.

As was the method for the “Rising Eagle Dropping Rabbit”, when they climb back up, send them falling, and when they fall, continue the process until they don’t rise. After another four or five times, the two bodyguards didn’t get back up. The two had lost all of their strength and could no longer stand.

By this point, Wang Chao had been thoroughly drenched. His clothes looked ragged and he was panting in the center of the room without any movements. Even raising his head was a challenging task.

“Good, very good!” Zhang Tong had been watching intensely as Wang Chao threw the bodyguards around until they couldn’t stand back up. With a sigh in admiration, she spoke to the last one, “Take these two out and give them some money later to recover.”

The bodyguard that had made no move to fight before walked out of the office with both bodyguards supported by his hands.

“How was it?” Zhang Tong waited for Wang Chao to rest up for a moment before asking.

“Amazing, really amazing! I was almost finished back there.” Wang Chao had managed to recover some health before giving his opinion on the fearful fight.

“I’ve heard after they retired from the military, they were considered the second-rate soldiers and were far away from the first-rate ones. But yet these soldiers didn’t take any sort of stimulants either.” Zhang Tong explained as she poured Wang Chao a cup of ginseng and oolong tea.

“Stimulants...” Drinking the warm cup of tea and rejuvenate himself, Wang Chao began to try and recover his strength.

“Correct, if they were to use stimulants, then their strengths would be increased exponentially. However, doping would cause damage to their bodies as well.” Zhang Tong nodded her head as she spoke, “What do you think of this calligraphy?”

The table had a piece of paper that said, “A sword to light the path, and the godly fist to drop all.”

“Haha, the godly fist dropping all, I cannot match up to that. My martial arts has yet to reach such a state.” Wang Chao spoke.

“What I could see from this fight was the fact that bodies were thrown everywhere. This must be the fighting style of Taichi; although I’ve never learned it, I know that after one has mastered Taichi, they can use people to test their Jin, is that true?” Zhang Tong asked.

“Testing with Jin...” Wang Chao began to think before nodding, “At first, one practices Chinese boxing by hitting sandbags then stumps or spears. Afterwards, they will be able to use their Jin against people to truly test their skill. Back during the Republic of China, the predecessor of Yang Luchan, Yang Chengfu had paid a high price of 6 silver yuan a month to be his testing case to practice Jin.” Zhang Tong listened to this explanation for a moment before nodding her head. “Back when I practiced the art of the sword, my master told me that in the end, I would need to practice it with another person. Even the Daoist priests that practice the art of the sword in the Wudang Mountains would leap into the trees to slash at monkeys. What do you think about the bodyguards you just fought?”

“Those two?” Wang Chao thought for a moment, “Those mercenaries are excellent at grabbing and were great for me to use Jin to practice. They were quite the challenge.”

“So that’s your answer. Then why don’t you try again in the future to see how well you can do?” Zhang Tong smiled at him.

“En!?” Wang Chao had a look of doubt on his face.

“Are you thinking about asking me just why I’m offering this to you?” Zhang Tong’s mind was incredibly sharp and had instantly guessed what Wang Chao was thinking. Sticking out two fingers, she spoke, “The first reason is that your skill and attitude really interest me. The second reason is that if I ever come across a problem, I hope that you will come to my aid. It’s that simple.”

“What sort of problem?” Wang Chao asked.

“I don’t know. But you’re an intelligent person, knowing what identity I hold, it won’t be anything peaceful. You shouldn’t worry much, if I need your help, I’d ask you for it first. If you think you can’t help, then I won’t force you. This will be like helping a friend out. If there is an especially hard task that you help someone

with, then that is the right thing to do.”

Zhang Tong let out a graceful smile as she spoke with her reasonably fair words.

“To help is to be human, to not help is to not be honest. Got it.” Wang Chao nodded his head before turning around to say goodbye. This fight had drained him of his energy, so he had wanted to head back and rest.

“Don’t be in such a rush, hold on.” Zhang Tong noticed that Wang Chao had wanted to leave and quickly spoke, “I know you’re a third year in high school ready to take the university placement exams. I know that with you practicing martial arts every day, you must not have taken university into heavy consideration. If you have interest, then let me know, I can help you get into any university.”

“University...” Wang Chao shook his head, “It’s a waste of my time.”

“Oh! Then what’s your ideal future now, take some sort of project?” Zhang Tong asked.

“My ideal future...” Wang Chao knew that his dream right now was to practice his Chinese boxing until it reached the Transforming Jin stage and then find sis Chen. It was that simple.

But this dream was not something he would dare say to Zhang Tong.

“Do you really not plan on going to university?” Zhang Tong’s voice held some lingering regret to it.

“University is meant to waste your time of youth by living a life of pleasure, just what good is that?” Wang Chao was rather astonished by Zhang Tong’s question.

Zhang Tong let out a sigh, “It’s good to play. Once the time of youth has gone by, it cannot come back. When the time comes when you want to squander money, you cannot. Everyone has a period of time they wish to go back to. If you cannot do something, you may come to regret it later in the future. This is the same as a child thinking about his childhood.”

“But if you don’t realize that now, then forget it. You have your path, and I can

only sigh about mine. I'm not in the mood to show you my sword dance, so you can go home now. In the future, feel free to come back and use my bodyguards to practice your Jin."

Wang Chao nodded his head silently and left the building.

Chapter 32: The Group of Experts by the Coast

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Winter vacation had finally ended, causing Wang Chao to return back home.

But this winter vacation had been quite bountiful for Wang Chao. He had managed to find a good and easygoing work opportunity at the Taekwondo dojo with a good amount of pay. Furthermore, he had been able to experience real combat several times thanks to the assistance of the female director Zhang Tong. All of this was vastly different to his previously poverty-stricken lifestyle.

After two months of winter vacation, he had managed to gain a better understanding of martial arts after fighting Li Feng, Liu Wenjun, Zhao Xinglong, and the bodyguards from Zhang Tong.

Furthermore, he had been able to live a nice and easygoing life at sis Chen's place by reading books to increase his knowledge. By researching the words of his predecessors in the Republic of China era, he had been able to mature greatly to attain the attitude of a master.

However, the most obvious signs of improvement he had was in his ability to stand on top of the vats and continue to fight. Using the entirety of his strength to pinch onto the vat, he had reached the Clear Jin stage, allowing him to make the crisp sound with ease each time he struck.

It was already the very last semester of Wang Chao's high school career. It was also the most chaotic of times for the graduating class. Even Cao Jingjing had immersed herself in her studies. With stacks of books piled up besides her, the amount of times she spoke with Wang Chao grew less and less.

But Wang Chao paid none of this any attention to. He had already decided to walk on another path.

The cultural path was for the cultured, the martial path was for the martial artists.

Everyday afterwards had been spent practicing his stances and fists. Every

weekend at 1 AM, he would run to S province to first meet with Li Wanji, and then spar with the bodyguards of Zhang Tong. Afterwards, he would return to sis Chen's villa to contemplate his merits and demerits and to see just what he could do for the next time for a better effect.

In addition, each time Wang Chao had fought with Zhang Tong's bodyguards, he felt that his strength was still lacking and continued to increase his training regime each time.

But his current training regime had involved the mercury filled lead balls. Crouching down, he had continued to use his waist and vertebrae in order to force the balls to spin fast enough to bounce into the air and create that metallic sounding ring.

After these months, Wang Chao's strength had made leaps and bounds along with his ingenuity. At last one day, he was able to spin the ball until it bounced upwards. By then, he was slowly able to spin it around his two hands in a loop.

However Wang Chao was still far away from being able to juggle the ball on his shoulder, waist, head, hip, and fingers like sis Chen was. He was only able to just barely spin it with enough force to make it bounce.

But on a Saturday of the fifth month where the weather had been sweltering hot, Wang Chao was sparring enthusiastically with the three bodyguards within the villa Zhang Tong had in the district.

Bang! Wang Chao's waist sunk into a horse stance with an empty gap in between his legs. Curling his toes into the ground as if they were arrows, Wang Chao burst into one of the bodyguards. In a rush, the bodyguard tried to land a series of blows and kicks onto him.

Raising his knee, Wang Chao blocked the bodyguard's knee and then quickly crossed past his fists with a snake like motion. Grabbing onto the bodyguard's shoulder with all five fingers, he tried to dislocate it.

The shoulder was violently turned as Wang Chao influenced the bodyguard's Jin and sent him flying high into the air four meters away.

After sending the bodyguard flying, he moved onto the next step. His entire body began to scrunch up to resemble a child in size.

This was a move in the monkey posture of the 12 Xingyi postures, the “The Squatting Monkey”. When a monkey was startled, they would immediately crouch down to form a ball so that they would be able to move in any direction swiftly.

Wang Chao’s purpose was to simulate that movement as well. Turning his body in midair, his kneecaps became like two white stones before it struck against the other bodyguard in the chest.

This was another variation of the monkey style, the “Mark of the Hanging Monkey”. With two kneecaps as the ‘mark’, it would smash into an enemy. Nine out of ten times this would kill someone.

The bodyguard had only been knocked backwards with a cracking sound after the bones had been hit.

Wang Chao fell back to the ground and crouched down to imitate a monkey once more. This time, he attack downwards with the move of “Monkey Stealing the Peach”.

The other bodyguard could only see this change of Wang Chao as being extremely strange. But despite the strangeness, he was not about to dodge it. Bringing up his knee, he attempted to block the hand coming at his crotch and then kick at Wang Chao.

However, the crotch had not been the target. Carefully stabbing at one of the nerve clusters on the bodyguard’s leg, he managed to manipulate the leg into instantly freezing up.

Just as the leg began to slow down, Wang Chao took his chance. Like a dragon ascending into the air, his body flew forward and hooked onto the bodyguard’s body with his shoulder before sending him flying away.

Suddenly, another sound could be heard as the third bodyguard whipped his leg straight for Wang Chao’s head.

Remaining Calm, Wang Chao bent backwards to form a bridge with his back, allowing the kick to pass over him.

With both palms making contact with the floor, his body was like a carp out of water. Immediately twisting around to make a sitting position and then

rocketing upwards, his legs tried to sweep the legs of the third bodyguard.

This was the “Stealth Palm” move of the snake style. When a person sits on the ground, their legs would sweep across the ground after launching upwards. This gave off the illusion that would try to attack someone with their palms instead of their legs, giving it the name of “Stealth Palm”

Bang! The final bodyguard had been knocked unsteadily off his legs before falling to the ground fiercely.

Wang Chao’s arm supported his entire body on the ground and steadied himself.

“Stop!” Zhang Tong spoke from the other side. She could see that Wang Chao had been able to use a series of secretive moves and completely beat three bodyguards before an entire money was up. This level of progression was so fast that a person wouldn’t even have enough time to remark about it.

“One at a time!” Zhang Tong ordered.

The three bodyguards climbed up and immediately flew out at Wang Chao one after another.

This was much easier to handle, so Wang Chao would just move to the side and do several light strikes on either the shoulder, hip, or the back.

But with each strike, the bodyguards would instantly lose their equilibrium and would fall to the ground once more after two more strikes.

“Your ability to influence someone’s movements is growing stronger and stronger.” Zhang Tong remarked when the last bodyguard had fallen. Each of the three bodyguards were dripping with sweat, but they had only admiration in their eyes.

After these months of practicing with these three bodyguards, Wang Chao had managed to grab hold of the essence of controlling their movements. From there, he grew steadily in his ability to do so with ease.

With practice, Wang Chao’s ability in Taichi had grown to the realm of being able to do this process instinctively.

“Using a person as a training dummy is great.” Wang Chao thought to himself.

“This is something only the rich and powerful would be able to afford for practice. If I had no one to use as a live training dummy, then my progress in Taichi would have taken an extremely long amount of time.”

Each time he had left Zhang Tong’s villa, he could only sigh in regret.

After returning to his own villa, Wang Chao would sometimes think about Zhao Xinglong, *“That guy dreams of finishing university. I should go take a look and see what the environment is like. At the same time, I’ll see how his martial arts is going.”*

Swapping out his clothing, Wang Chao took a cab to the university city in Chengdong.

Wang Chao knew that Zhao Xinglong was studying at the province’s media institute that was mostly filled with university girls. The very moment Wang Chao stepped onto campus, he felt a light yet lively air of youthfulness wash over him.

He could see several males flirt shamelessly with females under the shade of several trees. On the other side, he could also see several university girls walking in a hurry with a sweet fragrance trailing behind after them. This fragrance was something that Wang Chao could smell—something he felt was quite appealing.

“If I could ask, do you know where a Zhao Xinglong might be?”

Wang Chao asked several students, but each one had only shook their heads, showing that they were not familiar with such a person.

“You’re looking for Zhao Xinglong?” Just as Wang Chao was asking the thirteenth student, a light sounding voice could be heard from behind. Turning his head, he could only see a female student with a pink blouse, blue skirt, and crystallic transparent sandals walking towards him with several books in hand.

Upon seeing the face of this female student, Wang Chao felt that her appearance was rather beautiful. She was like a depiction of beauty in the past ages.

“Miss, do you know where Zhao Xinglong is?” Wang Chao tore his eyes away from her and smiled with a gentle expression.

“Are you looking for him?” The female student looked at Wang Chao for a

moment before deciding that he was harmless. “Every Saturday he likes to go to the mountains in the back. I was just on my way there to read a book, let me lead you to him.”

“Thanks.” Wang Chao smiled calmly.

“No need for thanks.”

With the female leading the way to the mountains, they had quickly reached a shady mountain path. After a while, the forest by the path grew larger and larger. Benches could be seen installed every so often with several cemeteries scattered here and there. There were even a couple of students either studying or flirting with their sweethearts.

Halfway up the mountain, a large forest of Camphor trees could be seen before the female spoke, “Oh, Zhao Xinglong is inside.” With that, she turned around to go back to one of the pavilions a while back.

Nodding his head, Wang Chao could see the silhouette of a person deep within the forest. Walking in, Wang Chao could see that it was Zhao Xinglong who was wearing a single red sleeveless and was practicing against a tree. Hitting the stump with his elbows, shoulders, and even knee, the tree could be seen constantly swaying. Fragments of the tree could be seen chipping away with each strike as well.

Just as Wang Chao entered the forest, Zhao Xinglong could sense him right away and instantly went on guard. But the moment he saw that it was Wang Chao, his face took on a genuine smile.

“Don’t loosen up so quickly, let’s spar!” Wang Chao immediately called out a greeting to him.

“Alright!” Zhao Xinglong called back eagerly. Seeing Wang Chao had already moved into position, he immediately flew into position for the “Leaning Mountain” and released his power.

Wang Chao didn’t make a move to dodge and instead bent his knees and threw his arms aside. This movement had forced his arms into a parabolic shape that was perfectly aligned with Zhao Xinglong’s shoulders.

This was the standard way to issue power in Xingyi’s Crossing Fist, Bagua’s

Returning Body Palm, and Taichi's way of throwing.

When Zhao Xinglong had made contact, his center of gravity was instantly thrown into disarray and began to stumble as if he was drunk. With a tiny shudder, he crouched down to regain his footing and threw an elbow at Wang Chao's chest. Waiting for Wang Chao to leap back, he sent another elbow towards his face.

Wang Chao stood his ground and swung both arms out as if enveloping Zhao Xinglong. Using some strength, he made contact with Zhao Xinglong's strike.

One of Zhao Xinglong's strikes had been rendered useless after Wang Chao had connected with it. Similar to a building being demolished, his arm swung down uselessly, but that did nothing to prevent him from charging still.

The Crossing Jin was like the support that was overturned.

"Not good!" Right after Wang Chao had manipulated his force and grew close, Zhao Xinglong could only feel a cool feeling from his ribs as Wang Chao stabbed at it, so he had instinctively brought his hands up to guard against it.

Just like when he was practicing with the mercury balls, Wang Chao's hands on Zhao Xinglong's ribs had given him control of his body. With a push, Zhao Xinglong's leg was swept up into the air.

Pa! Zhao Xinglong's legs left the ground as if he was a floating scarecrow before slamming into a giant tree five steps away.

But fortunately for Zhao Xinglong, his instincts had been extremely keen. Before he could hit the tree, his hand slammed behind him so that he could brace himself. After hitting the tree, his legs stamped on the ground in an attempt to steady himself.

"How is this possible?" Zhao Xinglong couldn't believe it. Running at Wang Chao once more, he was immediately sent flying back unsteadily.

After several more attempts, Zhao Xinglong stopped trying to charge at him with a dismayed expression.

"This is an application of a skill that I've grown proficient with. It is not true martial arts." Wang Chao consoled him. "If you haven't studied the Jin of Taichi

before, then you won't understand the principle behind it and will definitely be at a disadvantage. Once you know, then you'll understand this is merely a cheap trick. I didn't have anything to do today, so I came to talk."

"Talk about what?" Zhao Xinglong asked.

"You've fought in the underground fighting rings by the coast, what's it like over there? Are there any strong people?" Wang Chao asked.

"Ah, so that's your question." Zhao Xinglong looked for a nice place to sit down before going into his explanation.

"I fought in the Guangdong region, the Chaozhou prefecture to be exact. The people in Shantou love to fight and gamble. There are plenty of bosses that find this to be an exhilarating experience so they search everywhere for people to bet on. Practically every city has an underground fighting arena, and every area has an underground gambling ring. Within the arenas, millions of RMB can be won, and even tens of million could be won. In these places, the honest are mixed in with the dishonest. People of every road of life gather here; people from Vietnam, Taiwan, and even Hong Kong can be seen. Even the types of fighters are varied. There are several experts that are partnered with some bosses to earn plenty of funding. I've heard that the Chenshi Corporation in southern China once made a bet with the Huaxing Chamber of Commerce in Hong Kong and Taiwan. Several hundred bosses from industries like real estate and retail had taken part on both sides. The final capital was well over two billion RMB in the end. With both sides sending in their best fighters, in the end, the Chenshi Corporation ended up winning the entire sum."

"Oh, what type of expert? Have you fought with them before?" Wang Chao asked curiously.

Zhao Xinglong shook his head, "In that area, I am only a third or second-rate fighter in a small arena. The boss however, was a rich and influential person."

"What type of experts are there, what discipline do they practice?" Wang Chao asked once more.

"In that major bet, I heard they had talents that came once every decade, but I didn't see them for myself. However, I did hear that they had fought on top of a giant tanker. The Huaxing Chamber of Commerce had a top notched boxer

Zhang Guangming, and the Chenshi Corporation had Chen Aiyang. But in the final moments, Zhang Guangming had suffered from Chen Aiyang's Hidden Jin. With a final splurt of blood, he died in that half hour."

"Hidden Jin?" Wang Chao was shocked, "What type of expert doesn't exist then?"

"The Yuxing Corporation in Hong Kong had a martial artist named Ma Hongjun. This man was around 35 years old, but he had mastered Xingyi, Cha Quan, Tantui, Pigua, Chuo Jiao and Wing Chun. Three of the corporations in Taiwan had even sent over Liu Jiajun who practices both the Eight Extreme Fists and Tongbei. Even his Xingyi was far better than mine. There are also the three tigers of Guangdong: Zhang Wei, Xu Zhen, and Dai Jun. However, there were also the people from southeast Asia, Thailand, Vietnam, and Myanmar. The publically renowned person has to still be Chen Aiyang from the Chenshi Corporation. He is a practitioner of Taichi and is proficient in several other disciplines. It's said his level of martial arts has reached such a high level of skill that once for demonstration, he was able to reduce a porcelain teacup to powder just by pinching it. Whomever is hit by his Hidden Jin will surely not survive."

"Are there that many experts?" Wang Chao asked.

"There's a large amount of experts. These are merely just the tip of the iceberg. But I only know the group within the Hainan coastal area, as for the other areas within China, I don't know them."

"I've still a long ways to go then." Wang Chao clenched his hands tightly. "Let's go eat something then. Let's eat and talk until we're happy!"

Zhao Xinglong quickly stood up, "Fine with me!"

The two walked out of the campus and into a nearby restaurant. Walking onto the second floor and ordering several dishes, they had even ordered several bottles of icy beers.

When Wang Chao had heard so much about the inner workings of the underground, he grew endlessly excited and eager. But as Zhao Xinglong continued to drink, he began to say more and more.

Suddenly, a noisy commotion could be heard downstairs.

“What are you doing? If you don’t leave, I’ll call the cops!” Wang Chao suddenly heard a familiar voice. Looking downstairs, he saw a group of semi naked males with a dragon tattoo on their shoulders. The group was surrounding a dinner table that had four females and two males sitting by it. As for the voice that Wang Chao had heard, it belonged to the female student that had helped Wang Chao find Zhao Xinglong earlier.

Chapter 33: A Mutual Understanding

Chapter 33: A mutual understanding

“So there are hoodlums even here, just what does it take to put an end to them?”

Wang Chao had been listening to what Zhao Xinglong was telling him with a keen interest. This wasn't a world where a regular high school student could come in contact with.

There was a small amount of regret in his heart, but there was also ambition burning within him. In his mind, even more notions of “Within the large depth of society, there lies hidden dragons as numerous as the clouds”.

Zhao Xinglong was not a weak person by any normal means, but he was still considered a third or second-rate fighter and was unable to enter the bigger fighting scene.

“Those who reached the Hidden Jin level are not any regular persons.” Seeing how sis Chen's martial arts had reached a perfected stage, Wang Chao had thought that it would be easy. It was only after he started practicing for real that he knew how painful and bitter the path was.

Sis Chen's Jin had already reached the Transforming Jin stage. He himself had only practiced for two painful years almost, and the farthest he had reached was the basis of the Clear Jin stage. At the very most, he could make a crisp sound when he attacked, and his strength was stronger than most people.

But those that used Hidden Jin to fight could strike like lightning with needle like precision. They were also capable of bending steel, but Wang Chao was still a far distance away from such a feat.

Hidden Jin and the art of offense and defense were two different things. The art of offense and defense was separated with different skills, but Hidden Jin was derived from perseverance and effort.

Wang Chao knew that he was diligent and enthralled with martial arts; he also

knew that he was quite talented and comprehended the world of martial arts to a good extent. But in the end, his knowledge was still superficial and not enough to carry him to success.

But he was still very curious about Zhao Xinglong's coastal experience. After all, the rich and powerful gathered over there. He wasn't even 20 years old yet, and while reading books had matured him, he was still eager to fight against the fighters there.

Yet Wang Chao wasn't so eager and rash to run to the coastal area to fight those experts.

It was after Wang Chao had listened to Zhao Xinglong that he understood. The fearsome were not the ones that were strong in Chinese boxing or had a good amount of achievements, it was the ones with power.

For those who practiced martial arts and had no financial backer or support, then they would not go far. Even if one had a strong amount of power and won against one of the experts, if they were to say anything too excessive, they might find themselves vanished by the second day.

It was only in the hands of the rich and powerful that strength could be seen.

Even the Taichi master Yang Luchan and Xingyi master Guo Yunshen had to rely on the capital officials in order to spread their teachings of their predecessors for their successors.

Even the number one master of the Republic of China era, Sun Lu-tang had been the master of Duan Qirui, the commander of the Beiyang Army.

Even if one was an unmatched paragon, it was all in vain. This was especially true in today's society.

Wang Chao had studied the true life experiences of the past Guoshu master as well as Zhao Xinglong's personal experiences. Thinking back to his own life, he then thought about Cao Yi, Li Wanji, Zhang Tong, and how even the Taekwondo dojo operated as a business.

After such a comprehensive study of all these aspects, Wang Chao had a good understanding of the reality of life.

But just as he was having this minor revelation, his train of thought had been interrupted by the commotion downstairs. With a dampened spirit and unhappy face, he spoke to Zhao Xinglong, "Let's go see what's happening downstairs."

By this point, Zhao Xinglong was already at the stairwell and was peering down. With a final chug of his beer, he spat out a mouthful into his cup and followed Wang Chao down after wiping his mouth.

Pa pa pa! A bald male with a gaudy looking tiger tattoo on his chest began to slam down onto the table with a solid black rod. With the entire group blocking off the entrance to the restaurant, the shop owner and waiters were hiding in the kitchen along with the rest of the staff.

The other eaters had already disappeared without a trace.

"Tch!" Seeing the onlookers, two of the youths walked to the door and began to strike at it with the rods in their hands, "What are you all looking at?!"

The two men immediately slammed down the gate, isolating the restaurant from the outside world immediately.

"Call the cops if you want, but you'll still end up paying us. After cursing and then hurting our brother, why haven't you given us the money for his medical bills? If I, brother Lei were not around, how would our brothers fare?" The bald headed tiger tattoo person looked as if he was the boss. When the gates had came crashing down, he slapped the table with a rod once more.

Needless to say, when the gates came down, the entire restaurant went quiet in fear.

Even the female student who had spoken at first began to tremble as her three friends shrieked and huddled closed together. The two male students with them had started to go gray in the face.

"These gangsters know how to put fear into people. With the gates closed, are they going to commit a crime?" Wang Chao thought as he looked at the commotion with a small smile.

"What are you planning on doing?" The female spoke, despite her trembling, she had managed to maintain a calm demeanor. "This is a university, do you really dare to try and blackmail us?"

“Fucker!” Brother Lei slammed his hand on the table fiercely, forcing the group of 6 people to shake. “You’re still speaking crap, your dad must have abandoned you! Will you pay or not?!”

“Speak then, how much do we owe you?” The female knew that arguing would get them nowhere.

“First, take out 10,000 RMB. Second, the males can stay here while the females will accompany us to the Golden Era KTV to sing some karaoke. After this, we can say this is your apology, got it?”

“Fuck that.” Zhao Xinglong immediately walked downstairs the moment he heard the conditions, bringing attention from the entire restaurant onto him.

“Zhao Xinglong!” The female’s eyes sparkled with relief, “What are you doing here?”

“Yao Xiaoxue, what’s going on here?” Zhao Xinglong clearly knew the girl and asked.

“We came in here to eat, but they dropped their chopsticks on purpose to take a peek underneath the table. When we yelled at them, they immediately called over a lot of people to stop us from leaving.” One of the males spoke to Zhao Xinglong as if he was their savior. In a single breath, he had explained the story.

Wang Chao had instantly understood what had happened. With the females wearing light clothing because of the heat, the gangsters had pretended to drop their chopsticks and tried to look underneath their clothing. But when they were caught, they instantly brought out their weapons.

“Eh?!” The one named brother Lei instantly grinded his teeth and gave a look at the men at his side before encircling the group.

“Peh!” Zhao Xinglong spat out a glob of spit before instantly rushing forward to strike with the “Leaning Mountain”. Straight away, brother Lei had been catapulted to the floor along with his chair. With a follow up kick, brother Lei had let out a mournful shriek of pain.

Grabbing a nearby tool, Zhao Xinglong slammed it into the chest of another nearby gangster. These two actions had been done in quick succession and in silence; quick and efficient.

“Kill him!” The other dozen gangsters immediately rained down on him with their steel rods. Some of them had even took out knives from their pants.

“Ah!” Seeing the fight, the female students shrieked once more while the other two males swiftly climbed under the table.

By this point, Wang Chao had climbed downstairs as well. Seeing the three of the gangster run towards the female students, he immediately slammed a fist down onto the nearest gangster. Following the crisp sound of his fist impacting, the gangster was instantly blown backwards and crumpled to the ground, blood spilling from his lips.

Without even looking, Wang Chao’s other arm grabbed onto the throat of the second gangster and lifted him up. Throwing him into the wall, the arm he had made the first punch with grabbed onto the third gangster and sent him flying into the gangsters that were fighting Zhao Xinglong.

These three gangsters had been dispatched as easily as if they were water flowing through a sieve, causing the four females to be utterly stupefied.

“Aren’t you the Taekwondo instructor?” Suddenly, one of the females asked Wang Chao.

“Oh, you’ve seen me before?”

“Of course! When you and Zhao Xinglong fought, I was watching from the sidelines.” She said as she pointed at Zhao Xinglong.

“Aren’t you going to help him?” Suddenly, Yao Xiaoxue’s voice broke through as she pointed at the six or seven people Zhao Xinglong was fighting while evading their weapons.

“No point.” Wang Chao laughed, “Zhao Xinglong can beat those guys no problem.”

Sure enough, Zhao Xinglong managed to evade all of the gangster’s weapons before finishing off the majority of them with his elbows. Then, he managed to punch the rest of them in the ribs, causing them to all end up on the floor groaning.

In a single moment, the eight men had all fallen by his hands.

“Hurry up and go!” Wang Chao spoke to the group of 6 and Zhao Xinglong.

Zhao Xinglong immediately opened the door.

“Wait, you there. Don’t go.” Suddenly, the boss that had been hiding in the kitchen reappeared. At his urging, one of the waiters immediately barred the doors, “You can’t go, wait for the police to come and sort this out.”

“Eh?!” Wang Chao turned to look at Zhao Xinglong before signalling at Zhao Xinglong with his eyes.

“Your mom can’t leave!” As if there was a silent connection with Wang Chao, Zhao Xinglong understood his words. With a single swear, he kicked at the person blocking their path, causing them to kneel down in pain. Throwing open the gates again, the eight quickly ran out.

Chapter 34: Beginning to Build Up One's Power

Chapter 34: Beginning to build up one's power

After she and the other 5 were helped out, Yao Xiaoxue had wanted to treat Zhao Xinglong and Wang Chao out to get a drink of tea as a sign of her thanks. Without declining, Wang Chao allowed himself to be led to a coffee shop and began to chat with the others.

After being introduced everyone, Wang Chao came to know everyone's names and their connections to one another.

Both Yao Xiaoxue and Zhao Xinglong were both third year university members of the University of Media. The other three female students were from the neighboring university and were majoring in Business. As for the two males, they were majoring in Computer Science.

Because the third year was about to be finished, the upcoming fourth years were already trying to test their social connections for a chance to claim an internship in hopes to get a job later. But Yao Xiaoxue and the others weren't willing to work under another and were hoping to talk about making a startup over a meal. Not a single one of them thought they would be assaulted by hoodlums however.

"Thank goodness you were there to help us out. Otherwise, who knows what trouble we would have gotten into?"

The two males were both frail in physique and wore glasses on their faces. From their appearances, even if there was just one gangster, they wouldn't have been able to do anything.

"That's right, we really have to thank you two. I didn't think that you were one of the instructors for the Taekwondo dojo!"

The three female students had already knew of Wang Chao's identity, but they were still curious nonetheless. "You're not that much younger than us, are you an university student?"

Wang Chao smiled, giving himself a confident air, but he was embarrassed on the inside. He couldn't just say that he was a third year high school student that hadn't graduated yet, it would be far too shocking.

Yet his mannerisms had already been disciplined to the point where it was hard to tell what was his genuine personality and what was fake. In two or three phrases, he had managed to divert the topic to what startup Yao Xiaoxue was working on.

"We were planning on renting a store this summer and open an online company. By advertising with several company planners, we would help design web pages. With the technology skills of us two and Yao Xiaoxue and her friends' skill at business, this won't require much and will help start us off. This would be a good way to get some real life experience and earn some money at the same time." The two males were adept at skills relating to the internet, and the more they talked, the more Wang Chao learned from them.

Wang Chao had only practiced martial arts, so any talks regarding computers had gone over his head. But after listening to them, even he had started to learn a few things.

"We're just lacking in funds at the moment. Yesterday we found a nice looking place Youth Road, but the title deed is quite expensive and is only for one season." Yao Xiaoxue began to complain about the very first road bump for their startup.

"Just how much money are you lacking?" Wang Chao asked.

"For the renovation, furniture, computers, and other utility bills, we're short 40,000 RMB." One of the males spoke, "To be honest, we've already designed several web pages and advertising plans for some companies, so we know several people. Right now if we were to start our company, pulling in some clients won't be a problem."

TL Note: 40,000 RMB is about 6100 USD.

"Oh, you've already some experience? Just how did you do it and did you earn a decent amount? I actually have some interest as well as some extra money, a cooperation doesn't sound all that bad." Wang Chao spoke, not realizing his mistake.

“Oh!” Yao Xiaoxue, the three females, and the other two male’s eyes began to shine brightly as if a switch had been flipped. Talking non stop, Yao Xiaoxue pulled out several files of paper that was filled with the pictures and names of several companies and their representatives.

“Starting from just our S Province, we’ve made inquiries for the past year. Just about 10,000 stores don’t have a website. But over half of them have interest in establishing one so they could sell their wares and purchase their necessities online. With the online business model being developed so much, the age of the internet is finally here....”

Yao Xiaoxue’s words continued to pour from her mouth with an inspired tone to them. From time to time, she spoke of her inquiries as if she had been trying to entice people into signing up for a multi leveled scheme. Even Zhao Xinglong who was listening nearby was stunned.

“To not investigate is to not have anything to say. These university students have studied the market extensively. It seems that there is more to university than just playing around.” Wang Chao wasn’t convinced just yet, but from what he had heard, he could concede that there was some merit to going to university.

“In anycase, if a child is found, don’t kill it. I have around 100,000 RMB, should I partner up with them? With the Taekwondo job, even the villa would be properly paid for nor do I have to worry about my living expenses.” Wang Chao thought for a moment before realizing that he couldn’t continue on this path forever. He had only knew how to practice martial arts and knew nothing about business or had any experiences. He wasn’t any better than these university students so it was best if he partnered with them to see the end result. Even if their startup tanked, it would be no major loss to him.

“Then that’s settled. Even I’m interested now. I’ll cover the rest of the costs if I can join in as a partner.” Waiting for Yao Xiaoxue to finish speaking, Wang Chao made his decision.

“Really?” Yao Xiaoxue’s eyes lit up with joy as she began to blink rapidly. Even the other three female students began to make a victorious pose.

“Of course. But first let’s talk. If I become a partner, how is this split up?”

Wang Chao asked.

“En, that is a problem. I will have to write it out.” Yao Xiaoxue took out another piece of paper and began to write out several clauses to a contract.

“After the company is established, then the shares will be divided up in accordance to when the startup was first being funded. Every person so far has contributed 5000 RMB for a total of 30,000 RMB. With your 50,000 RMB, that makes a total of 80,000 RMB. This means you would have a share of 62.5%, giving the rest of us 5.5% in stocks per person. There’s also several clauses in regards to the company taxes and legality issues. Take a look, if there’s no problems, then we can have this signed and stamped before giving everyone a copy. There’s still some issues to be worked out in three months. After those three months, we’ll have another meeting to draw up a complete business contract, okay?”

Yao Xiaoxue’s movements had been extraordinarily swift and straightforward, leaving Wang Chao to feel as if she was projecting the air of Zhang Tong.

“Could she have the potential to be a great businesswomen?” Wang Chao thought in surprise, *“There’s a lot of potential to be seen in the 21st century!”*

Wang Chao had experience with contracts and quickly looked over the clauses before asking for clarification for the parts he didn’t understand. After several copies were made, each person left their own signature on it.

By the second day, Wang Chao had withdrawn 50,000 RMB and walked to the store where they were all located at. Under the directions of Yao Xiaoxue, they had bought furniture, a business license, computers, and several other miscellaneous items.

After a single day of observation, Wang Chao had felt that everything was in prime shape without any confusion. In his heart, he admired these university students for their entrepreneurship spirit. If it was him, he wouldn’t have even bothered with such an annoyance to begin with.

After a week during the weekends, Wang Chao arrived at the capital once more only to discover that the company was now open for business.

The company’s name was called Tianxing Networking LLC.

Author note: I had originally planned on calling it Shanda Online, but Qidian said no.

Yao Xiaoxue had even printed out several business cards with their industry, address, and telephone printed on it. With Wang Chao being the largest stockholder, he was the chairman. The others were called the general manager of technology and general manager of marketing.

Although the general manager was merely a commanding position, it still looked rather impressive on a business card.

“This is how business works, you cannot afford to look bad. You need to look big, you need to be aggressive. To not progress is to die.” Yao Xiaoxue explained to Wang Chao who accepted it as the truth.

With the company now officially open, they were able to attract several clients. Although they had a decent amount, it wasn't enough to strike it even. Every day increased their losses, but the fact that they were able to open was a good sign.

But Yao Xiaoxue had been at her wits end. She had even tried to pull in some university students as client so as to turn the situation around.

“You must know a decent amount of people at the Taekwondo dojo, could you be sure to take note of them for us? After all, you're the chairman, if the company goes down, then you will eat a major loss.” Yao Xiaoxue spoke to Wang Chao.

Wang Chao nodded his head in agreement, but he dedicated himself to practicing martial arts with Zhao Xinglong as his partner as well as Zhang Tong's bodyguards.

It was after he had managed to bring his strength up to a sufficient level, Wang Chao had been able to increase his level of proficiency with Taichi, but there was still no noticeable change.

His temples were still barely raised up, unlike sis Chen's whose temples were raised up an inch.

“Who knows when I'll be able to get to the Hidden Jin stage and split apart even stone.” Wang Chao knew that he had to rise in skill steadily, but he was still

anxious nonetheless.

The university exams in June had quickly gone by. Even after walking out of the room, Wang Chao didn't know what subject he had just tested for, neither did he know what grade he could possibly get.

The Tianxing Networking LLC was still keeping an adequate cash flow and had taken in only a minor amount of deficits.

As for Wang Chao's martial arts, he hadn't made any significant progress.

A week after the exams, Wang Chao was practicing with a staff under the moonlight when all of a sudden, his phone rang.

Picking it up, the sound of Cao Yi came through the receiver.

"I've heard you opened up an online company?" Cao Yi was straight to the point. "It seems that several parts of this area's government is in need of replacing parts of their servers. After crunching some numbers, it'll be worth several hundred thousand RMB. How about it, want to grab this prize? If you can beat the competition and disregard the middleman fees, you'll get a net profit of at least four or five hundred thousand RMB. Even the future maintenance won't be all that bad in terms of pay."

Stunned, Wang Chao replied, "This is business with the government, officials, and even the big spenders. Would you help put a word in for us?"

Cao Yi replied, "Of course I'll put in a word for you if you can just help me with a single task."

"What task?" Wang Chao asked.

"It's nothing major. Our public security bureau will be taking on a huge case tomorrow to sabotage one of the narcotic smuggling rings in the underworld. I don't know how, but the news station managed to get wind of this and insisted upon doing an on-the-spot interview. It's that reporter from last time, Zhu Jia, do you remember her? Your mission is to protect her; let her gather news and report it without making an issue of safety or security. Her father is an extremely influential person, so if you manage to keep up a good relationship with her, your business with the government won't ever be finished! However, if she comes across any problems, then you're finished! How about it, are you up to

the task?”

Cao Yi’s words had an enticing tone it.

“Obviously!” Wang Chao replied.

Chapter 35: Taking Part in a Dangerous Operation (First)

Chapter 35: Taking part in a dangerous operation (First)

What is the most profitable target for business? Without a doubt, it would be the government.

On the inverse, the least profitable way of business is with the public.

One way is profitable, the other is not, but the only thing dividing the two ways was the single word, "Connections."

If one had the proper connections, then after an investment of millions, it was possible to get a return profit of almost a billion. Furthermore, this profit could then be used to give as a loan; this was the biggest realm a wolf could climb to. In the eyes of Wang Chao, this was the same as reaching the Transforming Jin.

With no connections, then even the competent would only be able to watch the profit go to others. Even if they were to get the business of the government, it would only come in the form of an IOU.

The moment when he had helped start the Tianxing Networking company, he had taken up loss after loss. It could be ascertained that if no major change were to occur, then in three months, the company would be forced to shut down. The stock shares by this point would be worthless.

Back when Wang Chao had invested 50,000 RMB, it was in part due to Yao Xiaoxue's logical, but hyped words. The other half was because of his idea to make money. In the end, the Taekwondo dojo couldn't be his workplace for his entire life. He needed the wages to be more, and so he began to help other people.

It was only because he himself didn't understand how to earn money as a business. Because of that and the fortunate encounter of these university students wanting to start a startup that he had decided to give it a try. He never would have known that he would be taking up a loss each day in thanks due to

the rent, utilities, commerce, inspections and other fees that had left him in turmoil.

“Business seems simple, but it is far more complex than Chinese boxing.”

Wang Chao could only sigh when he thought about that.

Yao Xiaoxue and the three other girls had been worried as well. Even after running everywhere to and from to find clients, there was still not enough business to make up for their experience.

“To say something is one thing, to actually do it is another.” After this personal practice, each of the six university students finally grasped the meaning behind the phrase. Because of the performance, Yao Xiaoxue had found it quite embarrassing to talk to Wang Chao.

Even after everything, more than half the company had been funded by him. In three months, the deficits they had taken would eat up all of their money. Meeting each other was an awkward experience, and because they were still both students, they had not yet been able to master the art of the poker face.

The sky had been reflected in the waters that night. With the moon shining straight through the the lotus flower like clouds and the waters from the lake slapping against the shore, it was a very emotional sight.

After speaking with Cao Yi, Wang Chao began to think, *“How fortunate, this is the power of connections. Old man Cao, with your patience and mysterious identity, are you conspiring against me somehow? I only know how to practice Chinese boxing and nothing else. The barefoot doesn’t fear ruining their shoes and to not earn profit with money is not my way of living. Let’s see what happens from now.”*

Knowing that bait was being hung over him, Wang Chao couldn’t help but bite at it.

While the Tianxing Networking company wasn’t large, it was still Wang Chao’s first investment so he didn’t wish for it to fail. He knew that if he could get Cao Yi’s recommendation, then it would prove beneficial for him.

After some thinking, Wang Chao finally composed himself and drew out a long breath. Holding the end of the staff, he began to get into position once more.

This position that Wang Chao was standing in was the stance for the Assault of Dragon and Snake.

Sis Chen had left behind a staff that was neither thick or thin and was 2.9 meters long. The body was sleek in design and in the color red.

The staff was heavy to the touch and was flexible yet strong. Any ordinary person wouldn't be able to understand the staff's power even if they were to use it.

But this was still a weapon. The spear was the king of all weapons, and as Lao She had written, "The blade for a year, a staff for a month, and a spear for all eternity."

The spears were specifically made with quality in mind. After planting a tree to maturity with constant trimming so that the tree would not deviate from branching apart or any scars. After several years, it was processed to become a pole. After being smoked to prevent decay, it was fitted to its current state, a spearhead was attached to it.

With such a careful and extensive production like this, then with a good horse, one would be able to kill hundreds like grass on the battlefield.

Without a doubt, the spear that sis Chen had left behind was an expertly made spear without Wang Chao having any idea of where she had it made.

Wang Chao held the staff with one hand by the end and with a part of it touching against his rib. Using his hips, he kept them at an equal level with his arms.

The body of the spear began to tremble as Wang Chao began to draw circles with the spearhead. As if it was a brush, Wang Chao began to write words in midair.

As his spear moved, Wang Chao's entire body shook as well. By this point, it was almost unclear which was the more accurate description of this scene. Was it the man driving the spear, or was it the spear controlling the man?

This one move of the Dragon and Snake style had incorporated the Horse Stance, Snake Posture, Dragon Posture and the Eagle Posture. Even the movements of the circular rotation of the spearhead followed the teaching of

Taichi.

This one move from the Dragon and Snake style seemed as if it incorporated the mysteries of many martial art disciplines.

With the gentle rays of the moon shining down onto Wang Chao as if bathing him. He suddenly felt as if he had transformed into a python that was crawling around the shores and drinking in the moonlight.

As the moonlight gradually wrapped around him, Wang Chao started to feel scales sprout up from his skin and two heavy like dragon horns began to grow from his head.

“The snake will transform to become a dragon!”

Suddenly, a bright ray of light speared through the dark skies, awaking Wang Chao from his thoughts.

The skies had already grown bright with the sun rising up into the air. That ray of light that had hit Wang Chao had been from the sun.

“Practicing my posture took up the entire night?” Wang Chao suddenly thought about the scales and horns that he had imagined growing out from his body, he shook himself from his delusions. In order to make sure nothing was wrong, he touched at his temples just to see if there were any horns.

“So it was a dream!”

With a laugh, Wang Chao thought for a moment, *“I probably sealed my pores for too long, that’s why it felt like scales were forming. My Qi probably went up to my temples, make it seem that horns were forming as well.”*

But after inspecting himself, Wang Chao didn’t feel tired at all as if he had instead slept for the entire night.

“This must be the stage of enthrallment. When practicing stances, this is where progress will be shown best.” Retrieving his spear, he returned to the villa. Yesterday night’s events was still weighing on his mind as if there was a magical effect on him. It was only after half a day that he had figured out what had happened. *“Yesterday night, my ideas were not in control of my body, but my body still responded? Is this the instinctive motions of Taichi? When fighting an*

opponent, one can use their own strength against them without thinking. When the opponent doesn't move, neither do I. When the opponent makes a move, I move first!"

"But I was only in a dream like state by accident. Right now there's no way I could do it again. If I wanted to use it in an actual fight, aren't I far too away for that still?"

Thinking about the entranced state he had been in, he tried to imitate it once more, but after several attempts, he failed to feel anything. He only knew that he would sometimes be able to sense something.

"Something like this can't be forced out. I can only come across this state at random while training. With time, the frequency I enter this state should go up as well."

After thinking for some time, Wang Chao knew that he couldn't try to force it any more and gave up.

Just at that moment, another phone call came from Cao Yi, "Are you going to do it or what? We've already mobilized."

"I'll be there straight away!" Wang Chao had given Cao Yi's words plenty of thought the day before. Immediately jumping into a car, he flew towards the Public Safety Bureau as quickly as possible.

Arriving at the doors, Wang Chao could see several guards standing still with a serious expression on their faces as they watched the passerbys walk by them. With one look, Wang Chao knew that he wouldn't be able to get it. Just as he was about to call Cao Yi, two people wearing camouflage clothing came out from the building.

"Are you Wang Chao?"

These two camouflage clothed men looked to be around 28 years old. One had a squared face while the other had thick eyebrows and both stood at 1.8 meters tall. From the way they walked, Wang Chao could tell they were both capable and experienced fighters that had gone through special SWAT training.

"I am." Wang Chao replied.

“Chief Cao told us to bring you inside, let’s go!” The two men looked at Wang Chao for a moment with a small look of surprise and disbelief.

The two SWAT members gave each other a look before schooling their emotions. Then, the squared faced man held out his hand.

Seeing such a friendly gesture, Wang Chao couldn’t be rude and quickly held out his hand.

The moment when the two men shook hands, Wang Chao could feel the other person exerting all of his force as if he was using an iron plier. Firmly squeezing Wang Chao’s hands, Wang Chao could feel a slight pain come from his muscles and bones.

“Eh? Is this a test?” Wang Chao suddenly realized what was happening then shook his arm slightly.

At the same time, his thumb had managed to grab hold of the other person’s hand right in between the thumb and index finger before pressing on it.

“Ow, hssssh!” The SWAT member could only feel his arm grow numb as a large amount of energy went past his waist before he himself was forced to the ground because of the numbness in his legs.

But his reaction had been quite fast and immediately straightened his knees the moment he realized what was happening so that he wouldn’t fall to the ground.

While this was going on, Wang Chao silently took back his hand with an empty smile on his face.

After the test, the two SWAT members gave each other another knowing look. “Chief Cao is inside giving the mission, come in!”

Wang Chao nodded his head and followed them in. Walking around several circles, they finally arrived right outside spacious conference room.

“We have returned!”

“Enter!”

The doors to the conference room opened up, allowing Wang Chao to see a group of SWAT members all seated down inside. In the middle, there was a giant

map and judging from the saliva on it, Cao Yi had been talking about it enthusiastically.

Aside from them, there was the beautiful news reporter Zhu Jia and her video reporter who was also seated.

When Wang Chao entered, everyone's eyes swiveled onto him in interest.

Chapter 36: Taking Part in a Dangerous Operation (Second)

Chapter 36: Taking part in a dangerous operation (Second)

The people within the conference room were many—Wang Chao counted at least a hundred people, leaving him at a loss at what to do. However, Wang Chao had managed to master his emotions and nodded his head with a smile before turning to look at Cao Yi calmly.

When Cao Yi saw Wang Chao enter, he stopped his speech for a moment before waving Wang Chao over, “This person is the Taekwondo dojo top-notch instructor, Wang Chao. For this mission, we will be having him protect the news reporter, does anyone have any objections?”

Immediately after Cao Yi had spoken, an outrage had broken out, especially from the news reporter Zhu Jia and the male interviewer.

But a few of the men looked past Wang Chao and towards the two SWAT members behind him.

The two SWAT members slowly nodded their heads as if silently communicating the fact that they had already tested Wang Chao.

Without a doubt, this was the result from when they shook hands with Wang Chao to test his strength.

Even with Wang Chao being a top level instructor for the Taekwondo dojo, his age had made many people doubt him as a person who would not have what it takes to kill.

“Is this why Cao Yi introduced me as an instructor, to help me? If he had said I was a recently graduated high schooler, then there would be absolutely no person here willing to believe me.”

It was about now that Wang Chao had realized why he was introduced to be an instructor.

“There is no such thing as a free lunch. Cao Yi is a very calculative person, but

I'd best be careful not to fall into any traps and avoid any difficulties. If I can exploit any connections and earn some money, then that'll be enough for me."

"Alright, all of the concrete details are out of the way now." After the introduction of Wang Chao, Cao Yi took a look at the watch on his wrist with a serious look. "Everyone, get into your assigned vehicle. In two hours, we will gather at the front and depart at once!"

"Crash!" In a single wave of sound, everyone stood up and began to walk out of the room.

"Chief Cao, is he really going to be our bodyguard?" After everyone had left, Zhu Jia came up to him.

Tonight, Zhu Jia was wearing a black business suit that emphasized her S shaped curve and beautiful face. With this combination, her beauty had been magnified, giving her the mature charm of a business lady.

Looking at Wang Chao, Zhu Jia swiveled the microphone in her hand for a moment before handing it over to the male reporter behind her. Then, with a clap of her hands, she began to ask Cao Yi several more questions in skepticism.

Although the two had met before, Zhu Jia had only been a small time reporter, and Wang Chao was nothing more than a wretched high schooler with a bad temperament. There was no way for her to remember him.

"Dear reporter, please do not doubt my insight." Rapping at the conference table in front of him, he looked at Wang Chao with a raised eyebrow. "The reporter here doesn't believe in you, demonstrate your ability."

"My martial arts is for an enemy, not a performance." Wang Chao raised his eyebrows at Cao Yi's request before looking around the room for a moment. At the same time, he drew close to Cao Yi and whispered so that no one else could hear him, "My martial arts isn't at the Hidden Jin stage yet, fighting people would be fine, but for anything else, it'd be useless. Plus, when I was learning martial arts, I didn't learn how to put on a performance. Are you trying to sabotage me?"

"Why didn't you say so earlier!" Cao Yi hissed back before replying, "No matter, it would be best if you tried to demonstrate. Zhu Jia's father is the

deputy secretary of the capital's committee. Not only that, but he is in charge of cultural and online affairs. Her uncle is also the municipal committee's secretary. Think about it, if you get to know her, what benefits would this bring you?"

"Wa, Zhu Tianliang is her uncle?" Even Wang Chao had known just who the municipal committee's secretary was.

"So you say!" Cao Yi snorted, "With such a major operation like this, do you not think it is strange for the public safety bureau to have a reporter following us like this? To be honest, even if it was a reporter from China Central Television, I'd drive them all away! We don't even have enough manpower, so where would we even begin to find any police officer to protect a news reporter?!"

"What's more, this is an extremely major piece of information. If Zhu Jia succeeds to broadcast the news, then this would give the province's television station even more power. If you help her, imagine what benefit that would bring."

The two had spoken very quickly, but Wang Chao's understanding of the topic had been even faster. Speaking out loud, his tone had changed, "Although I won't demonstrate, since there's not anyone around and at the insistence of my friend chief Cao, allow me to go through one of the stances."

"Oh?" Zhu Jia looked at Wang Chao with a small sneer forming on her face.

Although Wang Chao had a mature air around him, his age was still enough to put him in doubt. Furthermore, Zhu Jia herself was the child of a high ranking person. While she saw many high ranking officials, not a single one of them were lower in power than Wang Chao.

So for that reason, Zhu Jia had not been intimidated or put in awe by the "Kingly Air" Wang Chao had.

"Chief Cao wouldn't disregard the police officer's ability and find a strong Taekwondo student to be your bodyguard. While Taekwondo looks good while kicking, if a bodyguard is needed, we might as well grab an armed police officer."

Zhu Jia was not completely ignorant of martial arts. She had a decent level of understanding of both the dangers she was about to embark on, and the level of protection that would be needed. Hearing Wang Chao's words, she was

displeased and was about to ask for Cao Yi to switch her bodyguard. But when Wang Chao had spoken about showing her going through a stance, she had to admit she was interested by a small amount.

“Fine. Then Wang....then would *master* Wang demonstrate for us?” Zhu Jia had hesitated for a moment on calling him a master, but in the end she had managed to speak in a sarcastic manner that held nothing to conceal her amused look.

Without speaking any more, Wang Chao’s figure disappeared into the air before flying onto the table. His movement had been so swift, even Cao Yi had been shocked.

Stepping onto the table without a sound or shaking the table, Wang Chao continued to walk in a circular motion using the methods of Bagua. Despite everything, the table had remained as still as ever.

After making a quick circular movement, Wang Chao’s leg bent down before leaping onto the headrest of the chair.

Every chair within the conference had a single backrest that was very thin and tall. Even if a child were to leap onto it, the chair would topple over immediately. But Wang Chao had managed to swivel around on the headrest of the chair before leaping back onto the table right in front of Zhu Jia’s astonished eyes.

Cao Yi had naturally seen through what discipline Wang Chao had used to maintain a steady balance, but the first person to call it out had unexpectedly been Zhu Jia.

“This looks like Bagua Zhang a little bit...” Zhu Jia had a small amount of interest in her voice, “I saw uncle Li teaching this last year in the Beijing militia...”

As if realizing that she had blurted out something unnecessary, Zhu Jia immediately shut her mouth before nodding at Cao Yi. “If he is my bodyguard, then I am satisfied.”

Cao Yi let out a breath of air in relief, “Let’s go into the office for a while and rest up.”

Cao Yi’s office space had been elegant in nature. After pouring some tea, Zhu Jia began to revert back to her news reporter instincts and began to bombard

Wang Chao with questions. But Wang Chao's words had been half true and half false so as to avoid any future conflicts.

Yet Wang Chao was also interested in getting to know Zhu Jia so he had spoke with in a friendly manner. Combined with the occasional words from Cao Yi to adjust the situation, the atmosphere had been rather friendly.

Two hours quickly went by.

The night sky had been extremely dark by now. By now, there was over 20 police cars filled with police officers armed with bullet proof vests, helmets, and guns.

Even Wang Chao had been fitted with a bulletproof vest and helmet.

Cao Yi's assignments had been quite strict. Wang Chao had been left unaware of any of the plans or details. The only thing he had known was that he was to protect Zhu Jia.

Because he was her bodyguard, it was mandatory that they sat together. Unfortunately for Wang Chao, Zhu Jia's perfume had managed to waft into Wang Chao's nose and eyes, making him want to sneeze.

Weewoo weewoo! The police sirens began to blare as the cars filed out of the bureau one by one.

But the moment they exited the city, the sirens immediately stopped. Driving silently for an hour, each of the police cars continued to make their way down the winding roads until they reached a dark and mysterious factory.

Chapter 37: Crane Style Wingchun, Euros and Guns

Chapter 37: Crane styled Wingchun, Euros and guns

“Turn on your lights! First unit, second unit, snipers, commando, move move move!” Cao Yi’s commands had been barely louder than a whisper, but everyone had heard it loud and clear.

With a swishing sound, several lights were turned on, illuminating the dark factory with a bright light.

The very moment the spotlights shined onto the dark factory, it instantly exploded with an uproar. Although it was some distance away, but the night wind had carried the sounds to Wang Chao’s ears as if a nest of mice had been startled awake.

Before Wang Chao and the people he was protecting had even stepped out of the car, the other policemen had already jumped out. Charging out from the cars, they flashed their lights onto the dark factory and flew towards it with their guns poised.

“This...is some high quality movements. These police officers are not just any run of the mill ones.”

At this sight, even Wang Chao couldn’t help but sigh to himself in admiration, *“If it’s just some criminals hiding away in that factory, would they be able to escape from the hands of justice?”*

Imagining himself in the shoes of the criminals, Wang Chao’s imagination went wild as he began to run through a quick mental simulation. In the end, he only had a single conclusion: If he was in the factory, he only had a 10% chance of escaping.

From the movements of these forces, Wang Chao wasn’t even sure if they were police, SWAT, or even the militia.

With these movements, Wang Chao couldn’t imagine just what type of criminals they were trying to capture. All he knew was his own mission to protect

the female newsreporter.

He was an outsider after all. Even Cao Yi wouldn't disclose sensitive information to him.

Zhu Jia was a thorny rose that was very problematic in such a sting operation like this. At the same time, she was an untouchable person that one could not offend. With such a combination, it was natural to try and find a scapegoat.

"Hurry up and follow them, what are you doing?! Follow them quickly and bring up your camera! We absolutely have to have the first-hand shooting of this." Suddenly, Zhu Jia flew forward with her male cameraman with a microphone in hand. Putting on a helmet as well, she followed behind the other police officers.

Without wasting any time, Wang Chao ran after them with his pores sealed shut and his hair standing up on the ends. With his ears ready to hear all and his eyes ready to see everything, his entire concentration was put to the limit.

On the other side, when Cao Yi saw Zhu Jia follow up behind them, a bitter grimace was on his face. he knew that advising her would be useless since his words would become a weapon instead.

But even with that, he shook his hands and ordered for two SWAT to follow them from behind.

These two SWAT members were the two that had first tested Wang Chao. They were both strong and rich with experience. With such a valuable skillset, Cao Yi could rest assured; but just before he could relax, his walkie talkie blared into life.

"Reporting to the chief, this is the commando squad. We've entered the factory and was met with resistance. Opposition doesn't have any high caliber weaponry, just pistols. Awaiting for further instructions!"

"Force your way through!" Cao Yi ordered as he spat out the four words coldly.

Zhu Jia and Wang Chao followed their way into the factory smoothly without coming across any trouble. With the police upfront, they could clean away any trouble.

This abandoned factory had to have belonged to an old company. The brick walls were collapsed everywhere with tall grass and rats being seen in every corner.

Bang bang bang! A series of gunfire filled the open air and broke the previous silence in the courtyard.

The male reporter began to quiver in fear at the sound of the gunfire, his camera shaking along with him.

“Just what the hell are you good for! Being scared by such a small sound, have you ever thought about the war reporters? If you don’t film everything, then your bonus will be cut!” Zhu Jia spoke with excitement, “Aim the camera at me.”

As soon as the camera shined on her, Zhu Jia underwent a transformation of appearance, “Fellow audience, I am....currently at the scene of an underground drug trafficking ring...right now our brave officers are fighting it out with the evildoers right now....”

After introducing herself, Zhu Jia waved her hand to show off the scene behind her where several men had already charged in again.

Each room was extraordinarily dark despite the light flashing on it from the outside. Countless of gunfire could be heard as Wang Chao watched several squads bring out sub-machine guns. Setting themselves against a stable wall, they began to shoot into the darkness with the repeated rounds of bullets.

Ta ta ta! Ta ta ta! The intense barrage continued on for another minute in a clear attempt to prevent any of the screams of the dying criminals from being heard. Waving his hand, one of the police commanders ordered several men to charge into the rooms.

“Suppression by gunfire, how valiant!” This was the very first time Wang Chao had seen a true gun battle. When he saw just how rapid the sub-machine gun was spitting out bullets, even he had been startled.

At the same time, Wang Chao had compared his martial arts to the gunfire, *“What did the masters of the Republic of China era feel in front of such firepower? Master Cheng Tinghua, did he feel the same way I am feeling? Master Huang Feihong, when he was enlisted in the Marines and became*

disillusioned with martial arts, did he feel such a feeling like this?"

A profound feeling that was unclear on what emotion Wang Chao was truly experiencing burst out of Wang Chao's thoughts.

"Everyone's gone, who do we go with?" Seeing the officers all scatter, the male reporter blinked his eyes in fear.

"Head towards the most recent burst of gunfire!" Zhu Jia began to run without wasting any words. With that, the entire group began to ran towards the closest concentration of gunfire.

Upon opening the door, an abandoned workshop could be seen with several rusting machinery lying about. From the shining light outside, the environment on the inside was barely visible.

Casting an eye inwards, Wang Chao could see several bodies with as many holes a hornet nest laying about all over the place with blood leaking downwards.

A stinking amount of blood filled the air and combined with the rotten smell of mold. With these two smells, several of the reporters began to feel the need to vomit.

"Wagh!" One of the male reporters had already began to puke.

Wang Chao had already seen death before. Back when Cao Jingjing was kidnapped, the long haired man he had used the Three Pace Pounding Fist Jin on had died.

Although the kidnapper had died mainly because his hair had been caught in the fan, it had been caused by him. But now he had seen death before, allowing him to stay calm.

"Head on in, how useless are you!" Zhu Jia had felt nothing either. With a single curse, she called for people to follow her as she walked past the dead bodies inwards.

Just at that moment, bang! A single shot of gunfire could be heard from the other side of the door. With a single howl of pain, one of the male reporters fell down to the ground.

The bullet had shot through his arm.

“Get down!” The two SWAT members barked out before dropping to the ground themselves. Swiftly rolling to the corners, they took out their guns and began to fire as well.

At this crucial moment of self preservation, the two SWAT members obviously wouldn't charge upwards to protect Zhu Jia. This type of honor would be considered a martyr's death.

The chivalrous hero protecting another in a rain of gunfire was rarely seen elsewhere other than real life.

With cries for their mothers, the other reporters dropped to the ground and dared not to peek their heads up.

Wang Chao had been quick as well. Both of his hands flew forward as well as his legs. In a single movement, he took Zhu Jia to the ground and protected her with his body.

Needless to say, Wang Chao's ability with Taichi had already reached a high level. In this downwards push, Zhu Jia could only feel her body grow light for a moment before seemingly floating to the ground gently.

Then, Wang Chao's body came crashing down against hers, causing her heart to leap in shock.

“What are you doing? Hurry up and get off! I know how to lie down!” Zhu Jia knew the situation clearly, but she was unable to accept the situation she was currently in and immediately cried out in fury.

Suddenly, a loud bang could be heard from the other door once more, bang! A single bullet came flying down before falling against Wang Chao's body with a painful sound.

The two SWAT members fished out their pistols and shot into the door without any apprehensions about it.

“Hurry up and get up, now! The men inside are already dead, let's go!”

Zhu Jia jumped up with a hurry and took one of the cameras thrown aside from the cameraman. Then, she began to feel her way to the rear where the door was.

“This woman is gutsy, does she even mind her life!?”

Wang Chao’s body leapt up and followed after her.

Entering through the doors, there was yet another workshop with stools in the center next to a table. On the table were various bags of flour like powder.

Aside from that, there were also three officers on the ground groaning.

The three officers hadn’t any gun wounds, but looking from how they had lost their ability to stand, they were evidently knocked out from someone.

Apart from this, there were several other random dead bodies lying about.

A good majority of them were shot dead while a few others were still struggling to breathe.

“Drugs!” The moment when Wang Chao saw the items on top of the table, he immediately thought about the drugs he had always seen on TV.

Crash! Suddenly, a single body flew up, forcing Wang Chao to push Zhu Jia away. All he could see was two portable suitcases before the man pounced towards the window like a snake. Opening the window, he flew out.

Outside the window was a collapsed wall. And right outside of that was a field of corn that was then followed by a giant mountain.

It was summer so the corn wasn’t fully mature yet. But the stalks were tall enough to tower of a person.

During the day, it would have been hard to see anyone, but in the night, it would have been impossible.

Cao Yi had some people surround the corn fields, but since it was so large and they didn’t have enough people so it was impossible to cover every place.

The first wave of officers that were sent to the area had already been killed.

This meant that this wasn’t any regular criminal gang.

“Hurry up....chase them....” A single officer could sense that they were close and called out weakly to them.

“I’m fine, hurry up and go!” Zhu Jia could see him too and fiercely pushed Wang Chao off her chest.

When Wang Chao saw the man jumped out the window, he could tell that he was an expert. This caused an itchy feeling to well up within his heart.

And with the moonlight shining down, Wang Chao could see that the man was holding two suitcases before he jumped out the window. There wasn't any guns to be seen.

"Within these two suitcases has to be something good, maybe money!"

The room contained only men without the ability to fight so there was no immediate threat to Zhu Jia. With the rest of the officers coming in, there would be even less of a danger.

After analyzing the situation for a moment within his mind, Wang Chao suddenly leaped out the window like a monkey picking a fruit.

This was a part of the monkey form.

Climbing over the wall, Wang Chao arrived at the corn fields. With a motion like a snake through a field of grass, Wang Chao's figure flickered through it in a few quick steps.

In less than two minutes, he had already traveled far from the room. The other side of the building still rang out with the occasional sounds of gunfire, but nothing too fierce.

By this point, the man with the two suitcases was already back within his sight.

The corn fields had already reached an end. There was only a mountain with no path remaining. By this point, the man had already known that someone was chasing him. Immediately stopping in place, he set down the suitcases and turned around. Extending his arms, he resembled like a crane as he faced Wang Chao.

The man's figure suddenly transformed, his fists turned into beaks and shot towards Wang Chao's throat.

Wang Chao could only feel a sudden gust of wind before assaulting his throat as if he was choking.

"An expert!" When the expert had made a move, he had been caught unaware. But seeing just how the mysterious man moved, Wang Chao knew that

he was up against an expert he couldn't take lightly.

His left hand formed an eagle's claw and protected his throat to prevent it from being pecked out.

Bang! Although he had managed to contain the beak like hand, the five fingers suddenly loosened up and expanded. Wang Chao could only feel the power within the hand swell up as it clamped down onto his own.

The other man's hand had made his pores well up to resemble a strange looking glove.

"Another internal practitioner! This guy's Jin is stronger than mine! Not only that, but even his martial arts is stronger and more advanced than mine." Wang Chao had a decent amount of fighting experience, so in that brief moment of contact, he had been able to understand.

Unable to feel the enemy's potential movements, Wang Chao could only retreat backwards. Unfortunately for him, the enemy hadn't retracted his hand. His beak hand transformed into a claw and latched onto Wang Chao's arm before putting force onto his grip.

"Not good!" Wang Chao could sense that the power from the enemy go down his waist and into his legs, causing them to weaken and him to crouch down involuntarily.

This was the result of having his own potential movements sensed by the enemy.

Knowing that his situation wasn't looking good, Wang Chao's hands transformed to form a knife edge. With blood coursing through his veins and his knee resting on the ground, he pressed hard against the ground to propel him to the side.

At last he was back on stable grounding. Like a slippery fish, he was able to relinquish the enemy's hold onto him.

"Eh?!" The enemy hadn't let Wang Chao out from his sight. The arm that was holding Wang Chao's arm was thrown to the side before Wang Chao's knife hand tried to stab into his waist. With that, the man let out a sound of surprise.

Pa! Turning his body, the man slammed his fist against Wang Chao's knife hand. Swaying to the side, Wang Chao felt his hand go numb as if he was stabbed by a ball cactus.

"Hidden Jin!" Wang Chao's surprise was in no small amount. If his opponent had truly reached the Hidden Jin stage, then he would be no match for him.

But after some time, Wang Chao felt that while his arm had went numb, he didn't lose his fighting strength. This had meant that his opponent had only just reached the point of Hidden Jin and was not yet fully capable of using it.

Otherwise, an expert at the stage of Hidden Jin would have been able to strike with a pinpoint accuracy of a needle and like lightning. With a single strike, the nerves would be shot, rendering the muscles unable to exert force.

But with the opponent not yet at the Hidden Jin stage, Wang Chao could be assured that he had a chance. Carefully, he began to circle around the enemy using the footwork of Bagua.

The opponent's martial arts had been unbelievably fierce. Sticking up close and using Longfist way of fighting. He would always attack him from the front side with popping sounds from each blow like the waves slapping against the shores.

After five exchanges, Wang Chao had finally made out the man's true identity. He was a middle aged man around 30 years old with a round face and a build that was not too muscular. However, he looked as if he was filled with energy.

But when his opponent saw Wang Chao was only just a youngster, he couldn't help but feel shocked.

"Wingchun?" The enemy's style of fighting was similar to Xingyi Quan, but the way of fighting was more spiral like with a penetrative amount of power. Moreover, the fists would generally come very close to the body before issuing power towards the shoulders.

"You have good eyes!" The middle aged man took a step back and let out a breath of air. Then, like a crane grabbing at a snake, he struck.

Wang Chao stepped to the side before circling around as he used the monkey stance to leap up into the air. Dodging the strike, he used the Smashing Fist to strike back.

Pa pa pa pa! Fists struck against fist four times before Wang Chao felt his arm go numb once more. A strong amount of energy transmitted through to his back and then down to his vertebrae, causing him pain.

The enemy was using Wingchun which was based off the fight between a snake and a white crane, his style specifically was focused on the white crane aspect.

Wingchun was very prevalent in the coastal areas, but the true teachings were rarely passed down. Only Bruce Lee at the time had truly learned it.

Taichi had the art of pushing hands, Xingyi Quan had the art of the twisting hands, Bagua the rotating hands, and the Crane style Wingchun focusing on the art of coiling the hands. There were others that were hard to deal with, but all focused on listening to one's Jin and potential movement. It could even be said that all internal practitioners were interlinked with each other through martial arts.

Wang Chao had finally come across such an expert at the coiling fist. Not only was he unable to feel his potential movements, but he had nearly been swung to the ground.

"I've really come across a true expert this time!" Wang Chao felt a large amount of pressure and excitement within his chest. Leaping upwards, he began to go all out.

The middle age man was fighting harder and harder as well. His fists were like a hurricane and nearly covered Wang Chao via a series of combos that forced Wang Chao back.

After 10 exchanges within the corn field, Wang Chao leapt out.

"It's unfortunate this is a wide open space." Wang Chao thought to himself, *"Otherwise, I'd have been mowed down long ago."*

The two suitcases had been kicked open, revealing bills and bills of money.

The bills were not RMB, and neither was it the American dollar. It was purple in color and had a circle of rings. On the top right, there was a 500 printed on it.

This was the high face value Euro!

The two men continued to fight, but after two minutes, the other man began

to grow frantic. His attacks began to grow more frantic as his desire to kill Wang Chao and continue on his way grew stronger.

But Wang Chao hadn't been forced by back him and instead continued to travel around him.

This wasn't a wrestling match where there was a legal and illegal strike. If the man wanted to strike Wang Chao dead, it would not be easy.

Just at that moment, the corn maze began to snap with sounds as a figure came walking out.

It was Zhu Jia!

"Crap!" Wang Chao immediately realized the situation was going to hell.

Sure enough, once the man saw her, a sadistic smile overcame his face. Disengaging from Wang Chao, he charged at Zhu Jia.

But Zhu Jia wasn't afraid. Lifting her hands, several pops rang out! Pa pa pa pa pa pa! A series of gunfire could be heard as the middle aged man's body began to distort as if spinning around a pole.

Chapter 38: Steeling the Heart

Chapter 38: Steeling the heart

“What a pity!”

Wang Chao closed his eyes and let out a long breath of air as if trying to expel all of the air from his stomach. After the gunfire had stopped, a final bang could be heard as the man fell down to the floor. His hands were only a few inches away from Zhu Jia’s toes, but those few inches may as well have been an entire world apart since he was completely powerless now.

Zhu Jia’s face was pale and her chest continued to heave up and down violently. It took several moments in order for her to be calm once more. Taking a few steps back, she forced out a smile as she muttered a few words out loud, “One has to study marksmanship for a long time in order to have an accurate shot. Not only that, but one has to be steady in both hand and emotions. This way a shot will be guaranteed; if it weren’t for me practicing how to shoot, then I would have missed. I didn’t think that a martial artist would be so amazing though, it took so many bullets and yet he was able to get close enough.”

Wang Chao had only said a single phrase and nothing more. Slowly opening his eyes, he looked at the man on the ground only to see his eyes still wide open despite his death.

Letting out a sigh in admiration, Wang Chao stepped down to the body and covered his eyes. At the same time, he began to quell his own heart.

Wang Chao’s phrase of “What a pity!” had two meanings. The first had been regarding the man’s excellent martial arts. If this was an official match, then he wouldn’t have been an opponent for him. If the man were to calm himself down, in another ten minutes of fighting, Wang Chao’s inner Qi would have burst out from his pores from the fight then.

Although Zhu Jia had saved him this time, the man was still in the end an expert. After two years of practicing and experiencing many fights, Wang Chao had never been so excited as today. Although it was a bit scary, it was also

satisfying; but with the man dying by gunfire, Wang Chao felt dispirited.

The other reason was because of the two suitcases full of money. Back when Zhu Jia wasn't here, Wang Chao was thinking of ways to appropriate the money for himself. But now that she was here, he couldn't do such a thing.

A sudden but malicious thought popped up in Wang Chao's mind to silence her to get the money. But his thoughts were not the same as reality. If the officers came by later and he did anything that Zhu Jia would report, then he would take up a heavy loss.

And it was especially since this gunfight, Wang Chao didn't wish to kill anyone for money.

Because of that instant, his heart rate had went up, but he used the opportunity to close the dead man's eyes as a way to calm himself down.

It was at this moment that Zhu Jia had noticed the inner contents of the two suitcases and was unable to contain her shock. While Wang Chao didn't know the conversion rate, but she knew it well. Each 500 Euro bill could be equated to around 4000 or 5000 RMB. So that meant within the two suitcases, an innumerable sum of wealth could be had.

"To treat money as if it was dirt, I've always thought people like that existed only in books or TV. Who would have thought that there truly existed such a person?!"

While Zhu Jia had seen plenty of money before, she had been excited by the amount of Euros on the ground. But seeing how Wang Chao hadn't even given a glance at the money and instead and instead closed the eyes of the dead man, her opinion of Wang Chao couldn't help but go up several steps.

But unbeknownst to her, not only did Wang Chao desperately want the Euros, but his movement just now was an attempt to quell his emotions and evil thoughts.

"Cough cough...okay, no need for regret." Zhu Jia immediately put on a calm look. Realizing her voice was off-key, she started to cough to clear up her throat. "This is my first time using a gun on a person, in the past, I've always shot at targets. The fight you and he were having, I saw it all. Ai! For an expert like this

to go down by gunfire, even I'm unhappy so I understand your feelings.

Wang Chao's sigh had been full of regret and lament. As a news reporter, Zhu Jia had talked to many people before and had instantly realized what Wang Chao was feeling.

After calming himself, Wang Chao's heart began to liven up a bit. But the suitcases of Euros was something he hadn't even spared a glance at at all.

"An expert of Chinese boxing, whether good or bad, is a sorrowful affair when they die by gunfire. In the past, Bagua master Cheng Tinghua met his end like this, and so did Xingyi master Xue Dian." Wang Chao's voice was filled with regret. This was no act for Zhu Jia to see, this was Wang Chao's true feelings in regard to the powerful threat that was guns.

Bagua master Cheng Tinghua had died during the Eight-Nation Alliance invasion during the Boxer Rebellion, but he was still a true hero.

Xingyi master Xue Dian was Shang Yunxiang's disciple and was a master of Guoshu during the Republic of China. His martial arts had attained a realm of transformation. With his book of theory, he had developed and promoted Guoshu. It was unfortunate that when the Communist won in 1949, he had been executed by firing squad.

That had been Wang Chao's experience after reading. He had only one thought, one who practiced martial arts should die by the hands of another, not by gunfire.

Zhu Jia had killed someone for the very first time, although she knew she was safe from any legal repercussions, she had taken the life of a person in the end. With her heart pounding still, she couldn't help but sympathize with Wang Chao.

As she stepped forward to console Wang Chao, before she could say anything, her leg suddenly slackened, "Aiya!"

Hurriedly supporting her, Wang Chao asked, "What's wrong?"

"When I was running, I must have sprained my leg!" Zhu Jia had a forced smile on her face.

"Then I'll carry you back."

“Then, what about the money?”

“Report it to the officers and let them deal with it.” Wang Chao spoke. The Wang Chao of today was no longer the one of the past where he was tempted to kill for a measly hundred thousand. After disciplining himself and living in society, he knew the value of accepting a loss.

“En.” As Zhu Jia nodded her head, she looked at the dead man’s body on the ground. Trembling slightly, she spoke, “Let’s go then.”

Not too long after Wang Chao took Zhu Jia through the fields, the corn maze began to crackle with sounds as Cao Yi and several other officers came running.

Upon seeing the both of them, Cao Yi looked stunned for a moment before instantly crying out in concern, “Are you two okay?”

“I’m fine, just a sprained ankle. There’s a dead felon up front with what appears to be stolen goods. Go and search it!” Zhu Jia spoke.

With a single glance to the side, Cao Yi ordered the officers to go forward.

“Not bad, we just went through a small identity check. The one up front is Lin Lijun, he and his elder brother Lin Liqiang are both Singaporeans fighting experts who are important within the Chenshi Corporation Southeast Asian branch. It seems they were trying open up a connection through the mainlands and personally deal with drug transactions. By their plans, they were planning to set up account numbers to fund themselves through this. We’ve been following this case for a year now, and this is the very first time we’ve ever had a case that went over ten million RMB in goods. We didn’t see any of the Euros within the factory, so Lin Lijun must have taken it with him when he ran. I didn’t think that he would die by gunfire however. This is a great boon to us.”

Cao Yi’s words had caused Wang Chao to be surprised. he hadn’t thought that the bureau would have investigated everything so clearly. It was a good thing he didn’t succumb to his greed for money.

“What about the news reporters?” Zhu Jia asked.

“One was shot through the arm, but it’s nothing serious. We’ve already sent him to get it treated.”

“That’s fine then!” Zhu Jia nodded her head with a painful expression. “I’m getting tired and want to go take a rest. Take me home.”

The last phrase had been directed to Wang Chao.

Cao Yi gave a pleased nod to Wang Chao. As Wang Chao walked past him, Cao Yi spoke quietly, “You did great this time. Leave the business transaction to me, I’ll explain it to you in finer details tomorrow.”

Wang Chao waggled his eyebrows in a small smile, but he did not say anything.

Chapter 39: Overnight...

Chapter 39: Overnight...

While Zhu Jia looked calm after killing a person for the first time with a gun, she was clearly haunted by it as she climbed up into the car. Rubbing at her twisted ankle, her expression was rather absent-minded.

Cao Yi hadn't neglected Zhu Jia at all and escorted her back in a police car. She lived in the southern part of downtown where it was a little isolated. Even at the door, Zhu Jia had been inconvenienced by her ankle and so she had Wang Chao accompany her to the elevator.

There were 15 floors to the building, but it wasn't as big as Wang Chao thought. There were two lounges and had an elegant arrangement. There was calligraphy paintings on the walls with green setose asparagus plants decorating the place. By the windows, there were wind chimes that rang out with a melodious sound each time a wind passed through it, giving the place a scholarly and elegant feel. It was not like some of the other female houses where several dolls could be seen.

"Ah, sit down."

When Zhu Jia was sitting on the sofa with her eyes closed, she had suddenly realized she was lacking manners and quickly invited Wang Chao to sit down.

"Is your ankle alright?" Wang Chao looked around the place with a reserved glance.

"There's no pain now. If I go to sleep, it'll be fully healed I'm sure." Zhu Jia shook her leg as an attempt to feel it. Sure enough, it was not as bad as before, allowing her to make a cup of tea for Wang Chao. "I've troubled you today, allow me to treat you out to a meal another day as thanks."

Taking a sip of the tea, Wang Chao began to think about the fight he had with the Crane styled Wingchun expert Lin Lijun, *"It was a one sided battle. I couldn't keep up with his offense; his martial arts was really too amazing. Zhao Xinglong's words about the coast having a lot of strong martial artists weren't a*

lie after all. Right now, I'm truly the frog at the bottom of the well. But that Chenshi Corporation, this has to be the third time I've heard about them. Just what is their history?"

The first time he had heard about the Chenshi Corporation had been when Cao Jingjing had been kidnapped. The second time had been when Zhao Xinglong talked about the multimillion bet. This third time was in regards to the criminal drug trafficking ring and that they were stationed in Singapore.

"No wonder they wanted to use Cao Jingjing's kidnapping as a way to force Cao Yi into their group. It would open up a drug route into the mainland."

Connecting the series of events together, Wang Chao was able to look at it from a bystander's perspective and piece together several more clues.

Wang Chao had a feeling that in the future, he would be coming across the Chenshi Corporation many times.

But this wasn't a sudden realization. After hearing Zhao Xinglong's story, he knew that the number one expert in the coastal area was Chen Aiyang. As a martial artist, Wang Chao wanted to know what he was like. But right now, he didn't have the right to even see him, "Hello, is it Shanshan? Did you want to come over tonight? I'm bored and need someone to talk to!" Just as Wang Chao was preparing to say goodbye, Zhu Jia was making a phone call. "What, you're working overtime? That's fine, another time then."

Putting down the phone, Zhu Jia began to put in another number, "Hello, Honghong? I'm bored at home today, want to hang out? What? You're with your boyfriend? Ah...that's fine then..."

Calling number after number, Zhu Jia wasn't able to find a single person and grew depressed with each phone call.

"After killing someone with a gun for the first time, it would be a problem if she wasn't afraid." Wang Chao understood just what feelings Zhu Jia was going through.

"Is your marksmanship good? I heard that if a person with not enough training were to shoot a person standing still, it would fail to land, is that true?"

When Wang Chao asked his question, Zhu Jia instantly thought back to her

circumstances and began to tremble. Forcing out a smile, she nodded, "That's true for the most part. A bullet will miss its mark 60 or 70% of the time. There's also a good chance of injuring yourself, but I've practiced target shooting before already."

Because many of the past martial artists had died by gunfire, Wang Chao naturally had an interest in them. But in reality, he wasn't willing to bother trying to learn marksmanship and instead just wanted to understand it.

Although he wanted to ask more about it, Wang Chao knew what was going on in Zhu Jia's heart. Not willing to dwell anymore on it, he quickly changed the topic.

"Do you live by yourself in this place?"

"Yes, it's just me. My house is in the capital, so this is just a temporary home for me." Zhu Jia nodded.

"This place is pretty nice and quiet." Wang Chao spoke before adding on his goodbyes, "You should rest up, I'll be returning now."

"Hold on, stay for a moment longer." Zhu Jia seemed as if she was afraid of being alone, so when Wang Chao said that the place was quiet, her face scrunched up subconsciously. "I'll take a shower, so just stay here for now. In a moment I want to interview you. I am quite interested in making a martial artist exclusive interview."

Back during the interview amongst the gunfire, she had been courageous and did not appear to be afraid. But now that everything was over, the fear was creeping up on her.

For the sake of speaking to dilute her fear, she had asked Wang Chao to remain behind, but her words were already almost incoherent.

"Alright." In that moment, Wang Chao seemed as if he had already grasped the enemy's movements and prepared to understand how Zhu Jia's heart worked.

"People have said that a woman's heart is like a needle at the bottom of the sea. Just how is it that I understand what she is thinking about?" Shaking his head, Wang Chao tried to dispel any random thoughts from his mind, but Zhu Jia had already walked out of the room.

Soon enough, the splashing sounds of water could be heard from the bathroom on the other side of the room.

Instead of having any perverse thoughts, Wang Chao began to think about the fight he had with the Crane styled Wingchun expert Lin Lijun.

Unknowingly, he stood up and began to go through the motions of recreating the fight. He was deeply immersed in the memories of his fight with Lin Lijun.

“What are you imitating now, how did you get so meticulous with your training?”

Out of nowhere, a sound had jolted Wang Chao out from his thoughts. Tilting his head, Wang Chao saw Zhu Jia appear out of nowhere dressed in relaxed clothing and her hair wrapped with a towel. She looked much more charming than when she was in her business suit which made her seem cold.

“A boxer must stick to his task, and rest a singer’s mouth should not ask!” Wang Chao stared at Zhu Jia, “A day without practicing is to grow slow in both hand and leg. Two days without practicing is to lost half of everything. Three days of no practice is to become an amateur, and four days is to become blind to martial arts.”

“Pwomph!” While Wang Chao was talking, Zhu Jia had sat back down, “Okay, let’s talk then. With your martial arts, can you use a reed to cross the river or fly across the skies?”

“Those are just myths.” Wang Chao didn’t know whether to laugh or cry before beginning to set things straight.

Zhu Jia had only wanted a person to talk to. As they talked, Wang Chao’s words began to grow more and more amiable and enthusiastic before Zhu Jia suddenly blurted out. “Why is it that you don’t sweat at all? I could see that your movements were always so fierce and intense.”

Smiling, Wang Chao explained it to her. Then, he began to ask his own questions like her family, work, and even her age. Even her seventh uncle and eight aunt had been talked about.

After a while, Zhu Jia’s eyelids began to droop before finally falling asleep on the sofa. After being frightened, she had finally succumbed to her fatigue.

After seeing this, Wang Chao could only leave the place. Out on the streets, the sky was already quickly turning bright with even the birds tweeting out loud.

With the sky all bright now, Zhu Jia had woken up with a start. After inspecting her body for anything wrong, she began to think about yesterday night's events.

"Did I actually let a guy stay overnight?" Zhu Jia thought to herself in amazement.

Chapter 40: Might of the Government, Transforming Jin and Presence

Chapter 40: Might of the Government, Transforming Jin and Presence

Not even an hour after Wang Chao had left Zhu Jia's house, Wang Chao's phone began to get a call from Cao Yi.

Before the two were to meet up at a coffee shop, Wang Chao had given a call to several of his company's business officers to come over as well.

"What? A hundred thousand business deal? Maintaining the government's online projects?" After taking Wang Chao's phone call, Yao Xiaoxue had nearly jumped out of her skin. After ensuring that she hadn't heard things wrong, she and the other 3 females immediately hopped on a car to C city.

"This is the public safety bureau chief, Cao Yi. Chief Cao, these are my friends, please explain the situation to them." Once in the cafe, Wang Chao had introduced Yao Xiaoxue to Cao Yi. "My business is relied on these people, all of the finer details are managed by them."

After the two sides were introduced, Yao Xiaoxue and the three other female had transformed to be worthy of being called university students of the new age. The very instant they had heard of Cao Yi's status, their eyes began to shine as they began to call him uncle this and uncle that as if bewitched.

Cao Yi had only smiled with a calm expression before recounting the situation, "This is how things are right now. Three of the regional government projects are currently being bid for. You will compete as well. This afternoon, we will be having a celebrational convention to celebrate the conclusion of our drug ring case. Many influential men will be here, including municipal secretary Zhu. You all will come along, and Wang Chao will make contact with Zhu Jia. It would be for the best if Wang Chao says a few words to Zhu Tianlang; then, the government projects will be given to you with no problems."

"So that's the plan." Wang Chao had instantly understood Cao Yi's meaning. To pull in Zhu Jia to grab Zhu Tianlang was akin to the fox making use of the

tiger's might. If speaking to one of the regional leaders, all one would need to do is to state their intentions covertly, and the business of the government would come easily.

"Alright then. This celebration will be taking place at 3 PM at the 28th floor of the Shennong Hotel. at that time, you will invite Zhu Jia to go. Take some pictures with her as her bodyguard. This will be of merit to you and she will definitely thank you. I still need to head back and arrange a few things. Whether or not this works out for you, it is up to you now."

With that, Cao Yi walked out of the coffee shop and into his own car.

"This situation is pretty complicated. Interpersonal relationships are quite troublesome! How do people not get dizzy from this?" Knowing what Cao Yi had meant, Wang Chao felt that his own personal worth had gone up by quite an amount.

He was by nature a person who wasn't very sociable. It was only after learning martial arts under Tang Zichen that he had grown in confidence. But still, in his heart, he still did not find pleasure in talking to others,

If it was possible, Wang Chao wished to permanently soak into the world of Chinese boxing. He wanted to go back to the time where sis Chen was teaching him without a care in the world.

But that was out of the question now. Since ancient times, even martial arts wasn't enough to bring about wealth. If he had neither wealth or fame, then he would never be able to head outside of China to search for sis Chen.

"Chairman, this will spell out life or death for our company, so we will be relying on you." Yao Xiaoxue and the other three looked at Wang Chao.

"Rely on me!" Wang Chao widened his eyes. "In a moment I'll be relying on you! Dealing with those leaders and bosses, you have to be careful so that you won't be taken advantage of, so don't blame me."

"You don't have to worry, chairman!" The four females answered at the same time. "The person who will lead to success will come. You should go ahead and give a call to the niece of the municipal secretary!"

The day Zhu Jia had killed a person, her heart had been fluctuating wildly and

given out her phone number in that moment.

After thinking about it, Wang Chao had no other choice. Picking up his phone, he was about to dial in Zhu Jia's phone number when it began to ring automatically. Picking it up, he heard Zhu Jia's voice.

"Hello, is this Wang Chao?"

"It's me."

"It's Zhu Jia. There's going to be a celebration at the Shennong Hotel today. I wanted to thank you for yesterday so....how about you and I go together?"

Wang Chao let out a breath in relief before replying.

"Where are you right now?" Zhu Jia asked.

"The coffee shop right outside the public safety bureau."

"Good, then I'll come over straight away." With that, she quickly hung up. Not even a moment too late, she came walking out of a taxi and into the coffee shop. The moment when he saw Wang Chao with four other females, she couldn't help but be surprised.

"These are the managers of my company, we are planning to bid on some of the government projects." Wang Chao introduced her to them quickly.

"Your company?" Zhu Jia looked at the four females with doubt.

"Ah, so this is sister Zhu!" Yao Xiaoxue already knew of Zhu Jia's history and immediately hit it off with her.

Three of the females were already making more noise than a hundred ducks, but now there were five!

As Yao Xiaoxue and Zhu Jia continued to talk, Wang Chao had been unable to interject or even wanted to. Instead, he chose to sit there and rest with his eyes closed.

Not too long later, Wang Chao had noticed something strange happening. While Zhu Jia and Yao Xiaoxue chatted amongst each other, they would occasionally look over at him. But whenever he and their eyes met, they would quickly avert their gaze away.

Wang Chao hadn't been able to understand at all. *"Is there something wrong with my face? Was it because of yesterday? But I didn't notice anything yesterday, so did something happen while we were chatting? Why can't I figure them out?"* Wang Chao couldn't understand at all.

3 PM quickly came by, forcing the group of 6 to head towards the five-star Shennong Hotel.

Upon reaching the hotel, they were instantly stopped by the personnel at the door. Because of the celebrational convention, bystanders were not allowed entry. But with a few words and a flash of her identity from Zhu Jia, they were all allowed entry. Zhu Jia was a public figure and news anchor, even the personnel there knew of her.

Reaching the 28th floor, there was a huge conference room. On the right side, there was a huge dazzling sight with plenty of people chatting to each other. The vast majority of the men were all officials with a beer belly.

The moment when the officials saw Zhu Jia, their eyes all lit up and began to cry out in greeting. At the same time, they began to take notice of Wang Chao, Yao Xiaoxue and the others while trying to figure out their identities.

Cao Yi and several other leading members of the public safety bureau could be seen amongst the clamor, but Wang Chao was definitely not used to such an environment.

"Secretary Zhu has arrived!" An unknown voice called out, bringing the room into an uproar almost instantly. Wang Chao craned his head to take a look at the source of the noise, only to see the impressive figure of a middle aged man accompanied by several other men.

This was the secretary who held the entire C City in his hands and was Zhu Jia's uncle Zhu Tianlang.

When Zhu Tianlang entered the room, he nodded his head with a smile. Almost instantaneously, the noise in the room had stopped as if an unknown energy had blocked everyone's throats.

"The might of the government, this is the might of the government." Although he had seen the secretary on TV before, meeting him in person was a completely

different feeling. Wang Chao could feel an incredibly powerful energy coming from him.

“If this is the power of a municipal committee secretary, then what about the provincial party, prime minister, or even the premier of the nation? Power and authority, surely these two go hand in hand.” Wang Chao thought. *“Sis Chen had said in her A True Record of Guoshu, when a person’s martial art has reached the Transforming Jin stage, they have a method of attack called Presence. Without needing to move their hands, they can use their eyes to intimidate their enemies. I didn’t believe it, but now that I see it, it is undoubtedly true...”*

Chapter 41: Awareness of Being a Shield

Chapter 41: Awareness of being a shield

“Learning martial arts originated from the predecessors trying to understand life itself. This is what sis Chen first taught me when I was learning the horse stance. It seems that any particular detail in life can be used to understand Chinese boxing. This is the true attitude towards learning martial arts and its true meaning.”

Just as Wang Chao was comparing the Presence from Transforming Jin to Zhu Tianlang’s might, an inharmonious sound suddenly made its way into Wang Chao’s ears.

“Jia Jia, so you came here. I just came back here from Beijing and tried calling your phone, why haven’t you picked up my calls?”

It turned out that there was a single 25 year old youth that was accompanying Zhu Tianlang. The moment when he had seen Zhu Jia, his eyes lit up and crossed over the distance to talk to her.

Wang Chao couldn’t help but to cast an eye over at him to measure the youth. The youth was dressed in a westerns suit made to match his tall form. His skin was fair and his facial features flawless. On his aquiline nose, there was a pair of gold frame glasses that did nothing to hide his face.

But sometimes his eyes had shifted downwards for a brief moment. There was also a quick flash in his eyes that Wang Chao felt to be both sinister and dark.

After this first impression, Wang Chao began to compare him to Zhu Tianlang before immediately concluding, *“This is a man who has lived like a prince and is both elegant and refined. However, his personality is not at all perfected yet and lacks the shrewd but ruthlessness of an upper class individual.”*

“Zhao Jun, in the future, please do not always call me when I’m working. Right now I have plenty of work. Also, please pay attention to how you call me, this is a public place.” The moment when Zhu Jia saw this man, her previously cheerful demeanor had instantly soured and transformed into a cold gaze.

After seeing such a change, Wang Chao had felt shocked. From the look of things, there was a sour relationship between Zhu Jia and this man.

“Jia Jia, don’t complain so much.” Zhao Jun seemed as if he was already accustomed to Zhu Jia’s cold words. He had a helpless look on his face, but when he saw Wang Chao who was next to her, his eyes flashed with suspicion, “Who might this person be?”

“This is my friend!” Zhu Jia rushed to answer with a smile on her face as she inched closer to him. The word for friend had been stressed in such a way that anyone that heard it would have thought it to sound very vague.

“What?” When Zhao Jun saw her actions, his eye had involuntarily twitched before a flash of frost could be seen.

“Could Zhu Jia really be using me as a shield, is she an idiot?” Wang Chao had a sharp eye and was an expert in reading body language. He had clearly seen a vein on Zhao Jun’s neck pulsate; this was a sign of anger and when blood would begin to flow at an accelerated rate because of the heart.

In the case this were to go on, then the face would turn red and the eyes would become bloodshot.

However, this youth named Zhao Jun was great at covering up his emotions and instantly stifled his body. Yet, in that instant, Wang Chao had already seen enough to deduce that he was angry.

“Just who is this Zhao Jun? Why didn’t Zhu Jia mention this person at all while talking yesterday? Seeing how closely they talk and how close the two are, was there a reason for her not to? Does she hate him? It seems that this convention will be quite messy.”

He had sought her out for business originally but was then dragged into this by her. To Wang Chao, he couldn’t accept this and so he turned to give Zhu Jia a quick look.

When Zhu Jia saw the look, she had instantly took notice of the rebuking meaning behind it. Promptly giving a pitiful look for help, she secretly pulled at his clothes.

But when Zhao Jun saw the conduct between the two, he had mistaken it for

the amorous eyes of a couple. Aso Wang Chao immediately took notice of the bulge that swelled up in Zhao Jun's neck before transforming his entire face with a slight red hue.

"Jia Jia, I heard you were out interviewing last night? A news reporter with a concealed firearm, what a troublesome act!" Just at that moment, a deep voice had broken the awkward atmosphere.

It was Zhu Tianlang that had broken the silence.

Zhu Tianglang was the focal point of everyone's eyes, so when he came over, everyone in the room had looked over as well and began to talk amongst themselves.

Wang Chao's ears had picked up the slight murmuring of people trying to guess his identity, "Just who is that youth?"

"He seems to be quite close with the niece of secretary Zhu."

"I have no idea what background he's from, but I hope it's nothing minor. I haven't seen the young son of governor Zhao look so deflated before..."

Yao Xiaoxue and the other three females were huddled together. When they heard the chatter regarding Wang Chao, even they began to feel that there was a mysterious question to him.

"An overseer of the Taekwondo dojo with great skill and has some sort of relationship with the niece of the municipal secretary. He's even friends with the public safety bureau chief....Could he be the son of some big official and is trying to pass off as a lower class person? Or did he see someone he liked in our group and wanted to get with us?"

Although Wang Chao had formed a partnership with them, he had rarely gone to see the company so the four of them hadn't a single detail on his life. But, these females had read many romantic novels and seen many Taiwan and Hong Kong dramas so their minds had instantly drawn out a picture regarding Wang Chao's true identity.

"En, uncle Zhu." Seeing Zhu Tianlang, Zhao Jun instantly restrained his emotions. "I heard that Jia Jia had came across some dangers while chasing an interview yesterday before coming today. Who might this be?"

The final sentence had been directed towards Wang Chao, but there was a hint of hostility mixed in.

“Uncle, I’m fine. I’ve told you before, my dream has always been to be a war reporter. Yesterday it was only a small scale version, you don’t need to worry.” When Zhu Jia heard Zhu Tianlang’s critic, she had tried to explained herself.

Zhu Tianlang looked as if he had accepted this and revealed a helpless smile before turning towards Wang Chao.

“Youngster! I heard from chief Cao that you protected my niece Jia Jia yesterday and even shot down an important criminal! Not bad, not bad at all! It seems that the youngsters of today are becoming more and more outstanding.”

Zhu Tianlang’s tone had been soft, allowing people to feel as if they were being bathed in a gentle wind.

“Secretary Zhu praises me too much.” Wang Chao had been neither submissive or asertive and had only smiled politely.

“Good, what courage you have, your future seems bright!” Zhu Tianlang slapped Wang Chao on the shoulder before walking up to the main floor.

Although it had been a simple clap on the shoulders, the action did not escape anyone’s eye.

The next event to happen was the start of the convention with the feast following right after it. However, Zhu Tianlang hadn’t drunk much at all. Stepping onto the podium, he had only given a small toast before saying, “Everyone please continue to drink, I still have work to do, and so I shall be leaving.”

After the municipal head had left, the secretary had followed suit, leaving the party to go on strong.

Wang Chao had been pulled by Zhu Jia and was used as her shield while Zhao Jun remained on the other side of the feast. As he talked to the other officials, he and Wang Chao never talked to each other again.

“Just who is this Zhao Jun?” In between a time of rest, Wang Chao had managed to ask her quickly.

Zhu Jia’s nose wrinkled her nose before responding, “Governor Zhao’s second

child. He just came back from studying abroad, He's a heartbreaker."

"Ah!" Wang Chao nodded his head and asked no more.

Then came Zhu Jia to become curious, "Are you not going to ask anything else? Like just why he's so fixated on me or why I used you as a shield?"

"If you didn't say so earlier, then you must have your reasons. We're friends, so helping each other should be a must."

"You are really full of ideas!" Zhu Jia nodded her head before narrowing her eyes as she remembered something, "Zhao Jun is a rather narrow minded person. In the future you should take care of yourself, I've given you a headache to worry about."

"It'll be nothing much." Wang Chao's eyes flashed once before fading away.

After the feat, Wang Chao had remembered the problem at hand and immediately searched out for Yao Xiaoxue and the others only to find them talking to another official passionately.

"How is it?"

"There's no problems. These three government projects are currently at 80,000. We're currently bidding, but when we said you were our boss those men instantly folded."

When Yao Xiaoxue was pulled aside, she had a bright red face intoxicated from wine, indicating that she had already many cups of it.

Wang Chao's eyes narrowed before suddenly pinching at a specific place on her hand. Wa! A mouthful of wine was spat out of Yao Xiaoxue's mouth, instantly shaking her from her alcoholic stupor, but she had given Wang Chao a grateful look anyways.

"Be careful." Wang Chao spoke.

"I will." Yao Xiaoxue looked more awake than before. "I heard some people say that next year they will be trying to connect all of the city, towns and villages to the internet. The nation will be funding well over several hundred million. This is a good business opportunity, if we can recruit some more people, we will be able to increase our business."

“Good, you have the experience so you can deal with that.” Wang Chao though, “I’ve pulled Zhao Xinglong along to be the security guard. With the business growing, he’ll prevent anyone from acting on the company harmfully.”

“En, a good thought. The company nearby us once tried to encroach on the business of another. As a result, the owners of the other place called on some gangsters to smash up the place.” Yao Xiaoxue spoke with a nod.

Wang Chao nodded as well before noticing that Zhao Jun had somehow managed to talk to Zhu Jia once more. Zhu Jia’s angry voice could be heard before she stormed towards Wang Chao,

“Take me home!”

With that, she pulled Wang Chao away from the room without any further explanation.

Chapter 42: Group of Axe Specialists

Chapter 42: Group of axe specialists

Now that they had finally the government's business, Tianxing Networking was finally on the right track.

Because Wang Chao and the municipal secretary looked like they were close, grabbing the government projects became a cinch. The government had even given them 30,000 RMB as a starting fund.

After the 30,000, Yao Xiaoxue, the females, and the other two males were so excited that they couldn't sleep at night and started the day with pink eyes. Only Wang Chao had remained unmoved, making Yao Xiaoxue to conclude that his mysterious identity had to be big for sure.

After that, Yao Xiaoxue had hired several more people to be a part of the technical staff. After following the schematics of the government plans and gaining their approval, the projects had immediately went underway.

While this project seemed major, it wasn't much in reality. All they had to do was to swap out the old hardwares and servers for a newer model and then recreate the website. Any technical staff would be capable of such a feat.

Around two months later, the project had finally been finished. Once all of the calculations had been done with the initial capital of 80,000 RMB, the company had earned a total of 50,000 RMB after the kickback, hiring fees, and several other tax reasons had been deducted.

Other than that, the company had also signed a five year contract for online maintenance with three different government departments. Each year, they would be given 30,000 RMB. Naturally, from the 30,000 RMB, the government officials would pocket a third of it.

But Wang Chao and the rest of the company were well aware of this and claimed it to be just maintenance fees. They needn't do anything but just inspect the servers and websites every so often. This was to establish a name with the government and take some of the allocated funds from the government while

sharing it with them.

“This type of money is really too easy to earn.” Yao Xiaoxue could only sigh with relief.

Because next year the entire province wanted to connect every place to the grid, it would cost a hefty sum. This would be a gigantic project, so Yao Xiaoxue and Wang Chao opened up a meeting after the initial completion of the projects. Aside from redistributing stock information, they began to plan for next years plans.

Originally, the company was on the verge of bankruptcy, but with Wang Chao’s connections to the government, he had brought it back from the dead. Wang Chao was aware of this, and so was everyone else.

Moreover, Wang Chao had been able to learn much in two years. No matter if it was his eyes or his imposing manner, he was far more experienced than the non graduated university students. With just a single look or a simple movement, he could cause all those in the conference room to find it hard to breathe.

After the ending of the meeting, Wang Chao’s shares had increased from 62% to 88%. If he wasn’t disinclined to, then with his current power, he could throw out the university students and replace them with a staff that he had 100% power over.

After earning a net profit of 50,000 Wang Chao earned 20,000 as a bonus while the other 30,000 went to increasing his capital. Enlarging his company and hiring more people, Yao Xiaoxue had managed to hire several salespeople from other companies that specialized in the same vein of business.

This continued up to October where the company was already increasing in development at breakneck speeds. Not only did they stop taking up deficits, but they began to earn a large surplus each month.

This type of business had naturally stepped on the toes of the others and naturally brought forth trouble. But fortunately, Wang Chao had anticipated this and became a security guard. Along with the fellow mixed martial arts clubs Zhao Xinglong brought from his university, they were able to drive back any hired thugs to the hospital when they tried to smash the place.

As time went on, Tianxing Networking's name had begun to echo loudly in the industry.

When business was good, then a person's way of thinking would allow for the business to grow as well. Soon after Yao Xiaoxue had expanded the company, she had added some hardware related operations in addition to the current website maintenance and webpage creation.

At the same time, Yao Xiaoxue had shown their true business colors and exploited Wang Chao's connections to the max. By talking ardently to Zhu Jia, they had managed to grab hold of several other families in C City as their clientele.

Needless to say, if one had the connections, then even the government could be a client.

When December came by and the first signs of snow could be seen, Wang Chao's Tianxing Networking had already over a hundred clients with the majority of them being from C City. With the help of Zhang Tong, they had been able to grab hold of a few clients from S City.

The company's net profit every month had already went past 20,000 RMB and their company's assets had already accumulated over 200,000 RMB.

But to the eyes of Zhang Tong, this was merely a small paycheck or even a small gambling fee in a casino in Macau. In the eyes of the university students however, this was an impossible sum of money.

Business grew more and more prosperous with everyone ready to go all out for the new year. They had even swapped out their location to an even bigger city where they managed to buy a two hundred square feet warehouse which they decorated to look like an office.

These four females and two male university students were nearly broke at first, but now they had stepped over to become the cream of the crop members of society.

At this time, Wang Chao had already graduated from high school. His college exam wasn't a thing to be mentioned at all, however. Cao Jingjing had passed with flying colors and was accepted into Beijing University while his other

classmates had dispersed like the clouds. Yet, Wang Chao wasn't saddened.

As for his parents, Wang Chao had only said that he was working within the city and had wisely invested into a business that earned him some money.

When Wang Chao had talked about the matters regarding the online business, his parents had been unable to understand a single word. But when they saw several of the bills, the parents had rejoiced to hear that their child was able to earn a profit.

Wang Chao was still working as the overseer at the dojo part time. From time to time, mixed martial artists, wrestlers, Karate, Muay Thai, and Judo disciples would come in to increase "relations" with the Taekwondo dojo.

But no matter who it was, Wang Chao had beaten them soundly and without prejudice. This had caused all those to know that the Taekwondo Union in S City had an overseer that was impossible to beat. And so, they didn't send anyone over after that.

This small result had made Li Wanji to feel extremely happy. At the end of the year conference, she had made an exception and gave Wang Chao a 10,000 RMB red envelope.

By now, Wang Chao's personal bank account had well over 50,000 RMB excluding the 88% stock he had in Tianxing Networking. With that included, he was nearly a millionaire.

The only regret Wang Chao had however was that despite the half year he had put into practicing, while he had grown more skillful, it was nothing compared to the previous rate of progression. It was as if he was stuck at a bottleneck.

In the evening when the sky was already growing dark, Wang Chao had returned from the dojo. Lifting his head up, Wang Chao walked across the snow covered ground with a soft crunch to his step.

The temperature was growing colder by the minute, and the amount of cars on the road was decreasing as well.

The snow was silent and the night sky was hazy, giving an artistic feel to it.

Treading past the snow to get home, Wang Chao continued to make fresh

prints in it. With his martial arts, he could make a single straight path without deviation.

“Hssssh!” Letting out a breath of air, Wang Chao traveled under the streetlight while watching his breath spiral into the cold air before disappearing.

“It seems like just two years ago in this place, I came across sis Chen practicing martial arts. Her breath was like an arrow and shot straight through me.”

When Wang Chao suddenly thought back to the circumstances that had led him meeting Tang Zichen, he couldn’t quell back the feelings and thoughts anymore.

“It’s because of her teaching that I am the Wang Chao of today. If it were not for her, then I would have flunked the college exams anyways and be stranded far away from home without a way to make a living. It was her who changed my life.”

“Two years, it was a happy time, but it went by like a flash.”

“At this moment, what would sis Chen be doing, and where would she even be?”

Wang Chao couldn’t help but to lift his head back up into the sky to look at the endless canvas.

Walking onwards, Wang Chao arrived at the entrance to one of the alleyways. This place had no streetlights and was quite dim as a result; it also led to the slums of the city.

In the daytime, this alleyway would be crowded with people going in one way and heading out the other until 10 PM at night.

But Wang Chao enjoyed this gentle serenity. He would frequently return home by crossing through these quiet alleys and enjoy the calm that followed it instead of the major roads.

Right now this snowfall had added much more to the artistic night.

As Wang Chao took a few steps, his ears prickled as he suddenly heard a rustling sound. In a moment, it grew louder.

Turning his head around, Wang Chao could see around twenty men under the streetlights.

These men were carrying weapons, and from time to time the weapons would shine in the light. From this, Wang Chao could clearly make out the weapons were unexpectedly axes!

At the same time, he could hear a sound coming from up ahead. Several more men were carrying axes as they came towards him.

The alley had been blocked!

"Who are these people?" Wang Chao thought in surprise before the men from behind suddenly charged at him.

When the men got within seven steps of Wang Chao, they suddenly stopped and threw a white ball toward him.

From the smell of it, Wang Chao had instantly guessed what it was.

"Quicklime powder!"

Chapter 43: Using Bamboo as a Spear In a Bloody Battle In the Alleys (First)

Chapter 43: Using bamboo as a spear in a bloody battle in the alleys (First)

Wang Chao's reaction had been extraordinarily fast. The very moment he felt the stinging sensation in his nose, he knew that it wasn't good and immediately shut his eyes closed. Grabbing onto both shoulders, he imitated the movements of a cicada and brought his clothes around his head.

Lazy donkey laying on the path!

His entire body fell to the ground and began to roll on the snow in an attempt to throw off any of the powder from his body. As he rolled around, his body suddenly slammed against the wall of the alley.

With a crash, his entire body flew up from the ground like a monkey. With one hand, he grabbed at the bamboo pole a resident used to hang clothes with during the daytime.

This bamboo pole was three meters long and was extraordinarily firm like a spear.

Wang Chao held the bamboo pole high in his hand while the other hand swiped at the powder still on his body. Then, grabbing the pole with both hands, he weighed it as if trying to get a feel for the weapon. Without another word, Wang Chao's leg and waists shifted as if he was riding a horse. The pole was his spear and his arms shook slightly, transforming the pole to become a snake before striking swiftly towards the closest person's throat.

Borrowing the power from his forward momentum, the three meter long pole struck a person in the throat.

With the light sound of the throat being smashed, the man who was struck stumbled weakly before a faint gurgling sound could be heard as he collapsed.

His throat joint had been broken.

Wang Chao had practiced martial arts for two years with great success. His aim

was deadly and although he was not yet at the stage where he could slap and kill a fly on glass without breaking the glass, hitting someone in the throat without any slipups was something he could do a hundred percent of the time.

In this moment of life or death with his life on the line, Wang Chao wouldn't hesitate to kill.

He had already seen death. Whether it was from gunfire or from fighting, he had thrown away all of his apprehension. Growing heartless and letting his fighting spirit prosper, he would kill with a bright spirit if need be. He wasn't like a crazy animal however, wherever the wind blew, he would be able to listen and act on it.

The pole struck out in quick succession three times, bang bang bang! Three men had their eyeballs stabbed into, forcibly popping out their eyeballs and making them cry tears of blood. An injury like this would only be manageable by a soldier specially trained.

But these three were not soldiers of the battlefield. Likewise, they were also not like Xiahou Dun from the Romance of the Three Kingdoms who after being shot in the eye with an arrow, took the arrow and devoured his own eyeball without fear. When their eyeballs fell, it stayed fallen.

By this point Wang Chao's eyes had already adjusted to the poor visibility within the alleyway and could see just who was fighting him.

Each one of them were around 30 years old with a vest, crew cut, and wore jeans.

After Wang Chao had stabbed those four men, his arms had gone numb. These were people he was fighting after all, not sandbags.

In that brief instant, Wang Chao could see that everyone began to grow afraid and took three steps back before quickly charging back at him.

These clearly weren't the regular weak bellied and powerless gangsters born from unable parents.

This axe only gang that was willing to risk their lives without too much fear was already comparable to the Axe Gang from Shanghai.

Being assaulted by 20 or 30 men with axes and then using quicklime powder to blind the eyes was the tactics of the underground criminals one could see on the TV dramas.

Wang Chao never would have thought that such a thing would happen within the peaceful lands of mainland China, let alone to him!

This place was considered a part of S City. And while there were the small slums to the city with gangsters walking to and fro, they were small time that wielded guns or clubs. But they would try to intimidate people and avoid any casualties. When the police came, they would all instantly scatter like fleas as well.

But with their current tactics to capture Wang Chao, they were clearly worlds apart from a small time gangster. They didn't charge in blindly like hornets in their nests, they approached when needed, and retreated when necessary.

Wang Chao clearly knew that with his strength, footwork, nimbleness and the environment, beating 20 regular gangsters barehandedly would have been no problem at all.

And if they had clubs, all it would take would be for them to charge in all at once for him to end the battle.

But these men didn't charge in chaotically and stood in position. They hadn't even flinched from the blood and fled. And so Wang Chao had placed them in a different level where injuries might be unavoidable.

With the opponents using an axe, the circumstances was different. Humans were frail after all. Being hit with sticks is different than being hit with an axe, it didn't take a person with a brain to figure that out.

And so Wang Chao's first course of action was to find a weapon. There was no way he would fight against these 20 or 30 men with his bare hands.

The situation was quite dangerous now! Although he was relying on his own nimbleness to avoid attacks like from the powder and then using a weapon to strike out at four people, there were still many ten people or so at his front. There was also another ten or so at his back. As long as the two combined forces, then Wang Chao's body would be cut into pieces! Being able to see your

companions be killed but still not run from danger was what one could be considered to be a soldier.

In ancient history, there were many experts that were unable to get past the first trap. By absorbing this knowledge, Wang Chao could avoid this powder trap to blind his eyes, making him a remarkable person already.

“Ah!” His Qi began to expand as Wang Chao’s tongue began to prickle as if electricity was running through it. His body charged forward with the bamboo pole stabbing out towards the people in front of him.

In an instant, he had assessed the current situation. Wanting to beat up them all right now would be an unrealistic outcome.

If he was in a wide enough space with the spear in his hand instead of the bamboo pole in his hands, then Wang Chao would have been confident enough to take them all on. But right now he could only try to cut a bloody path through the alley to the main roads. If he was able to do so, then no one would be able to catch up to him.

Pa! The bamboo pole was not as rigid and inflexible as a spear in the end. After stabbing out the eyes of another three people, it had finally been caught by someone and splintered in half after being cut with the axe.

While his bamboo pole was strong at stabbing the eyes and throat, any long ranged weapon would not be able to be utilized well with so many people in such a cramped area.

At the very instance that Wang Chao’s bamboo pole had been broken, the remaining men cried out in excitement as they charged at him.

At the same time, the ten people behind him began to charge at him as well.

Chapter 44: Using Bamboo as a Spear In a Bloody Battle In the Alleys (Second)

Chapter 44: Using bamboo as a spear in a bloody battle in the alleys (Second)

When the pole had split into separate pieces, Wang Chao instantly parted away from it and began to attack the entire group as if a tiger within a pack of wolves, forcing everyone to cry out.

When the pole had splintered and broke, many of the splinters flew into some of the people's eyes and noses. Immediately, two of the men fell to the ground with their faces badly hurt.

At the same time, Wang Chao continued to try to force his way through the crowd, sliding in and out like a greased eel. Suddenly, one of the men that was pushed to the ground lashed out his arm and grabbed onto Wang Chao's leg.

After being grabbed, Wang Chao's footwork had been disrupted and his foundation rocked, allowing for two men to bring down their axe onto his back. Realizing the situation had just gotten worse, Wang Chao grabbed onto two pieces of the splintered pole and brought it behind him. But because of how hasty he was, the axes had swung the poles back down to the ground.

Now Wang Chao was completely barehanded. With a furious kick, he smashed his foot into the man holding onto his leg in the face. The man's head snapped back as blood began to pour out from his nose mouth and sprinkled the snow with it.

Killing a man with just a kick, Wang Chao threw off the hand before seeing the bright glint of steel come at his head.

Reacting quickly, bang! With the "Bear Strikes the Tree", Wang Chao's right hand had clamped onto the wrist of the other man. Stopping the momentum of the hand with the axe, Wang Chao then used his shoulder to send the man flying backwards.

But because of this delay, the people coming up from behind quickly caught

up.

Pch! A single axe arced across him, causing the bright blade to slash a hole across Wang Chao's clothes and leaving behind a single cut line.

Wang Chao had only felt the cold blade across his body before it began to hurt. The hot yet wet blood began to flow down from his back to his waist to his leg, allowing Wang Chao to know that he had been finally injured.

"Hssshhh!" After the axe left his body, Wang Chao felt a stinging pain as the Qi began to escape his body. But with another breath, Wang Chao adjusted his pores.

But just then, another three axes came flying at him before Wang Chao could even have time to rest.

After seeing his own blood, Wang Chao began to grow extremely determined. Sliding his feet and bending his body, he dodged the three blades swiftly. Then, grabbing an axe with his hand, he stabbed into the waist of one of the three.

Blood splurged out from his mouth as the man felt his waist get stabbed into. His entire body slackened as if all of the muscles in his body had gone soft.

Bagua Zhang had evolved from the methodology of a blade. With his hands on a blade, Wang Chao had a weapon once more. With the power of Bagua, he was like a tiger with wings. His strength was doubled and so anyone that was hit by this would surely perish.

But this was an axe, its point was not sharp at all so it could not inflict as much damage. Although Wang Chao had driven it in by stabbing, when he tried to pull it out, only blood could be seen splurting out. It seemed that it was stuck and was not yet fully out.

This single action had been swift and extremely fast. In a fight to the death, Wang Chao's everyday practicing and potential could finally be seen in its full glory.

Needless to say, this was the very first time Wang Chao had seen such a fierce battle to the death. It was completely different than his everyday spars. Whatever styles, whatever methods, everything had been broken up. Only could only rely on their own agility and strength in order to pick up the weak spots of

his enemies.

Just as he was prepared to pull out the axe, the other men had come back towards Wang Chao, their axes aimed at his hand, shoulder, and head.

Unable to pull out the axe, Wang Chao let go of the handle and leapt backwards. Seeing another axe on the ground, he kicked it up and clasped onto it.

He had killed seven people with a bamboo pole, struck one person away, and stabbed another person to death. At this moment, there were only 3 people left not including the other dozen people still a few meters away.

“No good, if those men catch up, then I’ll definitely die on the streets!” Wang Chao grabbed at the axe until his hand was numb before leaping forward. His legs were already a little weaker than usual, so his legwork was not as stable as before, but he could still glide across the snow.

“This is because of the weakening of my body. I can’t continue fighting like this, when that axe struck me, I lost some of my Qi.”

When he was struck, Wang Chao’s pores had been loosened, allowing some of his Qi to be released as sweat. Right now in such a fierce battle to the death, he would not be able to support himself for long. But these three men right in front of him were like an impassable wall and blocked his path.

The three men brandished their axes as they approached.

Steeling his heart, Wang Chao straightened his back and bent his body to endure the attack!

Three deep and bloody marks appeared on his arms and shoulders.

With a swipe of his arm, the axe streaked across the two men’s necks. Their throat had been sliced open and their windpipes reduced to fountains of blood. Wang Chao had allowed himself to be cut into three times in order to kill two.

Needless to say, a fight with one’s life on the line would make a man grow. A coward would only wish to survive, and they would become reckless in their attempt to stay alive. With such a fight, Wang Chao had already made use of Bagua to the point of proficiency.

After killing several men, Wang Chao's eyes had gone bloodshot.

As Wang Chao advanced with a menacing air, the remaining few people had finally begun to feel dread. Taking several steps back, they allowed for a space to open up in the alley.

Wang Chao's eyes lit up as he renewed his efforts in escaping once more. Just at this moment, the dozen people chasing from behind had caught up. If they were just one step further, then they would have been able to ensnare Wang Chao once more.

If only the remaining people from the first group hadn't shown fear and tried to brave it out for a few more seconds, then Wang Chao would have been stuck.

From this, it could be seen that the axe wielders had not yet been trained to the point where even a battle to the death does not frighten them. They were not yet at the level of Zhang Tong's second-rate mercenary bodyguards in terms of mentality.

"Goddamnit it all!" Seeing Wang Chao dash away from the alley, the group didn't give chase. After all, the main roads had plenty of people, traffic signals, and cameras. If a group were to chase after a single person, then there would be no way for trouble to not come.

Wang Chao continued to run in every direction without pause. It was only after his legs had gone weak and his body losing most of his Qi that he had finally stopped.

He could only feel his weak arms limp at his side with blood dyeing his clothes red.

Seeing how no one was chasing after him, Wang Chao let out a sigh in relief before completely letting down his guard. If he hadn't staunch the bleeding, then who knows when he would have collapsed on the road.

In this condition, he couldn't even ride a taxi. Even worse, when Wang Chao searched his pockets, he realized that his phone had fell when he was fighting.

Looking all around the snowy area, he could only see the road with trees on both sides. The street lights were dimly lit, and there was no one in sight.

Just at that moment, Wang Chao saw a girl coming out from a nearby internet cafe. Just like an arrow, Wang Chao shot towards her, causing the girl to scream out in fright.

Covering her mouth, Wang Chao hissed, “Do you have a phone, let me borrow it!”

The girl had only rolled her eyes into the back of her head and fainted straight away. Slowly placing her on the ground, Wang Chao found her cell phone and quickly pressed in Zhang Tong’s number.

“I was attacked by several men in an alley and was chopped at. After killing several and running away, I can’t move anymore because of my wounds!” As soon as there was an answer, Wang Chao immediately spoke out his situation.

“What, you were chopped at? Where are you now?” Zhang Tong spoke up in shock.

“Daxing Street.” Wang Chao looked for the closest street sign.

“Alright, just wait, I’ll be there straight away!”

Hanging up the phone, Wang Chao could no longer feel any Qi left in his body.

Chapter 45: The Evil Consequence of a Frog Wishing to Eat the Meat of a Swan

Chapter 45: The evil consequence of a frog wishing to eat the meat of a swan

A crimson sports car quickly came into view of Wang Chao's sight. The sports car seemed to be hesitating as if the driver was on the lookout for something. But when the driver saw Wang Chao, it immediately revved towards him as fast as lightning before coming to a stop right next to him. The manner in which it came to a swerve right next to him was a testament to the driver's skill at driving.

The car door opened with Zhang Tong walking out.

"How did you get yourself in such a state, get in the car!" Seeing just how bloody Wang Chao was, Zhang Tong had cried out in shock once more. But after seeing just how clear headed Wang Chao was still, she began to calm down a bit.

But Wang Chao was starting to feel his vision blur up and his entire body go numb. All he wanted to do right now was to sit down on the ground and sleep. He had lost far too much blood and was growing far too fatigued, but he knew that if he were to go to sleep, there was a chance he would not wake up.

He had been slashed at four times: once in the back, twice in the arms, and once in the shoulder. All of the wounds were large and deep, and even for a body like his would not be able to handle it.

"Alright!" Wang Chao's voice was growing hoarse before putting the phone back onto the fainted girl's hand. Grabbing a handful of snow, he pressed it against the girl's face, causing her to wake out of her stupor with some shock.

Seeing her starting to wake, Wang Chao immediately got into Zhang Tong's car. The interior of the car was rather warm with the air conditioning suiting the temperature quite nicely. There was also a nice fragrance within the car, clearly indicating the drastic contrast to the snowy outside.

The originally tense atmosphere had loosened as Wang Chao began to rejoice

silently to himself on escaping death.

Shua! Seeing Wang Chao get into the car, she immediately floored it.

“Can you handle things for now?” Zhang Tong asked with worry.

“There’s no problem.” Wang Chao hissed out the words as he tried to stay perfectly still. Hearing his response, Zhang Tong didn’t ask anymore questions and focused on the road instead. After gliding across the roads, she had finally came to a stop at a large-scaled hospital.

Her three bodyguards were already waiting for her along with a golden-framed middle aged man. Wang Chao knew this man instantly, he was the lawyer of Zhang Tong’s company.

Aside from these four, there were also a small group of nurses and doctors waiting with an ambulance.

Upon seeing the car, the entire group surrounded it and the bodyguards immediately took out Wang Chao before placing him on an ambulance for the emergency room.

As he was subjected to this treatment, Wang Chao didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. He was extremely light-headed because of the blood loss and had lost a lot of his strength temporarily, but it wasn’t extremely serious yet.

But he didn’t want to make a single move. Since there was no harm, he would follow their directions.

At that moment, the doctors within the ambulance with Wang Chao had noticed something peculiar with his body and began to show doubt within their eyes. Seeing this, the lawyer took out several bribes and slipped it within the doctor’s’ pockets. Immediately, these doctors all slackened while growing serious in the face as if to get rid of the notion that Wang Chao was not an ordinary person.

“Zhang Tong is quite powerful. It hasn’t even been an hour and she has already planned everything out. I owe her big this time, who knows when I’ll be able to treat her back.”

When he had made the phone call, Wang Chao had thought about which

friend to call.

He had only had so many contacts: Li Wanji was his boss, so even though he had been attacked, he couldn't call her.

Zhao Xinglong, Yao Xiaoxue and the others were of no use in this case. On the contrary, they would have made the situation worse if they called the police. Wang Chao had killed several people after all, making this case troublesome for even him.

Cao Yi was in C City and was also the chief of the public safety bureau with an identity as mysterious as the water was deep—there was no consideration at all to not call him. As for Zhu Jia, he had thought that it wouldn't do for a high-status woman like her to charge the streets if he wanted her to avoid the whispers of people that wished to do her harm. After all, her relationship with him was one thing professionally, the ambiguous relationship they had personally was another.

Just like that, Zhang Tong was the only one that remained from process of elimination.

After reaching the emergency room, the doctors had sprung into action. One began to administer anesthesia as another began to sterilize and suture the wound close. Two more began to ready the blood packets to transfuse blood and apply medicine.

After a few frantic hours, the operation had finally finished. After admitting Wang Chao to a VIP ward, he had several bodyguards placed there on the outside.

Experiencing such a treatment, Wang Chao felt as if he was a Daoist Immortal. Within the safety of the hospital bed, he could finally sleep.

At the daybreak of the second day, Wang Chao awoken from his slumber. He could feel the local anesthesia already wearing off, making movements quite painful. His back was most especially difficult to move.

“Looks like my wounds are worse than I thought. It's a good thing those axes weren't sharp at the point and could only chop and not stab. Otherwise, that would have been more problematic for me.”

Wang Chao knew that a regular criminal gang with axes would only heavily injure or handicap a person. Fighting to kill someone was an entirely different matter.

There was another reason: it would make things harder for the other party. An injured or handicapped person would make things more problematic than a dead person. These things were regularly reported on the newspaper even. Some black-hearted drivers would sooner drive over a person a second time to ensure death rather than injuring.

"It appears that these men were trying to cripple me?" Wang Chao had been attacked for no reason almost. From the situation, he would naturally try to think of who would dare.

"Which God or Buddha did I offend? They must think highly of me, otherwise, why would they have hired a group of disciplined axe wielders? This is getting dangerous, if I don't figure it out and solve it soon, then my future days could be numbered!" Wang Chao began to try and guess which person he had offended.

"Li Feng from the dojo? That guy doesn't have that much power. I think I heard Li Wanji say that he returned to Korea in order to train. Perhaps it was that guy from the Chenshi Corporation, Chen Wuyang or the trafficker of drugs, Lin Lijun? Those can't be it. Chen Wuyang was killed by Cao Yi and Lin Lijun was annihilated in the raid. All those can't be traced back to me, so who could it be..."

Suddenly, a single face appeared in Wang Chao's mind from the conference a half year ago. The second son of governor Zhao.

"Could it be him? Is this the evil consequence of being a shield for Zhu Jia? What a guy, how unforgiving he is. It's been half a year before he finally set out against me. Did he search for my identity during that half year? I'm afraid my head is a little too big to collect. After making that plan, it is time to endure then."

After thinking back to the half year where business was good and his frequent meetings with Zhu Jia, these two events would certainly harbor evil thoughts.

After that thinking process, Wang Chao was about 80% sure that it was Zhao Jun that was related to this.

“Zhu Jia, ah Zhu Jia, I may be a frog, but I have no wish to eat the meat of a swan. But in the end, the end result was the same.” Wang Chao thought, “Whether it was Zhao Jun or not, I have to make sure. I’ll need to see what resources he has and make sure I ask the people within Zhu Jia’s social circle.”

TL Note: Frog eating the meat of a swan is an idiom meaning for an ugly guy to marry a beautiful girl.

After this, Wang Chao called out for the bodyguard standing out front and asked for her cellphone. Then propping his body up, he began to dial in Zhu Jia’s number.

“Hello, Zhu Jia? It’s me, Wang Chao. I’m currently at the hospital...what’s the matter? This matter can’t be said clearly over the phone, but there’s a good chance you’re involved, why don’t you come over?”

Putting down the phone, Wang Chao let out a sigh as he thought, *“If Zhao Jun is in this, then I will have to plan things out carefully from here on out.”*

Chapter 46: The Sword Style of the Central Guoshu Institute

Chapter 46: Sword Style of the Central Guoshu Institute

Creak! Just as Wang Chao put down the phone, the door to his room opened up. Zhang Tong came walking in with a thermos bottle before giving a meaningful look to the nurse.

The nurse stared at Wang Chao with some surprise for a moment as if thinking that Zhang Tong was the mistress nursing a young gigolo before giving a wink and walking out. Wang Chao's lip twitched as if he wanted to explain but instead explaining, he gave a smile.

"Feeling better? The doctors said that the cut on your back had nearly struck the spine. If it was serious enough, then you would be paralyzed from the waist up and would be confined to the bed your entire life." Zhang Tong pulled up a chair and twisted open the thermos to pour some hot soup for him and placing some food on the table.

"I'm feeling fine, well better than yesterday. The doctors always love to exaggerate so they can scare out even more money from people. There's no need to listen to them." Wang Chao sat up and shook his arm, but he didn't feel as much pain from when he woke up.

"Is that right." Zhang Tong had a gentle smile before handing a pair of chopsticks to him, "This some of the specialized medicinal cuisine I've ordered along with some black-boned chicken and ginseng soup. Your body was already quite well, so it shouldn't take long to heal."

Suddenly feeling hungry, Wang Chao nodded his head and picked up the chopsticks. "Ah, it smells great." Then with gusto, Wang Chao quickly finished off the three plates and soup on the table."

After seeing Wang Chao finish the meal, Zhang Tong called out for a nurse to come and clean up the plates and bowl.

“Ah, leave the chopsticks here please.” Zhang Tong suddenly spoke out as the nurse was cleaning up.

After the nurse had left, Zhang Tong walked over to the sink and began to wash the chopsticks under the faucet. After wiping them off, she handed one of the sticks to Wang Chao and kept the other.

“What are you doing?” Wang Chao asked in confusion.

“If a martial artist is confined to the bed and doesn’t exercise, then their blood vessels will become rigid. After several days, the effects would be disastrous. Your back has a heavy wound, but your arms are fine, so I’ll help you practice.” Zhang Tong laughed in the same manner as a mischievous woman giving a wink.

“Help me practice?” Wang Chao looked at the stick in his hand. Zhang Tong had already sat on the bed, and with a rapid movement of her hand, the chopstick had been like a poisonous snake flying out of its hole and stabbed Wang Chao on the wrist!

“*Fast!*” Wang Chao blanched as he saw the chopstick in Zhang Tong’s hand fly at him with a deadly precision. Quickly responding, he brought the chopstick up in his own hand to block.

What he didn’t expect to see was Zhang Tong’s chopstick to intertwine with his own. Almost like stirring up water, the chopstick came down with a motion that made Wang Chao feel like he was about to lose his grip on his own stick.

“My god!” Wang Chao sighed out his admirations mentally as he tried to clench the chopstick so that it wouldn’t fall from his hand. But because of Zhang Tong’s swift and consecutive movements, his wrist was stabbed into.

“I’ve told you before I know the art of the sword.” Zhang Tong smiled, “There are thirteen powers to a sword: whip, deflect, block, strike, stab, poke, burst, stir, brush, press, and chop. What I just did was the burst, poke, and stir. If you haven’t learned how to use a sword, then you naturally wouldn’t be able to block it.”

“Ah, which style of sword did you learn?” Wang Chao asked with interest.

“This is the sword style passed down by Li Jinglin when he was in Nanjing. My teacher was the subordinate of Li Jinglin that fled to Taiwan when the Nationalist

Party fell. Then he moved to France and taught me what he learned there.” Zhang Tong spoke.

“*Li Jinglin...*” Wang Chao thought. During the time of the Republic of China, Li Jinglin was the commander of the Northeastern army and then later became the administrator of the Hebei province. He had been interested in the Wudang sword style and practiced martial arts himself. Later on, he and several other key members of the Nationalist Party formed the Central Guoshu Institute. Within the Wulin circles, his name was as famous as Sun Lu-tang and was often times called the “God of the Sword”, or the “Sword Immortal”.

When Li Jinglin had opened the Central Guoshu Institute, his disciples were countless. But after the collapse of the Nationalist Party, he had been forced to go overseas.

Wang Chao knew that Zhang Tong had learned how to use a sword before, but he had thought that she had merely learned the style of fencing where it was meant for fun. He had no idea that the sword style she learned was an extremely influential one.

“No wonder you like watching people practice martial arts, you yourself came from a martial art background.” Wang Chao thought back to the time he and Zhang Tong met— it was at the Taekwondo dojo.

“I’m not so much from such a background. I only know fencing and not any other martial art. In a real fight, if I don’t have a sword, then there would be no way for me to win. Ah, a woman in nature avoids fighting in such dire scenarios.” Zhang Tong shook her head, “My master at time knew of the limitations of the sword, but it was still peerless amongst all else.”

“Who said a woman’s nature is like that?” Wang Chao instantly thought about sis Chen. “Come, let’s try again. Let me see just how great your sword art is.”

Zhang Tong laughed, “Don’t make your wrist swollen in an attempt to see it.” With that, she lashed out with the chopstick again.

“A sword is like a small spear; meant to stab and kill. There are some similarities with some each other though.” Wang Chao hurriedly put up a guard and treated the chopstick like a spear in order to defend against Zhang Tong.

The two continued to stab and lunge nimbly and quick, but because of Wang Chao's endurance and fighting experience, Zhang Tong had been taxed in energy. Her face began to grow red as her wrist began to grow slower, but Wang Chao had been completely engrossed in this exchange. His chopstick lashed out quickly like a dragon ascending into the sky and brought down her chopstick.

With a startled cry, her body subconsciously drew back in order to avoid the strike.

But in her state of carelessness, she hadn't realized that there was a water spot from when she washed the chopsticks. She was also wearing high heels, so when she stood up, her body began to lean backwards as if ready to fall.

However, thanks to her training, her body immediately forced itself forward to fall onto Wang Chao's bed.

"Aiii! Ow! Ow! Wang Chao instantly cried out, with her pressed against him, the pain had been more than Wang Chao could take.

At that moment, a frantic footstep could be heard as the door to the room was blown open as a sound called out, "Wang Chao, how were you harmed? With your martial arts, you could still be injured to such an extent?"

The person who came in was Zhu Jia.

"What...what are you...two doing?" Zhu Jia eyes widened as wide as dinner plates with her mouth open. Her finger shook as if ready to go into a seizure as she pointed at the bed, "It's still daytime in the hospital...."

Chapter 47: Disciples of the Bagua Sect

Chapter 47: Disciples of the Bagua Sect

Wang Chao felt as if he was wronged. A simple test of technique had evolved into a situation of a dubious nature. But because of the unbearable pain from being pressed against and Zhu Jia coming into the room the time she did, it made explaining impossible.

“Is Zhu Jia an omen, did I come across some bad luck?” Associating her to the men from the alleyways, Wang Chao began to feel his doubts.

Even Zhang Tong knew that she had lost her composure and quickly stood back up. “The ground was wet and so I slipped by accident. I am Wang Chao’s friend in business. I am the Southern China marketing chairman Zhang Tong of the Chinese branch of Chanel. What’s your name?” She befitted being called a person of the business industry. In a moment, she had covered up her accidental loss of control and resumed a professional air.

“She is the TV anchor of C City’s TV station and my friend.” Wang Chao gently moved his body after Zhang Tong lifted herself off his body. With a sigh of relief, he introduced her without skipping a beat.

“Zhang Tong? You are Zhang Tong?” Zhu Jia started as if she recognized her. “The TV station’s Fortune Column has made a report on you.”

Inwardly to herself, she thought, *“I’ve heard Zhang Tong’s personal life was rather average and was quite fascinated with Wushu. She herself is an expert at Taekwondo, so she must have met Wang Chao at the dojo. But how did they become acquainted? Wang Chao isn’t the type of person to do something like this, so did I misunderstand the situation, or am I going blind?”*

“Oh hello then, I am a VIP customer of your Chanel brand. Every week I have to use one of your products.” Zhu Jia retained a professional air as a news reporter while also maintaining a look of interest towards Zhang Tong’s identity.

“Ah, our branch office recently got the latest French spring fashion clothes from the most recent exhibition. It’s well suited for business women, would you

like to take a look later?” Zhang Tong resumed her business talk.

The two girls had almost forgotten about Wang Chao’s existence as they began to chat about what was the latest fashion, perfume, cleansers, skin care products, nursing, hairstyles, and many other things without end.

For 10 minutes, Wang Chao had made no move to say something and had only thought about wanting to sleep. At one point, he had given a long yawn, startling both women who had been talking enthusiastically. Turning to look at him, they both gave each other a small smile.

“Alright, I still have some matters to take care of within the office. Come to my company next week, this is a diamond membership card, any of the secretaries will take favorably to you then.” After several minutes of talking, Zhang Tong had already all the information she needed. Knowing that Zhu Jia had potential, she set out the lure for a large return later down the line.

Wang Chao could only click his tongue as he thought, *“Zhang Tong saw the long hidden potential waiting to be tapped in her. By putting in the time, she can reel in the big fish. However, I can’t blame her, she has helped me a lot, and a business deal like this should be a courtesy gift. Otherwise, I would feel bad if I didn’t. I just hope that whatever Zhang Tong wants me to do won’t be too troublesome.”*

Wang Chao then suddenly felt as if he was caught in a net of emotions.

“Tai Zidan and Jing Ke, Tai Zidan and Jingke....” Wang Chao’s mind flashed to the classics regarding these two.

TL Note: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jing_Ke

“What are you thinking about now?” After Zhang Tong had left, Zhu Jia looked at the injured Wang Chao with surprise.

Retelling the story, Wang Chao spoke of how he was blocked in the alley, then cut at, stabbed through the eyes and throats of people with a bamboo spear and even slashing someone through the throat with an axe. Hearing this, Zhu Jia gasped again and again as sweat began to form on her forehead.

“With the situation like this, I can only infer that the situation may concern you.” Wang Chao spoke of his reasoning, pointing out Zhao Jun as the culprit,

“You and Zhao Jun run in the same social circles. Is he morally capable of something like this? With my life on the line here, I cannot afford myself not to know.”

“Damn it!” hu Jia exploded with anger as she stamped the ground with her foot. “It’s definitely that guy! That guy is by no means a moral person, I’ve heard that when he was studying abroad, he kept in close contact with the criminal world. After he came back, he continued his connections. I even heard that one time in Beijing, in order to chase after this girl, he had her boyfriend beaten until he was a cripple.”

“So that’s his story? Has he forgotten about his own country if he’s talking with the criminal world of a foreign place? This guy has gone down the wrong path, with the way he’s dealing things, then even his father will come under fire sooner or later.”

As he spoke, Wang Chao felt some of his worries begin to drain away.

With the current state of affairs within China, the outside powers such as the Godfathers, the Mafia, the Yamaguchi, and the Black Dragon Society had no significant powers in it.

It was especially in thanks to the revolution where the leaders had later issued out a decree, “Catch a group, imprison a group, kill a group”. These 9 words had been enough for almost all the underworld powers to be annihilated from the new China.

This Zhao Jun didn’t walk any strict path. He wanted to expand the underworld power in China and also walk a path of righteousness. This was akin to playing with fire. Wang Chao felt that the power this second generation male had compared to him was strikingly large, but he wasn’t afraid.

“I became your shield for that moment, what do you think should be done? In the past, a peasant was not the same as an official. My life is like a blade of grass, to have my head cut off would be like cutting grass.” Wang Chao spoke.

“Don’t—don’t speak like that. I was nervous at that time and really didn’t want to talk to him. You were just there at the time to help.” Zhu Jia spoke guiltily, “What if I go explain things to him and tell him not to bother you anymore?”

“Gurgle!” Wang Chao had nearly choked on his own spit. He looked at Zhu Jia in a way that made her resemble an escapee from the mental asylum.

Even Zhu Jia felt that her proposal was idiotic, causing her face to blush. Willing herself to think, her eyes flashed with another idea.

“I saw that in many Wuxia novels, there were friends from the same discipline. Don’t you practice that Bagua...Bagua Zhang? I have a grandfather that practices Bagua as well. He currently lives in Beijing and is well known there as a member of the Revolution! If you and him were to become comrades of the same discipline, then even Zhao Jun wouldn’t dare touch you!” Zhu Jia spoke excitedly.

“An elder generation expert of Bagua Zhang?” Wang Chao had nearly shot out of his seat at that. He hadn’t met any expert to spar with so he hadn’t made any progress after reaching the higher levels of the Clear Jin stage. His previous drowsiness was knocked aside as he began to grow excited.

Suddenly, Wang Chao began to look at Zhu Jia pleasantly as the previous thoughts of her being an evil omen was knocked aside.

“Then let’s go to Beijing!” Wang Chao spoke impatiently.

“As if! Sit down and recover your health first! I still have some programs and segments to make, but next year I will be transferred to CCTV. I’m in the middle of preparing for that as well. This way in half a month when you’re better, we both can head to Beijing and I can take you to see my grandfather.” Zhu Jia spoke.

Wang Chao knew that if he were to try and spar with such a person before his wounds were healed, then the experience would be drastically watered down.

“Fine then, I’ll wait half a month.”

Chapter 48: The Muscles Must Loosen, the Pores Must Attack

Chapter 48: The muscles must loosen, the pores must attack

After another half month, Wang Chao had been treated nicely. Zhang Tong had sent him medicinal cuisine everyday and then helped him practice by using the chopsticks as swords. This had allowed Wang Chao's wrist to grow even more nimble and avoid from growing sluggish.

After half a month, Wang Chao had gradually learned the 13 powers of the sword. Incorporating the sword techniques within his own Chinese boxing, he treated his finger like a sword and continued to practice every day. Even in his sleep he had continued to practice it subconsciously.

Gradually, Wang Chao's Bagua, Xingyi, and Taichi had grown and adapted to incorporate Zhang Tong's 13 sword powers. With this, the three different disciplines were united with each other.

But Wang Chao hadn't been too surprised by this change. That was because Li Jinglin's sword style had been created during the Central Guoshi Institute's time by incorporating the best features of every discipline he had fought against.

During the years of the National Guoshu Institute, Li Jinglin, "Divine Skill" Sun Lu-tang, Yang Luchan, Yang Chengfu, and master Li Shuwen had all researched the sword and was explored by the each of them.

Zhang Tong was only an expert in the art of the sword and not anything else. Although her sword was not complicated, it was more than enough to open up key points for Wang Chao to understand.

Pi Pa! Pi Pa! Wang Chao's finger continued to mimic a sword and used the burst and stir powers in order to create a crisp sound in the air.

Unknowingly to Wang Chao, his finger had struck against the white porcelain cup on the table.

Bang! The entire white porcelain cope had split up into several pieces, causing

the water to splash all over Wang Chao.

“The Clear Jin has been perfected in my hands.”

Wang Chao’s heart lit up with happiness as he saw his finger split apart the cup. But then the next moment he felt pain in his finger only to see a split in his fingernail with blood leaking through. Clearly when he had split apart the cup, the countershock had been enough to injure his finger.

“The external skin and muscles haven’t been perfected yet so having bronze skin and iron bones is a long ways off. Resisting such a force is just as far away; there’s no other choice. I’ve only practiced for two years and am only decent with my fists. Although I’ve practiced every day two or three times more than the regular person, it is only equivalent to a person practicing for four or five years.”

After recuperating for half a month, Wang Chao’s body had already fully recovered to full health. There was only a fierce looking scar on his shoulder and arms that resembled a centipede almost.

Originally Zhang Tong had proposed for him to undergo a skin graft, but Wang Chao was firm in his decision not to. He knew that after he reached the Hidden Jin stage, his skin and muscles would be transformed and completely heal over the scars.

Testing out his entire body, he walked in a circle around the hospital room only to realize that his legs had atrophied by a noticeable amount. He was no longer as nimble as he used to be; showing that after half a month of no practice, he had deteriorated in skill.

“Practicing is like rowing a boat upstream, if you stop moving, you can only flow backwards!” Wang Chao sighed in regret. He knew of the principle of becoming slower after a day, and losing reasoning after two days.

Just as Wang Chao got into the posture for the Assault of Dragon and Snake by straightening his vertebrae, Zhu Jia chose that time to walk in.

“Aiya, you’re up now. How is it, are you fully recovered?”

Wang Chao nodded his head, “My vertebrae is lacking in flexibility, but I should be able to recover that within three days or so without much trouble. We’re

leaving today, have you prepared everything for Beijing?”

“Everything is prepared, I’ve already given a call to my grandfather. When I said there was a fellow Bagua disciple, he seemed almost as excited as you were. However, when you two meet, you have to be on your best behavior or else my grandfather will think you’re just filled with hot air.”

“Filled with hot air...” Wang Chao thought back to when he had used Bagua’s knife techniques to slice into someone’s neck, *“Sure enough, this is martial arts used to kill!”*

“Let’s go then. Change your clothes and let’s get out of the hospital. We’ll be leaving at 3 PM today and reach Beijing by night time.” Zhu Jia spoke.

“That fast?” Hold on, I’ll give Zhang Tong a call and then I’ll go home to change my clothes.” Wang Chao immediately began to call up Zhang Tong’s number. When Zhang Tong picked up, it was as if she knew what was happening. “You don’t need to trouble yourself with the hospital procedures, I’ll have someone cover it for you.”

Wang Chao had been relieved and went back to his villa in the Tianxing district to grab a spare change of clothes.

Zhu Jia had followed him, but when she saw Wang Chao walk into the large villa, she instantly grew shocked, “Just who are you, this type of villa isn’t that easy to get access to!”

Laughing mysteriously, he replied, “This is the house of my sister. She’s currently out abroad, so I’m looking after it for her!”

“Who is your sister?” Zhu Jia couldn’t help but channel her news reporter persona and asked a question.

“I don’t know!” Wang Chao spoke honestly. Unfortunately, Zhu Jia had treated this truth as a lie and said no more.

But she and Wang Chao could be considered good friends by now. She knew that Wang Chao’s personal matters were not something she should gossip or interfere in too much, so she shut her mouth obediently.

Wang Chao hadn’t been in this villa for half a month and so he missed the

place. Walking around the room, he began to relish the familiar feeling to it.

Zhu Jia watched his movements with bright eyes as if she was remembering something.

The two later boarded the airplane, but Zhu Jia had been unnaturally quiet on the way. Wang Chao hadn't realized this one bit however, as he was preoccupied with Zhu Jia's words about the elder Bagua member.

Nightfall quickly came as the airplane finally landed back on the ground.

After the two had exited from the airplane, she had neither called for a taxi or had a car waiting for them. Instead, she looked for the metro and bought them both a ticket before boarding it.

Wang Chao had felt this was a tad strange.

Seeing the strange look in Wang Chao's face, Zhu Jia could only laugh. "Grandfather Li maintains the tradition from the revolution. He doesn't like a luxurious life, so if we were to call a taxi he would hate that."

"Oh!" Wang Chao replied with some shock before thinking about the elder with even more respect.

On the subway, Wang Chao had inquired to Zhu Jia about her grandfather without pause. From what she told him, the elder had been a prime minister once before becoming a guard. But now he resided within the Beijing military district for the rest of his years.

Soon enough, the two had reached the destination. Getting off the subway, they began to walk on the road. Not too long later, they had come across the majestic military courtyard with armed soldiers standing guard menacingly.

"This is a part of the military district, inside this place has many retired elderly people." Zhu Jia explained before giving a phone call.

A moment later, Wang Chao's eyes began to shine as an elderly person walked out from between the gates.

This elderly person's steps had been calm but decisive. It was slow, but it was also very fast at the same time. When he saw Zhu Jia and Wang Chao, he waved his hand before walking straight over.

Wang Chao and Zhu Jia both welcomed him by moving closer as well. By the time there was only 10 steps between them, Wang Chao could already see the man's appearance.

The elder had grizzly hair that was combed nicely. While his skin wrinkles were bulging, he didn't have the puffiness normally seen in an elder's face. He wore a regular looking gray robe and had cloth soles on his feet.

This appearance had given him a straightforward and tranquil appearance.

"Grandfather Li!" Zhu Jia cried out enthusiastically.

Wang Chao had called out as well. For a person like him, he had to be courteous and respectful.

"Jia Jia, is this the youngster you've told me about?" The elder gave a glance towards Wang Chao.

Starting with a shock, Wang Chao quickened his pace, "Senior, I have been rude." With that, he extended both hands forward and raised them.

When the elder saw Wang Chao move, his eyes lit up in satisfaction, "Good! What a pure stance!" With that, he brought both of his hands up against Wang Chao's.

The two men brought their hands together, causing Wang Chao to suddenly feel the elder's pores straighten up almost as if he was pressed against a thousand iron needles. Each one pointed sharply at his own skin. It was at this moment he had realized the elder's Chinese boxing had already reached the Hidden Jin stage. Whether or not it was the Transforming Jin stage, he didn't know, but he did know that it was a far distance away from his own.

"Senior is far too outstanding, I have lost." Wang Chao spoke honestly.

What Wang Chao had just done was the proper etiquette from the former Wulin circles. In the past, people of the Wulin wouldn't need to fight each other in order to test their strength; all they needed to do was to press hands against each other.

If they truly wanted to compete, then it would be a battle to the death.

In the past, scholars of martial arts would just need to press hands in order to

tell who was weaker or if they shouldn't act rashly. But this way had caused the foreign martial artist world to say that Chinese Wushu was nothing more than a fake facade.

Only the person who drinks the water would know whether or not it is cold or hot. If one wanted to establish who was superior, then they would use their fists.

Chinese boxing was not meant to see who was stronger than the other or separate life from death. Death was a major thing, and so everyone was cautious regarding it.

"How many years have you practiced?" The elder nodded his head in satisfaction.

"I begun learning the Horse Stance last December. Right now it has been two years and a half month."

"Two years!" The elder cried out in shock, "Who is your master?"

"My master's martial arts had reached a level where the water does not reach past the knee. However, after teaching me for a year, even I don't know where she has gone to. Thus, I have practiced by myself."

"Not reaching past the knee?! That is the pinnacle of the Transforming Jin stage!" The elder was stupefied. "I had no idea there would actually be such a person like that! Have I aged? I've surely aged!" The elder knew of the rules of the Wulin and inquired no more.

"Youngster, your martial arts is quite decent. In just two years, you have reached the Clear Jin stage. Even though your master is extremely talented, it is upon the disciples potential in order for their strength to be brought out."

Shaking his head, Wang Chao replied, "I am still lacking a lot. Even with the pressing of our hands, I am not yet able to react subconsciously and breakthrough naturally."

"Break out naturally." The elder thought for a moment before looking at Wang Chao, "Do you wish to know the cause?"

"Of course!" Wang Chao spoke.

"The classics of martial arts say: The muscles must loosen, the skin and hair

must attack. Step by step, the two should string together with an empty spirit.” The elder spoke. “Your pores must be able to become like iron as it attacks while keeping the heat in control. But this is only the “Pores Must Attack” stage. Against an enemy, your muscles must loosen at the same time. When learning the fist, you must maintain a Yin and Yang balance like a copper ball with mercury within it. Hard exterior soft interior, open and close. Burning Yang and Sealed Yin must be cultivated, and in that moment of killing will you breakthrough naturally. Your subconscious movements will then be faster than anyone else by one step.”

“So the mercury and copper balls had that meaning!” Wang Chao realized.

Chapter 49: Listen to the Weak Points and Don't Look at the Person

Chapter 49: Listen to the weak points and don't look at the person

“To be soft and relaxed...” When Wang Chao heard that the muscles had to loosen and the pores had to attack, he suddenly thought about to what sis Chen had taught him a year ago. Back when she taught him Taichi, she had said the same words along with this elder. It was as if the clouds had parted the skies, allowing him to see both the sun and the reasoning behind it.

Left hand pressed against the rib, the right hand laid parallel to the ground, this was the posture of Wang Chao's Assault of Dragon and Snake. Silently raising the tailbone, and then use the pores as an attack before separating the interior and exterior by becoming relaxed.

Understanding was one thing, but actually doing it was another. When Wang Chao tightened his pores, his entire body began to grow taut, rendering him unable to feel that Yin and Yang balance within his body.

“Correct, soft and relaxed. Youngster, understanding and doing are two different things. You must work hard on tempering yourself. Test your hand against another by using Taichi's art of pushing hands or Bagua's art of rotating hands, both require at least year before they can be used to proficiency. Eh? What posture is this? What stance are you standing in? It seems like a combination of the Xingyi Quan postures.”

When he saw Wang Chao start to mutter, the elder had understood what he was thinking about and gave guidance. But when Wang Chao had suddenly got into a stance, he was surprised.

“This is the art of the Dragon and Snake. My master had said the dragon to be the horse, and the snake the spear. With both combined into one, it reigns supreme even amongst the battlefield of weapons.” Wang Chao spoke truthfully.

“So that's your answer? It seems that your master has experienced the battlefield before. All generations of martial art experts will become masters of

the generation after experiencing the battlefield once without dying. To be able to create a standard of combined postures would make one a master of their own school and paint their names as one of the many branches of Xingyi Quan.” The elder remarked.

Having read the history of martial arts, Wang Chao understood the meaning of the elder’s words. Xingyi, Taichi, and Bagua had many different masters who had created their own style and branches within the discipline.

Shang Yunxiang’s Xingyi Quan had been called the Shang style Xingyi. Other than that, there was the Che style Xingyi from Che Yizhai, and Guo Yunshen’s Guo style Xingyi. There was also Cheng Tinghua’s Cheng style Bagua, and so forth.

“Has elder Li reached the Transforming Jin realm? When we pressed hands, I could feel the Hidden Jin break out as if needles. I have not yet reached the Hidden Jin stage, so I know not of the layers of martial arts yet. When my master taught me, she had not Hidden Jin to help me.” Wang Chao asked hurriedly.

“Ai! I am old now, and when my martial arts was at its peak, it was indeed at the Transforming Jin stage. At that point, I could use my pores to strike, but I can no longer do that. At most, I can only knock someone off guard since my pores can no longer accomplish the same things.” The elder went quiet as his face revealed the damage of time with sorrow.

“What, does one’s martial art degenerate with age even after reaching the Transforming Jin?” Wang Chao asked in concern.

“Youngster, martial arts is not some fairy tale. Even masters of martial arts are no match for the passage of time. Time persists, time does not spare. To not accept aging is to not be human. I am already 90 years old, and of the three internal harmonies, I am able to do the harmony of mind and will and the harmony of will and Qi. However, the harmony of the Qi and power is unattainable for me, making me unable to circulate Jin to all parts of my body.”

As he spoke, the elder stepped towards Wang Chao suddenly and brought his hand like a knife towards Wang Chao’s throat.

The elder’s footwork had been impeccable and his movements were as swift as a leopard pouncing at an antelope. His footwork resembled that of having a

mastery over Bagua, and he was even using the Bagua tradition of using one's hand as a knife.

But instead of stepping from the side, the elder had charged in from the front. Like a spear going down the meridian line of a person, he had transformed the usually deceitful Bagua footwork into one of a valiant nature.

“Good!” Wang Chao couldn't help but cry out in recognition of the elder's hand work. Bagua Xingyi, and Taichi all shared similar reasonings on the topmost level and had even the same foundation of principles. The only difference was how the theory on how to strike.

But while the fighting style was different, once one gained a high level of proficiency, they would be able to mix the three together. Bagua was to attack fiercely from the front, Xingyi was to twist and strike from the side, and Taichi was to explode outwards to strike and kill.

“If he is a senior of Bagua, then I will use Bagua to resist!” Wang Chao thought as he moved to respond to the elder. Feeling the gust of wind strike at his face, Wang Chao felt his legs begin to tilt the side as an instinctive response. He hadn't even thought about dodging before this, and so his movements was even faster than before.

With this tilted step, Wang Chao had instantly arrived at the side of the elder. At this moment, Wang Chao had already drummed up his pores, causing him to look as if he was a reef within the middle of a storm. Listening to the wind all around him, he felt just where it was strongest and where it was weakest before trying to find the best path to attack.

The storm was caused by the Jin in the elder's body. The intensity of it was testament of the elder's Jin. If it was strong, then he could still circulate it to enough places within his body, if not, then he could not.

Wang Chao suddenly felt as if he had entered a mysterious realm with his pores listening and his eyes looking only at his own hands. Wherever he felt the Jin was weakest in his opponent, he would strike there.

“Youngster, you are doing well. When preparing the cow with his knife, Zhuangzi had said to not look at the entire cow. Feel for only the cow's muscles and bones; this is the same for martial arts. Do not look at the entire person, use

your Jin to listen to the weak points.”

When Wang Chao reached the elder’s side, he had struck out at the weakest point he felt in the enemy’s offense. It was a strike executed perfectly and almost on an instinctive level.

The elder had stepped away and turned his body before repeating his first action. Charging towards Wang Chao’s front like a spear, his palm crashed against Wang Chao’s own before immediately turning to strike at the ribs.

When Wang Chao’s palm struck against the elder, he had followed suit and used his arm to push in down towards the groin.

This was the Returning Body Palm of Bagua Zhang.

Bagua originally had some elements of grappling moves from when Cheng Tinghua incorporated it in.

“Pa!” The two men simultaneously used the Returning Body Palm, their blows striking and sticking to each other. With the two moves almost identical in purpose, Wang Chao would naturally be the worse of the two. In that instance, he immediately felt his support folding and his legs lifting off from the air. As a result of losing his balance, he was flung into the air.

The ground beneath the feet was the source of power for anything. No matter what discipline of martial arts, when the legs left the ground, it would be hard to shift power.

Plop! Wang Chao flew five or six meters away before rolling violently on the ground. Then with his hand moving behind his back, it acted like a tail and sprung him back on his feet like a monkey.

“You two....” Zhu Jia stared with wide eyes. In her eyes, the elder and youngster were simply a mystery yet unsolved. When the two met, they had instantly talked passionately with each other before even giving their own names. And then, they had begun to test each other out by fighting. To her, she felt as if the two men in front of her had gone insane.

Chapter 50: Sharing Your Passion

Chapter 50: Sharing your passion

“You truly are a practitioner of the traditional Bagua discipline. Your footwork is steady to the point where even a practitioner of six years could not replicate.” The elder spoke. Although he hadn’t used all of his strength to throw Wang Chao, when he saw just how Wang Chao had easily recovered, his opinion had been revised.

“Alright alright. Wang Chao, just how could you start a fight straight at the get go?” Zhu Jia rebuked Wang Chao. The two had immediately started a fight as if they weren’t strangers, but since she couldn’t yell at her grandfather, Wang Chao would do.

“Hahaha.” The elder began to laugh as he listened to Zhu Jia, “You’ve brought a well learned youngster to find me this time. I haven’t seen such a purely skilled Bagua practitioner in many years. That’s good, there’s no need to test skills anymore. Come with me.”

Wang Chao nodded his head silently as he began to file away what he had learned, *“This elder’s martial arts is incredibly strong. When he used the Returning Body Palm to throw me, his use of Jin was ingenious. He is far beyond what I am capable of, this must be what it is to be experienced with age. However, because of age, he is past his prime age.”*

“The fist fears weakening.” A man who focused completely on martial arts would reach his peak at 20, 30, 40, and 50 years old. Past these years and becoming 60 years old would be impact their strength no matter who the person was. The arms and legs would grow less nimble, and the organs would start to degenerate. The only thing past this peak was a slow decline of strength. For a 90 year old man to be able to fight still, that could only mean that the elder was at the limit of his strength in his prime.

This was what it meant to be an internal practitioner—to cultivate the health. If one was an external practitioner like a Muay Thai practitioner, they would use

their legs to kick trees or their elbows to stab sandbags to become as hard as steel and temper their body to the limit. But this method was also extremely harmful to the body to the point where even medicine couldn't cure if done incorrectly. Medicine had its side effects no matter what type of medicine it was. After all, the medicine would have to come across the kidney sooner or later, and the accumulated use of it would eventually lead to harm.

Thus, people who trained their bodies this way would reach the peak by their twenties, but after several short years, the damage to their organs would show and their lives would be short. This was unlike the internal practitioners whose peak would lead to an entire golden age for the entire body.

But Wang Chao could clearly understand despite the age of the elder and the atrophy of his muscles, the elder at his prime was extremely terrifying even compared to the regular practitioner.

"I have unfortunately never truly exchanged words with an expert like this before. This elder was a guard for both a prime minister and a chairman, he surely has experience killing on the battlefield to an ample degree. I have to consult to him on the best way to deal from enemies attacking from all sides and how to deal with unprepared ambushes."

The three walked past the guard and into the courtyards.

Walking through the courtyards, Wang Chao continued to look all around the place. The courtyards themselves weren't too big but had a simplistic feel to it. The courtyards were expansive in area and looked quite remote with all of the trees towering over the red walls.

The elder's residential room was on the third floor; a building with three rooms and a living room. The interior was quite neat and orderly with plenty of antique furniture. Aside from that, there was plenty of old and new books that adorned the many bookshelves.

"Youngster, take a seat." When the three entered the room, the elder asked for Wang Chao to sit while Zhu Jia went to make the tea.

"En." Wang Chao replied any other superfluous words.

"When we tested each other, I could see your skill was not all that bad.

However, I did not see your entire ability with Bagua, would you allow me to see it?" The elder had been extremely courteous almost as if he had disregarded his status as a senior practitioner.

"Of course." Wang Chao stood up and walked to the center of the living room. Assuming a fighting stance, he began to demonstrate the Double Exchange Palm, Single Exchange Palm, Grinding Body Palm, and then the powers of the arm: push, squeeze, press, and knead. Revolving in a circle without stopping, he was like ripple of water that never ended, showing his expertise at the standard forms he had learned.

As he finished his Bagua set, both of his palms rose to his eyebrows before pressing down towards his abdomen with an exhale. His entire breath exited from his chest from his throat, letting out a sharp sound.

"If senior would guide me."

The elder blinked his eyes for a moment without a word before finally sighing in admiration. "Your master is truly a mystical person. Your set was all encompassing without any mistakes. I can see no unsuitable movements within it, it is an extremely precious sight. You have mastered the essence of Bagua Quan, it is only your technique at it that requires perfection. In time I am sure you will be able to fix this, but as for your practice, I have no words of guidance to say."

Hearing this, Wang Chao thought back to his first year of learning martial arts. Without straying an eye, sis Chen had always leapt in to correct Wang Chao whenever a mistake was made to ensure he got it right.

His set had reached a stage of becoming a standard to follow. Every movement, head turn, expression, neck, vertebrae, arm, hands, waist, and legwork had reached a concise accuracy. This was the result from countless of hours sis Chen had spent on him.

So listening to the elder say that there was no guidance he could give, Wang Chao felt that was the correct answer to give.

If the elder had said his form was wrong and tried to correct it, then Wang Chao would have doubted his eyes or intentions. To doubt his practice sets was to doubt Tang Zichen's teaching ability.

“Then what must be done in order for the Clear Jin to become Hidden Jin?” Wang Chao asked.

“This requires a slow accumulation of time and effort in order to succeed. Do not rush and take it slow. Reaching the Hidden Jin stage is a huge qualitative leap for any practitioners, anyone that fumbles around will never reach such a stage. The Hidden Jin is the culmination of the three internal harmonies: harmony of the mind and will, harmony of the will and Qi, and harmony of the Qi and power. The mind and the will are the source of energy for the Hidden Jin, so to practice the Hidden Jin is to first master one’s willpower and to understand one’s mind.” The elder spoke after thinking before trying to think of a clear and concise way to answer his question.

“I know the principle of the three internal harmonies and just what the Hidden Jin is. However, the concrete details on how to master one’s willpower and understand one’s mind, I was hoping to learn from your experience and be enlightened.” Wang Chao spoke gently but firmly.

“How to master one’s will and understand the mind?.....My experience.....” The elder began to blink rapidly as he started to think back to previous memories.

The entire room went quiet with Wang Chao not saying a word. By the time Zhu Jia returned with the tea, it was almost as if the elder and the youngster found the conversation boring. Walking to the other side of the room, she began to rifle through the books.

“Grandfather Li and Wang Chao truly deserve to be called comrades of the same discipline. Upon seeing each other, they immediately went to test each other without even giving a name.” Zhu Jia continued to look through the interesting selection of books before thinking, *“Who knows how much longer the two will talk? As long as it’s not the entire night I’ll be happy. I’d go crazy if that was the case. It’s already 10 PM, I should try to leave and ask him to come back tomorrow.”*

With that thought, Zhu Jia walked towards them, “Grandfather Li, Wang Chao and I should be leaving now. You should rest up early; we’ll come back tomorrow morning. Wang Chao, let’s avoid from troubling grandfather Li’s rest.”

“You can leave first.” Wang Chao spoke to Zhu Jia with a small furrowing of his

eyebrows.

“You...” Zhu Jia couldn’t help but feel a little angry, but she didn’t know what to say next.

Wang Chao and Zhu Jia’s words had broken the elder out of his train of thought. His eyes shined brightly as he jolted back to awareness and the deep look in his eyes had turned slightly sour from being interrupted.

“I’m old now and my mind cannot keep up. I had a string just now, but I couldn’t connect that string to the next thought, leaving me unable to tell from heads to tails.” Raising both hands, he began to rub his temples as if he was injured.

But when Zhu Jia heard him, she instantly understood his meaning. He was rebuking her for breaking his concentration, resulting in her turning red in the face in embarrassment.

Realizing his words were slightly inappropriate, the elder laughed out loud, “Your grandfather’s words were a little too much just now, don’t take it to heart. I was not blaming you at all. But I’m sure the things we old fools say are much too boring and uninteresting to you youngsters. Go on home and come see me tomorrow morning.”

Laughing in return due to her grandfather’s humor, Zhu Jia nodded her head, “Then, grandfather Li, I’ll be leaving first. Wang Chao, go ahead and talk. When you’re done, give me a call.”

Knowing that Zhu Jia would surely have a place to live in Beijing, Wang Chao wasn’t worried and nodded his head in agreement.

After Zhu Jia had left, the elder submerged himself in his thoughts once more. After a while, his eyes opened slowly before looking with embarrassment towards Wang Chao, “Even I don’t know how to say the right words to make it clear. This is a matter that can be understood, but not described. Perhaps I am just truly old now and cannot think of the right words to describe my thoughts. I’ll rest up for the night and resume my thinking in the morning when my brain is more active. You should sleep over tonight just in case a sudden realization pops up and you are not around for me to say it.”

“That’s fine.” Wang Chao replied before taking up the spare room as given to him by the man.

The next morning, Wang Chao woke up from the bed and headed to the forests to practice. The day was only growing brighter, and the chirping from the forest was growing louder.

Just as Wang Chao was about to head back to the room to see if the elder had awakened, several cars suddenly came driving out from the gates. These cars were extremely eye-catching with their sleek black and elongated bodies. Even Wang Chao had realized that these cars belonged to the world famous and top-notched Rolls-Royce.

These types of cars were often talked about by Zhang Tong. Plenty models of the brand could be priced in the ten millions, and with the limited production of several certain models, those could cost well over a hundred million.

Aside from this car, the other cars to the side were equally luxurious: Hummer, Lincoln, and Ferrari. Wang Chao knew that each one was different in specs, but it was still extremely high priced in the end.

The four cars came to a slow stop at the flats before several people walked out of the Rolls-Royces. From the head of the group was a single impressive looking middle aged man.

This middle aged man had a powerful air exuding from each of his movements, giving him the appearance of bossing around people often.

But when Wang Chao compared this man to the municipal secretary Zhu Tianlang together, the two men’s movements and aura were completely different. It was like comparing a small magician to a grand magus.

“This man is far beyond what Zhu Tianlang is.”

With his ability to read body language, this was the only conclusion Wang Chao could reach.

Then, from the Hummer came an arrogant looking woman who wore extremely classy clothing. Wang Chao had seen many wealthy looking clientele from Zhang Tong’s company, but none of them had this woman’s air.

At the same time from the Lincoln and Ferrari came several men and women with just as an impressive of an aura.

From these group of people, Wang Chao could only label them as “Aristocratic” and “Big shots”.

Looking like they were from a single family, they each began to walk into the building with several black suited bodyguards surrounding them.

After a moment, Wang Chao walked in.

“This is a military district with many old people here. This group must be here to see their elders.” Wang Chao thought, but this was a strange thought to him still.

Just as Wang Chao entered the building, an indignant roar could be heard from the second floor.

“Out! Get out of here! You group of bastards, who told you to come visit!” The cry came out once more. Then, the sound of something flying out the window could be heard before landing on the ground.

“Grandfather has lost his mind; mother, father, I’ve said not to come but we still came. This should prove things now!” Came the shriek of a woman/

“That’s right, this old bastard!” A young man cursed out loud.

The sounds of footsteps could be heard before Wang Chao could see the high and mighty family come walking out of the building with an exasperated feeling and the youths swearing along the way.

Making way for them, the family climbed into their cars and peeled away from the district.

“Did this family come to see if their grandfather has gone crazy?” Wang Chao thought before ignoring it and walking back to the room on the third floor.

Just as Wang Chao pushed aside the doors and walked in, he saw grandfather Li and another elderly man in a military uniform talking passionately.

“Brother Li, you tell me. Did I not follow the chairman and prime minister? Did I not fight painstakingly battle after battle and threw off the oppression after being soaked in blood? Did I not exploit the people’s bureaucracy and hosts? I

didn't think that today, my own offspring would become a part of this very bureaucracy and ride on top of power and be deformed by it. By this point, they are no different than what I have fought against..."

"Brother Li, tell me. If this goes on and I die, just how will I face the comrades that were sacrificed for this cause? Wu...wu...wu..." The elder's voice began to choke up as he cried, "Just what face do I have to face the chairman, or the prime minister?!"

After this, the elder said no more and continued to cry like a child.

Wang Chao suddenly felt an indescribable feeling overcome him.

He began to think about the many events that had happened within the last decade.

And this man and his mentality.

Elders who had this same way of thinking had all converged in this place, what couldn't they accomplish?

"Finding strength through passion..." Wang Chao began to mutter sis Chen's words, "Temper the will and understand the mind..."

After grandfather Li had sent off the other elder and saw Wang Chao standing at the door muttering those words, he suddenly let out a long sigh.

"You speak correctly. This is what it means to find passion, and from passion is to find the strength to temper the will and understand the mind. This is what is truly called the three internal harmonies. What you are lacking right now is that passion to help you grow. My Chinese boxing was formed from the Long March back in 1934. I cannot teach you anything, but I can share with you my passion. However much you gain from this will be up to you."

"Come with me." Grandfather Li walked to his study room and pulled at cupboard, revealing a bright yellow suona.

TL Note: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Suona>

On the suona was a single red ribbon.

Doot, doot! Grandfather Li puffed up his lips and let out two short bursts to test out the suona, emitting a loud sound.

Wang Chao said nothing and continued to observe the elder.

The elder's chest suddenly expanded, causing his robes to flutter as if plenty of snakes were wriggling around. This was clearly his breath at the works here.

A loud but melodious sound could be heard from the suona.

As Wang Chao listened, he could feel the passionate folk song being emitted from the suona. Each note that came out from the suona were like an sharp arrow that pierced through the air.

The elder's clothes continued to move up and down with his breathes. Looking at the elder's posture as he played the suona, he continued to listen to the melody. Wang Chao gradually began to close his eyes as if to to enjoy the music while his own chest began to move up and down with the music.

After some time, the final note was lost in the air, waking Wang Chao out from his stupor only to see the elder sit wearily on the table next to him.

"The passion from my Chinese boxing can be contained from this ballad, the 'Seeing Off the Red Army'. You can go."

"Your passion, your Chinese boxing, I know of it now. There is truly no equal power to this." Wang Chao replied before walking out from the elder's house.

Chapter 51: A Mind Like a Newborn and a Willpower Like Iron (First)

Chapter 51: A mind like a newborn, a willpower like iron (First)

Wang Chao walked out of the courtyard and enjoyed the sunlight that was shining down on him. Overhead, several sparrows could be seen flying through the air in a pleasant way. Back when he was listening to the old man play the suona, it had taken three or four hours to finish the song.

“The Clear Jin is without intent and movement. It must be formed after the finest form of ‘muscles must loosen and the pores must attack’. The external must harden, and the internal must loosen. This is something the body has to do and has nothing to do with Hidden Jin.”

“The Hidden Jin and the three internal harmonies have to do with the mind and will. I knew in the past that if one was not calm, then they would sweat and the body would not issue a strong amount of power. This is the power of the will and intent. But how would this power be unleashed on a battlefield to its full extent? To have full command of this power in such a state is not an easy task to accomplish like crossing a large gap. This gap must have been illustrated by Cheng Tinghua when he spoke that ‘only the hands must be focused on when fighting’.”

As Wang Chao thought, he came to another idea, *“Once this gap is crossed, then this skill of martial arts becomes a skill of Dao. By then will it become the quintessence of Guoshu.”*

Thinking back to the very first day and night in this place. Although he hadn't been able to use the elder's knowledge to increase his own skill or actually fight with the seasoned person, it was still a worthwhile trip.

That was because every question he had had were all answered within this day and night.

“These two elders had fought and killed on the battlefield with wills as tough as iron. But after the decay of the younger generation, they saw the destruction

of their ideals, causing them to reveal their baby like hearts....”

“A heart like a newborn, and a willpower stronger than steel...this is the mystery of the three internal harmonies. Martial arts is closely related to the mystery that is human life. To not understand life is to not understand their inner Jin. With an impure heart and a weak will, their inner Jin would be unusable. Mind...will...mind and will...the six harmonies. It is no wonder that Xingyi Quan’s predecessor was called the Intent of the Six Harmony Fist. This was the reason.”

“For the past two years, I’ve practiced day in and night out only for my martial arts to progress slower and slower. It was because of my impure heart in the end. After coming in contact with this colorful world, I was unknowingly affected by it. If this continues, then the only thing that awaits me is a slow degradation and the inability to never come to understand the higher layers of martial arts. I must calm myself and cleanse my mind and temper my will.”

In this past year, Wang Chao had opened his own company and came in contact with the upper class. Even more so, he had been enticed by the allure of power and wealth, causing his mind and will to no longer be as clean as when he immersed himself in his training with sis Chen.

In regards to his skill at martial arts, this was a slow acting poison.

Fortunately after this day and night, he had experienced the passion of the senior generation. Grandfather Li’s final ballad had not only transformed his entire martial arts into a voice of power, but it had also cleared away the dense fog that had blurred Wang Chao’s mind.

Using this passion from the mind and will, it had transformed into a new passion to pursue the art of martial arts. In the end, the black clouds in his mind had been blown apart, revealing the bright moon illuminating the sky above.

At this moment regarding the muscles and pores being soft and hardened in accordance to both the external and internal three harmonies, Wang Chao had a deep comprehension of them now.

After two years of martial arts and a morning of revelations, the doors had been opened, allowing Wang Chao to attain the next step.

But understanding was still just understanding. If one wanted to improve their skill, they would need plenty of practice.

Wang Chao's recent revelation had only opened up the path up the mountain, he still had not yet begun to climb it.

To chase after the path of martial arts with the heart of a newborn and a will of iron was not something anyone could accomplish after a single day.

"Ai, the reason why sis Chen didn't tell me this before was because I had only just started out. I hadn't reached this threshold yet, so her words would be no better than playing a lute for the cow to listen."

Bringing his head down, he began to look at the congregated shadows as a myriad of emotions came to mind.

Taichi, Xingyi, Bagua, Eight Extremes, Tongbei, Crane styled Wingchun, *The True Record of Guoshu*, Tang Zichen, Zhu Jia, Zhang Tong, Cao Jingjing, Cao Yi, Li Wanji, Zhao Xinglong, Yao Xiaoxue, Grandfather Li, the elder crying full of grief, the secretary Zhu Tianlang, Zhao Jun, the axe wielders that ambushed him in the alleys, Lin Lijun that died from gunfire, the arrogant family from earlier this morning, the gun battle between cops and robbers, the life or death battle, the large financial building, the luxurious villa, the people who had gone purple from wine and blind with gold and many much more. Everything that Wang Chao had experienced within these two years quickly streamed into his mind.

Then, after an unknown amount of time, the cellphone within his clothes began to ring, jolting Wang Chao up from his thoughts.

Taking in a deep breath and shaking his entire body to relax, he cleared his throat. Air began to escape his throat as he exhaled sharply.

Almost as if he was expelling all of the impure things from within his body out of his mouth, Wang Chao immediately felt as if his entire body was suddenly clear and his mind was at an unprecedented level of rationality.

After that deep breath, Wang Chao picked up the phone only to hear Zhu Jia's voice, "You've been standing at the gates for a long time, what are you doing? Did you finish your talk with grandfather that fast? Seeing how amiable you two were, did grandfather see you as a brother in Bagua? I'm sitting in a car not too

far away. After afternoon, I came by over only to see you staring off into the distance like an idiot, have you gone crazy?”

Looking up to inspect the area, he suddenly noticed that on the main roads, there was a single high class BMW with a military license. Wang Chao didn't even want to know where she had gotten this car from.

Seeing Wang Chao looking her way, the windows of the car suddenly rolled down, revealing Zhu Jia's beautiful face as she waved her hand.

As Wang Chao walked over, he suddenly realized there was a pretty looking lady sitting at the driver's seat with an elegant dress. There was a clear air of elegance—just one look was enough to tell that she was properly educated as a high status family.

“Ai, it's you?” Wang Chao's eyes narrowed as he recognized the driver. It was the girl from earlier this morning that had caused the elder she visited to cry in grief.

“This lady was just driving an all terrain Hummer this morning. It hasn't even been half a day, and she swapped out to another military vehicle. This is truly the power of the daughter of an affluent family, how unfortunate...”

When Wang Chao thought back to the crying man, his heart felt a little tired.

“Wang Chao, get in the car. We've invited a person to get eat, you're coming along too.”

“Jia Jia, who's this person?” The lady looked at Wang Chao with a look of doubt.

“He is my friend and fellow disciple of martial arts with my grandfather Li. Grandfather Li is his teacher so he came to see him.” Zhu Jia boasted of Wang Chao's identity.

“Ah.” The lady's eyes began to shine as she listened. Scrutinizing Wang Chao closely now, she looked as if she recognized him, “Grandfather Li's next generation disciple? It's no wonder I saw him earlier this morning when I came by.”

“I have some matters to take care of back home, Zhu Jia, you have fun in

Beijing for a few days.”

Wang Chao spoke declined diplomatically. Although he knew that Zhu Jia bringing him to dinner would mean a meal with plenty of other young rich ladies and a better development for his future, he wasn't interested at all.

This type of allure was a feast for the rich and powerful. To the martial art immersed Wang Chao, it would only serve to bring his mind to a disorderly state and slowly corrode his willpower.

Daoist practices generally involved withdrawing from the secular world, but Wang Chao hadn't yet withdrawn himself yet. His mind was not yet like a newborn and his willpower was not yet like steel. If he were to try and forge his way into the world and then be tempted by such wealth and power, then he would definitely be lost to it.

Knowing how he would conduct himself in such a situation, Wang Chao gave it some thought before finally outlining a path of cultivation for himself.

After Zhu Jia had called to him, Wang Chao gave a smile. With no further word, he turned around and left.

Zhu Jia would have never imagined that Wang Chao would decline her invitation. As Zhu Jia turned red in the face, the rich daughter in the car with her looked at Wang Chao's retreating back with a stunned look.

After some time, Zhu Jia recovered with a slight snuffle and an apprehensive mutter, “If you don't go, that's fine. Hmph. Let's go!”

“What's wrong, Jia Jia, is he not your boyfriend? Did you have a lover's quarrel?” The lady asked.

“Hmph! Even after I helped him, he's still unable to see that!” Zhu Jia snorted.

The rich daughter laughed for a moment before setting the car into drive.

It wasn't until night time that Wang Chao had returned home. He spoke several words to his parents, saying he had gone for a trip before giving another phone call to Li Wanji that he was would be going to practice by himself. In that time, Zhao Xinglong would be his representative.

Li Wanji had been very cooperative and agreed to Wang Chao's request.

With every last thing taken care of, Wang Chao isolated himself for several days. Soon, a cold frost descended upon the entire city, rivers, lakes and roads.

On an early morning with snow blanketing the ground, Wang Chao stepped on the road towards the southwest.

Wang Chao wanted to travel like in the time of the previous century to inspire himself. To travel the rivers, the frosty mountains, the prairie and the mountain ridges, Wang Chao wanted to admire the sights and get rid of any distracting thought.

Chapter 52: A Mind Like a Newborn and a Willpower Like Iron (Second)

Chapter 52: A mind like a newborn, a willpower like iron (Second)

The snow continued to blanket the entire city for three entire days without clearing up. Only snow could be seen on the ground as the cold winds cut into everyone's faces as if knives with a painful sting. This type of snow was so strong that it would be weird for people in the city to be seen driving a car, let alone in the village.

Each step Wang Chao took towards the forests had sunk deep into the snow so that it covered his trousers and had a soft sound to it.

The road he was on now was neither concrete or asphalt, but dirt. It had already been three days, but he had finally reached Shaoshan in the Xiangtan province.

The snow had already stopped in this area, but the climate was harsh, making travel difficult. Everyday he would wake up at the crack of dawn and continue walking until night. Sometimes he would stay at a hotel, sometimes it would be at the house of a farmer.

One day when the snow was extremely difficult to walk on and his shoes were drenched with the snow, he was already in the countryside. After a difficult walk, his shoes had finally broken and forced him to carry on barefoot. By nightfall, his two soles were already numb with the cold.

It was a good thing that he had tempered his body over the course of two years to cover even the toes of his feet. With the pores sealed, the cold was not able to enter, an ordinary person would have lost his feet to frostbite already.

Because of the heavy snowfall and the great winds, his umbrella had been broken apart from the stress. The snow on his head would dissolve and flow down his neck to make his entire body cold. Despite his body was far stronger than the average person's, by the time it was night, his vision was already starting to get blurry. The frostbite was finally kicking in.

Fortunately after walking another 50 kilometers, Wang Chao had been able to find the home of a farmer. This house had only a single person, the rest of the family had long moved out to find jobs. The warmhearted old man had given him some hot ginger and brown sugar tea to warm himself up from the cold.

Seeing how there was a bamboo hat, a raincoat weaved from the hairs of a palm tree and straw sandals, Wang Chao immediately bought all three. On the morning of the next day, he was no longer afraid of the snow or wind with his new attire. But while the sandals were resilient, they did nothing to hold back the cold.

So after every step, Wang Chao would curl his toes so that the snow water wouldn't freeze it.

After three days of walking, Wang Chao's legs had taken the most of the sufferings.

Climbing up the nearby hill with difficulty, Wang Chao looked about the area. The trees were filled with icicles and the entire area was a wretched wintry sight.

By morning, Wang Chao was standing on top of the nearby mountain and looking all around. The northern wind blew against his raincoat harshly, but he could only feel a heroic spirit well up inside his heart as he thought of the first signs of the spring snow.

"This scenery and feelings..." After a while, Wang Chao descended down the mountain and headed towards the south west.

After a month of traveling, Wang Chao had made it to the border line that divided Hunan and Guizhou. By this point, the snow had already started to melt and the temperature began to rise with the coming spring. On the road, the rain water had already mixed into the ground to form mud. With each step, Wang Chao continued to leave behind a muddy trail.

At the beginning, Wang Chao wasn't adapted to this lifestyle. But after a month, he had gradually grown accustomed to thinking while he walked. Even the amount of times he had swapped out clothing was lost to him.

Every few days, he would come by the nearest town to buy a new set of clothes and changed into them. With the hundred thousand bill he had on him,

he was in no shortage of money.

But the bamboo hat, the rush raincoat, and the straw sandals had never once been replaced.

When the road became hard to travel on, he was most likely traveling on a mountainous path or an isolated forest path. The road was always quiet and isolated, causing Wang Chao to gradually forget about the noise and clamor of the mundane world while also causing his heart to soar into the sky with feeling.

Each movement he made was naturally in accordance with all the martial art he knew. Everything else had forgotten with only the essence of martial arts taking up his mind.

Yunnan was comprised of mainly mountains, so instead of taking the main path, Wang Chao had taken the road less traveled despite the strain. On the way, he had admired the sights the revolutionaries had once traveled. This process was exceedingly slow and had taken three quarters of spring before he had arrived at the Zun'yi province in Guizhou.

By May, Wang Chao had traveled past Chishui and into Sichuan.

Over the course of these several months, his body had been tempered by the frost and the wind. His previously white skin had transformed into an ashy brown and after spending the nights out in the open, his body hadn't grown weak at all. Instead, it grew sturdier and his legs even stronger.

Sometimes when he traveled, Wang Chao would close his eyes shut and reflect upon himself. Sometimes, he could hear the blood flow through his body.

Under the work of the heart, the blood in his veins had continued to circulate around his body without pause.

When one had been trained to a specific point, they would be able to hear their blood flow.

Unbeknownst to Wang Chao, his martial arts had already reached this detail stage where he could sense all of his inner organs. His body had also managed to coordinate with the very essence of several other martial art disciplines and essence, and his heart had submerged itself into a state of mind that could be seen in the previous century.

A plateau was already forming in Sichuan. The road was even more perilous than Guizhou with the mountainous terrain slowly taking over. The road continued to wind around unpredictably almost as if it was the body of a giant dragon.

The weather was growing hotter, but Wang Chao hadn't noticed it.

He could only feel that his mind and body was like a crude and unpolished gem. Each step he took was yet another polishing or another cut into this gem to rid it of its impurities.

In this half year of traveling, Wang Chao had only felt depressed and the entire trip to be difficult at first. But in the end, he had grown more and more comfortable with himself. He had forgotten about the problems with the world, and so his heart had grown lighter almost as if his entire body was floating now. Thinking back to the words and experience of his predecessors, he thought, *"Martial arts must be done with a feeling of comfort and ease. If there is only pain, then it is wrong."*

He knew he had practiced correctly.

The mountain grew dangerous, the roads even more precipitous. Beneath him, the river water was rushing with a rapid pace while the sun above him was burning with a vicious heat.

With such a perilous situation like this, each day grew even more difficult for Wang Chao. If he did not carefully watch himself with each step, then his body would not be able to take the consequence.

In the middle of June, Wang Chao came across a wriggling river, by this point, the cities and customs of the places he traveled to had gradually changed. Sometimes, he could see the clothes of Tibetans instead of the mainland Chinese he was used to.

After several days, the gigantic mountains he had crossed were starting to be covered with snow.

By the time Wang Chao had arrived at the next range of snowy mountains, they had already blocked his path.

When Wang Chao looked at the snowy mountains, his heart knew that this

journey ahead of him would be a hundred times harder than what he had just accomplished.

The thousand mile journey had only just begun.

Chapter 53: A Mind Like a Newborn and a Willpower Like Iron (Third)

Chapter 53: A mind like a newborn, a willpower like iron (Third)

By the time Wang Chao had crossed into the mountains, it was already June in both time and weather. Despite the dampness, it was stifling hot. There was also the occasional rain that made its way to the bottom of the forests, creating a stinky yet black mud.

Within the muddy waters of these branches were several snakes that roamed about it with reckless abandon. Several of these snakes had flat heads or had triangular heads. Some were black, dark green, or black and white, but Wang Chao could tell that every single one of these snakes were poisonous.

For the sake of protecting himself against any snake bites, Wang Chao treaded carefully down the path. Sealing his pores and having his hair stand on its ends, they were like radars that would sense for any snake nearby.

He was still wearing a conical bamboo hat, raincoat, and straw sandals, but there was also the new addition of a bamboo staff. The original bamboo hat, raincoat, and straw sandals had long since been ruined before, and it was only in Sichuan that he had bought a new replacement.

From the very first day, Wang Chao had felt a deep connection with these three items.

That was because even as he wore them on his journey, he couldn't sense a single tint of the current generation smell to them; it was very pure in spirit.

"With a straw cape and a straw hat through mist and rain, I'll walk through life's journey again and again." Wang Chao thought. He had already washed away any other foreign feel to it.

After a whole day of walking, Wang Chao had already traveled half of the mountain by the second morning. Looking around himself, he could see that further down the road, the cities and rivers were all tiny and hazy like on a

painting scroll. If anyone were to see this, they would treat it as a fantasy.

Suddenly, the bright wheel of fire that was the sun loomed overhead, illuminating the path behind him.

“The strong pass of the enemy is like iron, yet with firm strides, I will reach the summit.”

Wang Chao’s mind suddenly thought of a valiant phrase.

His mind had the idea of “walking through life’s journeys again and again”, while his will had the firmness of the “reaching the summit of the enemy’s iron-like pass.” With this mind and will, his muscles and pores began to soften and harden, just the way Yin and Yang was composed.

Facing the direction of the sun, he took in a deep breath before slowly exhaling.

The sun was already high in the sky, burning the stones he was standing on. Laying out some cloth on the flat rocks, Wang Chao sat comfortably on it and began to rest.

This was the halfway point up the mountain, but there was still a long way to go until the very top. As he traveled to the top, the more severe the snow and terrain became. If he wanted to cross this, then even if he had nine lives, he wouldn’t be able to with his current body. Right now, he needed to improve it.

After some time, Wang Chao began to feel a chill in the air. Waking up from his dreamful slumber, he tilted his head upwards to the sky only to find that the sun had descended with dark clouds rolling in. A cold wind was starting to blow in as well, chilling his body with each passing second.

His clothes had long since been dried from the sun. Putting them on, Wang Chao took out some rice dumplings, some dried vegetables, and a bamboo tube of water. With these rations, he searched for some dried up branches and quickly started a fire to warm up his food. In no time at all, the smell of rice could be smelled rising into the air.

Cooking the dried vegetables, he quickly devoured the food and drank the water. With a small exercise of the body, he felt his energy rise back up to completion.

Rumble! Just then, the deafening sounds of thunder could be heard as a bolt of lightning jolted through the air like a silver snake.

Without delay, Wang Chao found a stone cover to hide under. It wasn't big, but it could easily fit two people in there and was enough for him to hide from the rain.

Without another thunder clap, the rain began to cast downwards heavily.

Bang! Another thunderclap could be heard as even the mountains shook. There was a lingering echo after the lightning struck as if it was traveling around the mountains.

As Wang Chao listened to the sounds of thunder, he gradually thought about the Tiger's Thunder that could refine the marrow.

As a result, he began to subconsciously shake his entire body frame and bones.

The trembling technique from the Tiger's Thunder was still fresh on his mind when sis Chen had tried it on him two years ago. However, at the time, he wasn't able to shake his striated muscles to such a degree before.

But now, he could feel that trembling sensation without much difficulty.

That was when Wang Chao knew. In this half a year journey, his martial arts had reached a realm where his Jin could move about delicately and in a detailed manner.

In the midsts of this slow trembling, Wang Chao's ears could heard the gradual yet rhythmic tempo of his bones humming along with the blood in his veins like the sound of a fountain spring. In fact, there was a surprisingly similar sound to the outside thunder.

The intense downpour and the constant thunderclaps could be heard by Wang Chao clearly. Closing his eyes and clearing his mind, he began to synchronize the sounds of thunder with the vibrations within his body and imitate it.

Finally, Wang Chao could gradually feel that the vibrational sounds within his body was exactly similar to the sounds of thunder right outside; there was no telling apart which from what.

After an unknown amount of time, the thunder began to recede along with the

pitter patter of the rain, allowing a ray of light to make its way into the closed eyes of Wang Chao.

Opening his eyes, Wang Chao walked out only to see the sun rising from the east and the river below flowing freely. It was yet another morning!

Because of the early morning rain, the weather was clear and the forest in the mountains looked especially lush. It was so green, Wang Chao felt that juice could come out at any moment.

“Yin and Yang mix together to form thunder, and when the thunder leaves the mountain, everything flourishes.”

Then, Wang Chao came to a realization. *“A mind as pure as a newborn and a will as strong as iron. The muscles as soft as cotton, the pores as powerful as a bullet. This inner and outer contrast are the result of Yin and Yang. How cooperative yesterday was, with that, the world was explained. With the thunder, I was able to draw out the sounds of thunder in my own body. The previously abstruse mystery has become a truth far too wonderful for words.”*

Exercising his body, Wang Chao began a new set of drills. It wasn't too long after that he had realized his movements were far superior in terms of stability and efficiency compared to yesterday.

Without the use of Jin, he felt as if he was a floating cloud that was carefreely floating away.

With Jin, he was a meteorite streaking towards the ground with both power and vigor.

Swinging his arms and kicking his legs, they exploded with a crisp sound like a hot knife through butter.

“I have succeeded in bringing the Clear Jin up to a complete mastery.”

Wang Chao knew that in this bitter ascetic journey, Wang Chao had stripped away from the noisy mundane world and purified his heart. At the same time, his will had been impressed by the passion of the previous century and shaped up to become as strong as iron.

When the conditions are right, success will follow. With the thunderstorm

from yesterday, he had managed to tame that sound to temper his entire physique.

This too was a scripture in the way of the fist, “Chain Linking”.

At this stage, one could be considered to have mastered the Clear Jin.

If he hadn’t gone through such an ascetic training for half a year, Wang Chao would have never reached such a result like this or come in contact with thunder. If he were to stick around in the mundane world and face the noisy mess that came with interpersonal relationships and lifestyles, Wang Chao didn’t know how long it would take to attain the same results.

It would be possible that his spirit would have been further polluted. His mind would have been thrown in disarray. His heart impure, murky and unclean. He would have never understood.

Standing upright and welcoming the tranquility for a moment, Wang Chao donned his raincoat, sandals, and hat once more and began to climb.

The mountains of Sichuan were relentlessly tall. The rain and mist would only be seen halfway. From the halfway up point, it would only snow. After half a day, Wang Chao had reached the uninhabited parts of the mountain where the path was in particularly precipitous. There was no other choice but to use the hands and legs to climb.

Wang Chao’s hands continued to make contact with the icy snow as he climbed, the frost permeating into his body. Even before he could make it to the top, his hands were already numb with cold.

Fortunately he had experienced the dangers of walking on icy grounding before. Sprinkling water on the ground from his bamboo tube, Wang Chao could continue to walk without any danger to be had.

Because of the wind, it felt as if it was the wintry twelfth lunar month instead of June. Snowflakes could be seen rolling about in the sky as Wang Chao continued to sprinkle his path with water to avoid falling to his death.

In this vast expanse of snow, no other color could be seen. Looking down, he couldn’t even see the road. Unable to go up and unable to go down, this would strike fear in anyone’s heart.

Taking off his raincoat, Wang Chao could only feel a cold he had never felt before. His entire body looked as if it was locked up to form an icy sculpture, but with the dark skies, that much couldn't be seen clearly. All he could do now was to stop moving in order to avoid plummeting to his death.

Finding a depression in the wall to hole up against the wind, he wrapped himself up in a raincoat and began to eat some food and drink some water before recuperating his strength.

The night never seemed to end, the anxiety from waiting was tormenting Wang Chao. With the pitch-dark skies and the whistling winds, Wang Chao began to doubt, when would light come? Would he be able to survive before making his way down this mountain?

Desolation, cold, squalls, waiting, nighttime, fatigue, rigidity of his body, all these factors had begun to lead Wang Chao into feeling some despair.

"During the year of the Long March of the Red Army, they had managed to transverse this mountain. Their physiques were probably worse than mine and had straw sandals as well. But they had no specialized equipment and were still able to do it. A miracle doesn't even come close to describing it. If they were able to, just what reason would I not be able to do the same?"

Thinking to how this was no dead end if there had been people who had climbed this pass before, Wang Chao's grievances had been cleared away in an instant.

"It seems my willpower wasn't as impregnable as I thought." Wang Chao sighed. For the sake of making sure he didn't actually become an ice sculpture, his body continued to tremble as it replicated that thunder clap sound.

After several bitter days, Wang Chao had pulled his spirits back up and continued to trek upwards steadily. Although he could see the road, it was still hard to travel up it.

After two days and one night of battling it out with death in order to survive, Wang Chao had finally made it over the snowy mountains. The mountains continued onwards, and down below at the edge of it, a tourist spot could be seen. However, Wang Chao ignored that and continued to travel down the unmanned path towards the nearest town.

This trip had led Wang Chao on a teetering path between life or death many times. But with each feeling of despair he felt, he had learned another lesson.

After resting for several days, Wang Chao set out for the next snowy mountain.

With this experience, he had climbing a snowy mountain under his belt now.

Every single time he had crossed yet another snowy peak, Wang Chao felt his willpower and mind increase in fortitude. At the very end, he had even felt that there was nothing in the world that could shake him from his will and mind.

By September, Wang Chao had finally made his way out from Sichuan and was just about to cross over into the grassy fields of Tibet.

While the grasslands wasn't as difficult as the mountains, it was still nonetheless difficult to travel. With a single misstep, a traveler would find themselves in a marsh. On the road, if a person were to step into the mud, they would find out that the hole was knee deep. Every step had to be carefully calculated as if they were on thin ice.

With a stick in hand, Wang Chao would occasionally jab at the ground so as to avoid these marshes.

Walking across the grasslands, one had to be calm without deviation as if walking on a tightrope.

Wang Chao was still carrying several rice dumplings, dried vegetables, and water. He was lightly dressed now, but because of the mud, the straw sandals had been useless, causing Wang Chao to go barefoot.

There would sometimes be downpour or even a hailstorm. Sometimes, there was just the sun bearing heavily down on Wang Chao without any shelter in sight.

But Wang Chao was determined and his willpower never wavered almost as if he was a statue. All that would happen was Wang Chao's rhythmic step forward.

His clothes had long since ripped apart so that there was a piece missing here, and a piece missing there. Even the most destitute of beggars would not look any worse off.

But underneath the ripped clothes was a solid steel like body.

By the fifth day of entering the grasslands, Wang Chao had run out of both food and water. The hard-pressed times that the Red Army had felt was now something he could feel.

But there was never a time he wavered. His mind and will had continued to grow strong enough to lift even the continent itself. When he was thirsty, he would lift his head up and drink from the rain. When he was hungry, he would harvest the potherbs and eat.

After 10 days, the quagmire he had been in began to decrease in frequency. The grass was growing more dense as a giant mountain loomed overhead in the distant blue skies.

Although he had transversed the grasslands, he had still yet to climb another mountain without a town in sight.

It was now that Wang Chao had begun to feel a little labored in the breath. But he knew that he had already entered the Qinghai-Tibetan plateau.

“Is this short of breath because of altitude sickness?”

Sitting down on a massive rock, Wang Chao looked around only to see just rocks of every size laying about.

With the sun shining down fiercely, Wang Chao could feel himself growing a little dizzy.

He wanted to lay down and sleep.

“I can’t sleep!” Wang Chao admonished himself. There was no one or no town in city.

At that moment, the clear sound of a woman singing could be heard. As Wang Chao struggled to listen, a flock of cows and sheep could be seen grazing nearby with a Tibetan girl.

The girl was singing in the Tibetan language, so Wang Chao wasn’t able to understand. However, the song she was singing had a familiar tune to it.

“From Beijing’s golden hill shines forth light far and wide!!!

Chairman Mao is the golden sun!!!

Oh how warm, oh how kind!

The heart of us serfs are lighting up!!!

Hearing the Tibetan song, an indescribable emotion began to well up in Wang Chao's body. Opening his throat, he began to use the Chinese language to sing along.

As soon as the girl heard Wang Chao sing, she looked over from her herd. And straight after seeing the state Wang Chao was in, she dug into her leather bag and took out some butter tea for him to drink.

Wang Chao began to drink the beverage down in large gulps.

After finishing the drink, Wang Chao's spirit had been refreshed. Giving the Tibetan girl a smile and receiving one in return, the two began to sing once more.

Midway through the song, Wang Chao suddenly felt as if his spirit had ascended into the Ninth Heaven. Shooting straight up, he bent his waist and struck out with a fist.

His arm had been like a snake in its movement and the unshaven hairs on his arms had instantly shot straight up as if zapped by lightning.

This issuing of power had caused his Qi to boil before gathering in the entirety of his hand.

Just as the Qi had converged at the pores in his hands, Wang Chao had inadvertently loosened it. Just like opening the dams, all of the force rushed out as he struck at the stone he was sitting on.

Bang! Stone fragments were sent flying everywhere as a large hole could be seen in it. Within the hole, several more needle like holes could be seen with sweat gathering in those tiny holes.

Wang Chao's fist had not weakened at all.

The soft discharge and retention, harmony of mind and will, harmony of will and Qi, and the harmony of Qi and power! The natural break out of Hidden Jin in the shape of needles!

At last, the Hidden Jin had been achieved!



Chapter 54: When Close at Hand, a Man is Scarier Than a Country

Chapter 54: When close at hands, a man is scarier than a country

Because of the linguistic differences, Wang Chao had been unable to communicate with the Tibetan girl, but he could tell that she was looking at him as if he was some sort of deity. With several choice hand signals, he had managed to ask for directions, which the girl had returned in response as well as gifting him some butter tea and some highland barley. Watching his figure drift farther and farther away, she turned towards the broken pieces of stone before kneeling and bowing towards it while muttering, “Mahākāla! Mahākāla!”

TL Note: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mah%C4%81k%C4%81la>

Mahākāla was a Vajrapani protector deity that was prevalent in Tibetan Buddhism.

What Wang Chao didn't know was that his display of strength after coming to an understanding of the mysterious hidden Jin was mistaken to be an act of a deity.

After three days, he had arrived the capital city of Tibet, Lhasa. After some rest, Wang Chao began to walk down the “Heavenly Road” towards Lhasa.

This “Heavenly Road” was the railway between Qinghai and Tibet. Known to many as the Roof of the World, it was truly a wonderful thing.

On the road, there was a single railway that was protected by several soldiers. There were also several maintenance workers that looked at Wang Chao with a strange look.

Another month later, Wang Chao had arrived at the capital city of the Qinghai province, Xining City. Not too long after, he began to head north towards the Gansu province, then the Shaanxi province, the Shansi province, and then towards Beijing. It would be here that he would go back to see the grandfather Li in the military district.

By now, the year was already nearing its end. The snow in Beijing was swirling with a magnificent sight.

Another year had passed. Another year had finally passed.

Time continues to cycle with everyday being the same. There was never an alternate life or any variation to it.

But Wang Chao was not the same Wang Chao as last year.

Grandfather Li was as simple as he was last time, the only difference now was his age. He was nearing 100 years old now, and despite the depthness of his martial arts, he was not able to go against the passage of time.

Seeing Wang Chao come, grandfather Li was astounded. The reason behind his shock was that those eyes that had seen many things and experienced many change had seen the world turning transformation Wang Chao had gone through.

When Wang Chao saw grandfather Li, he spoke no words and instead moved into a Bagua stance.

Wang Chao's movements were nimble and smooth as if he was gliding across ice.

In the final sequence of his stance, Wang Chao's final eight steps had been light and sound less, like feathers floating towards the ground.

The cement ground of the military district had eight distinctive footprints from where Wang Chao had stepped on in relations to the directions.

Wang Chao was even barefoot, so the cement had even displayed the imprints from where the veins were slightly bulging out from his feet.

"Ai!" After watching, the elder had not spoken any words of praise or even any words for some time. Sighing, he spoke, "My time is not long, but with your unparalleled support for the Bagua sect, I can rest assured."

Letting out a deep breath of air, Wang Chao closed his eyes to relax. "I can only use the Hidden Jin during these eight steps. I can also spread out the Hidden Jin within the extremities of my hands and feet, but that is my limit. I am not yet one with the universe and cannot force my Jin like needles. When I break out

using my mentality, it is far more consuming than breaking out with my muscles.”

“For the entire body to break out Jin in a needle like manner, that is the Transforming Jin. To be able to circulate the Hidden Jin to your hands and feet is already considered quite decent. The Clear Jin uses the muscles to attack while the Hidden Jin uses the intent to attack. The two cannot be said to be at the same level. To try and issue Hidden Jin without the intent is to instead lose an extraordinary amount of stamina.”

Wang Chao nodded his head as if understanding the reasoning behind the grandfather’s words.

Hidden Jin was the explosive break out of intent. If a person was shaken or angry, then they would instantly be covered with sweat and their arms and legs would be unable to move. This sudden explosion of effort would reach a peak and drain away all stamina.

With Wang Chao’s current strength, he could strike out a hundred times with the Clear Jin without feeling taxed. But with the Hidden Jin, he would be fatigued after five blows.

Thus the strength of the Hidden Jin couldn’t be easily used. One would have to be careful with it during a fight.

Without another word, Wang Chao turned away and began to walk out.

Walking from Beijing to S City, the time had already flew to the spring time in March.

Returning home, Wang Chao immediately looked for his mother and father. It had already been a year since he had left home with barely any message so they had been extremely worried. “You said you went to travel, but it’s already been a year! How did you lose so much weight, are you just skin and bones now?”

Needless to say, Wang Chao’s skin was completely brown now without any excess fat. However, the chiseled parts of his body was hidden away and his gentle eyes occasionally had a strange expression to them. His temperament was a bit more reserved than last year, but not as shy.

After consoling both parents, Wang Chao had returned back to sis Chen’s villa.

Because there had been no one to clean the house for a year, the villa was filled with dust. Fortunately, he had been able to pay for the house fees in advance, so the utilities like water and electricity had not yet been stopped. After a brief moment of cleaning, the villa looked new once more.

After training by himself for another three or four days, Wang Chao felt as if his face was glowing. His body was back in its peak form and was familiar to himself once more.

The journey all over China had taken a year, and while it had purified his heart and tempered his will, the outdoor camping and restrictive meals had not been good on his body. If it were not for his training, then any regular person would have died a long time ago.

Returning to the peaceful calm, all of his fatigue had drained away and returned his body to its optimal state.

“Kid, where in the world did you go for an entire year?” Cao Yi had said straight away. Without speaking too much, Wang Chao explained himself succinctly.

After getting in touch with Zhang Tong, she had been amazed to hear Wang Chao return and had expressed her wish to see him.

After thinking, he replied, “I still have to go to the dojo and report in as an instructor. After that, chief Cao will be seeing me, but we could eat a meal together.”

“Chief Cao? He’s the public safety bureau vice head of the province and the second political commissar of the province isn’t he? When you called him, didn’t you ask him?” Zhang Tong spoke much to the shock of Wang Chao.

Even though he had uncovered a large drug trafficking and won plenty of fame, was it that much for him to rise through the ranks that fast? Although his official title was a support member and not an actual participant, could he become a vice head of the province in just three years? There was definitely some doubt to what was happening.

Did Cao Yi have some relative in the central government? Or was this a part of his secret identity?

Wang Chao then gave a phone call to Yao Xiaoxue and Zhao Xinglong in order

ask about how the business was going. Sure enough, the business was going well. With the government working with them, it was harder to not be making a profit.

Last year, the Tianxing Networking had won the bid to right to construct internet towers all over the nearby towns and countryside. For a fifteen million RMB project, they had managed to also get rid of any middleman fees and earned a total of 9 million RMB. At the same time, they had managed to earn even more business from the government with barely any effort. This had thus increased the net worth of their company to several ten million.

Business was booming with projects in hardware, software, technology, and internet projects. Located in Computer City, their entire shop was now looking extremely grand.

They had even hired several hundred employees, causing Yao Xiaoxue and the other girls to become celebrities within the province and made it onto the top 10 influential youths of the year.

Yao Xiaoxue had even planned to make her way into the province's committee member, and in three or five years, she would create an even larger building and make the company well known within the country like Shanda, The9, Tencent, Alibaba, and the rest.

"In five years, Tianxing Networking will even be on the NASDAQ stock market in America!" Yao Xiaoxue had spoke with excitement over the phone.

"This world is far too crazy."

Wang Chao had though the situation almost inconceivable at first, but after thinking for some time, it didn't baffle him too much. With Yao Xiaoxue pulling in Zhu Jia's cooperation as well as the committee party, the municipal secretary and the new political upstart Cao Yi, then they would be able to tear off the skin of a tiger and use it as their war banner. Combined with several of the other girl's public relations, then earning several ten million wouldn't be impossible after a year.

But what Wang Chao had secretly felt was that the four girls were extremely complicated.

“Who knows what they might have done for the sake of public relations....”

Shaking away the unhealthy thoughts from his mind, Wang Chao called up Zhu Jia's number, but much to his surprise, the number had come up empty. Zhu Jia must have changed her number.

Letting out a small sigh, Wang Chao walked into the dojo.

Just like in the past, Wang Chao reached the top and met up with Li Wanji.

The moment Li Wanji saw Wang Chao, she had been stunned for a moment before a look of respect appeared on her face.

After a moment, Zhang Tong, Cao Yi, and Zhao Xinglong had arrived.

When Zhao Xinglong had seen Wang Chao, the two couldn't help but spar against each other. Wang Chao had truly made a huge leap in strength however, with a single press of their hands, he had sent Zhao Xinglong flying.

Another press, another trip backwards. After being sent flying back five times, Zhao Xinglong had given up dejectedly.

“This kid, he has trained to a strong degree already. It seems it's time for me to accept it.” Cao Yi had seen the events clearly, his eyes shining quite brightly.

“Come, let's go eat a meal.”

Just as they were about to head out, there was a sudden voice that called out to them.

“Chief Cao, Chief Zhang, if there's a banquet, why haven't you called me up?”

A well proportioned fair skinned man with gold rimmed glasses could be seen walking forward, it was the second son of the governor, Zhao Jun. Right by his side was a 30 year old man that wore a Tang suit and cloth shoes with a smile that didn't quite reach his eyes.

When the man saw Wang Chao, he began to size him up before seemingly giving a look of approval.

“If it isn't Chief Zhao! Weren't you in Guangdong for your business, what brings you back to the province?” Cao Yi responded in greeting.

“A visit, that's all.” Zhao Jun spoke with a deep voice, *“The more important*

thing was that master Zhang had heard that there was an expert here and wished to see him.”

“Allow me to introduce him. In the southern Wushu world, he is known as one of the three tigers, master Zhang Wei.”

After making his greetings, Zhao Jun walked up to Wang Chao and shook his hands. Then, he leaned in and began to whisper.

“Master Wang, you are truly skilled. After sending out so many people, you weren’t injured? How strong and valiant you are.”

“So it really was you?” Wang Chao thought back to the axe wielders from a year ago. His eyes had turned frosty with a dangerous gleam to them.

“Well spoken. Very well spoken.” Zhao Jun whispered, “I was only admiring master Wang’s martial art and wanted to test it. I didn’t think that it would be so high however. But, I heard that you didn’t escape unharmed, how embarrassing of me, do forgive me for that. After master Wang had disappeared for a year, I immediately came back after I had news that you returned to give my apologies in person.”

“Haha...” Wang Chao smiled forcibly.

“No no no, you shouldn’t harbor any bad feelings!” When Zhao Jun saw the look in his eyes, he drew back his hand quickly, “Master Wang, it is better to bury the hatchet. I came here this time to exchange my banners of war with banners of silk. Of course, to show my sincerity, I had helped contribute to master Wang’s company...the Tianxing Networking! If it weren’t for my dealings, then those female managers of yours would have been paying with their bodies for the official’s business.”

“Ah!” Wang Chao rolled his eyes as he felt the mystery behind Zhao Jun, “What are you planning now?”

“It’s simple really, my business right now requires several strong men to help me. A year ago, you passed my test to join up with me! With the two of us combined, there will be money if you need it, and power when you want it. My business is currently 50 to 60 million RMB strong and is waiting for your company to join with mine.” Zhao Jun smiled.

“And if I don’t?” Wang Chao spoke impassively.

“Then I am regretful to say that your power isn’t a match for mine. If you do not agree, then your company will fall apart within a year while yourself may find yourself in another incident.” Zhao Jun spoke.

“Haha.” Wang Chao suddenly smiled, “Second son of Zhao, your stick and carrot approach isn’t bad, but unfortunately, with all that power, you’ve forgotten several important words.”

“Which words?” Zhao Jun spoke.

“When close at hand, a man is scarier than a country.” Wang Chao smiled, “Don’t you think you are awfully close to me? If I want to kill you, even if you had a country backing you up, it’d be useless.”

Chapter 55: The Forced Gamble

Chapter 55: The forced gamble

“You!”

Zhao Jun had a good ear and had instantly deduced the meaning behind Wang Chao’s words. Casting an eye at him, Zhao Jun had suddenly noticed the malevolent smile on Wang Chao’s face.

It was with great shock that he jumped back as Wang Chao’s hand struck like lightning towards him. Grabbing hold of Zhao Jun around the neck, Wang Chao prevented him from escaping his grasp.

From the perspective of an outsider, it looked like the two were happily talking to each other.

“I’m only joking, just joking.” Wang Chao’s face transformed into a harmonious smile as if the spring wind had cheered him up. “Mister Zhao played a joke on me a year ago, so today I will repay the drop of water you gave with a gushing fountain. If I have scared mister Zhao, then please forgive this one.”

“Hmph!” In a moment, he had felt an instantaneous flash of killing intent and lose his bearings. With such a slip up, he was angry at both himself and Wang Chao. With a snort that sounded like he was annoyed a mosquito, Zhao Jun spoke, “And how are your parents faring recently?”

These words held an undisguised threat in them that could be heard from anyone.

Without a twitch in his expression, Wang Chao answered, “They’re doing fine like vegetables in spring. But in the human lifespan of a hundred years, how might there never be a problem? It is fortunate I understand the principle of treating my friends well so it is easier to meet them in the future. Lin Chong had once forced the hedonistic son Gao Yanei into a desperate situation; mister Zhao’s goals are quite ambitious, his words and actions shouldn’t repeat the same actions of that same scenario.”

TL Note: Lin Chong and Gao Yanei are both characters from the famous Chinese novel, Water Margin

“Fine fine.” Wang Chao’s words had caused Zhao Jun to concede before laughing, “I wouldn’t dare be Gao Yanei. But you yourself are even more amazing than Lin Chong. You say you treat friends well for a better future, but my philosophy is to beat the snake to death before it bites. A snake will definitely cause harm, and if the grass isn’t cut, then another snake will take its place.”

“To say the truth, when I heard your response just now, I knew that your future would be bright. In the past, I had only thought you to be a wet eared child. But then you tried to get close to Zhu Jia, so crushing you like an ant was my course of action. Who knew that I had invoked the ire of a snake that wishes to turn into a dragon? We’ve already set the bridge between us, you are a threat to me, and if you gain more power in the future, then my life will be even more difficult. Now that I’m on the tiger, I must ride it; either we become friends, or I will dispose of you. However, my life is in your hands quite literally now, so, enlighten me, what should I do?”

Although Zhao Jun had lose himself when he was grabbed, he instantly grew calm once more.

At those words, Wang Chao knew that Zhao Jun wasn’t some fragile glass vase and would be difficult to deal with.

“Don’t say that the two of us won’t be related. I’m not convinced that with this bridge between us, one of us won’t die. A result like that would displease me. Allow me to hear your words, if you kill me here, then the police will kill you, if you support me, then we can cooperate in the future. These two paths, choose them wisely.”

Zhao Jun had remained calm and tried to bring authority into his own hands once more.

“Then mister Zhao is trying to have me kill him. If you wish for it, then I have no choice! A man walking barefoot doesn’t fear putting on shoes, and so for this life to be exchanged for the life of a governor, that would be quite the deal!” Wang Chao remained unswayed by Zhao Jun’s words. His hand began to clamp down causing Zhao Jun to feel pain in his neck.

“Slow down!” Zhao Jun called out hastily, he was the opposite of Wang Chao; his feet were afraid of going barefoot. “There’s still one way so stay your hand!”

“What way?” Wang Chao spoke,

“You currently have some power, and the underworld has a way to solve this problem. No matter who is right or wrong, it is disputed in a duel. If we wish to resolve the matters between us, we should adhere to these rules.”

“Eh! So that’s why you brought one of the three tigers of Guangdong, Zhang Wei!” Wang Chao spoke.

Zhao Xinglong had once said before that the crime syndicates by the coast had always settled things by a bet.

The biggest gamble had been between the Chenshi Corporation and Hong Kong’s Huaxing party for a sum of two billion. In the end, master Zhang Guangming had been killed by Chen Aiyang by the use of the Hidden Jin via the tiger stance.

The big scaled companies in the coastal areas were linked to the underworld intrinsically, some had been completely washed over the criminal world. In the past, the underworld had been called by a different moniker, such as the Lu Lin, or even the Wulin. In Ancient China, any disputes amongst the Wulin had always been determined by the outcome of a battle. The winner would be the righteous one.

Wang Chao knew that even during the time of the Central Guoshu Institute, disputes had been resolved by a fight of martial prowess.

Of course, when Xingyi master Li Cunyi had formed the Chinese Warrior Association in Tianjin City, he had undergone many disputes with the Shandong Guoshu and won them all.

“Do you mean to say that Zhang Wei and I should fight? And if I win, then the matter between us will be written off?” Wang Chao’s eyes flashed joyously.

“No no no...” Zhao Jun spoke. “Not now, this is a private match so it won’t count. A matter like this should be resolved with a bang. Let’s put this off for later, I don’t wish to miss out on such a gamble.”

“In one month, my Ike Corporation and your Tianxing Networking will settle this in Chaozhou, Guangdong. When the time comes, I will invite several big shots to come and buy stock. Master Chen Aiyang, Master Ma Hongjun, Master Xue Lianxin, and even Master Zhu Hongzhi will be our witness. There won’t be any trickery, so why don’t we make this bet a hundred million?”

“A hundred million?” Wang Chao was startled.

“I know that your Tianxing Networking is only worth fifty million, so how about this? Both of your hands will be worth 25 million each!”

“Am I that costly?” Wang Chao smiled coldly.

“You have a reputation from being the overseer at the Taekwondo dojo for a year. Once again, my life is in your hands, so I have to concede this.” Zhao Jun shrugged.

“Do you agree or not? After this match is settled, I will pledge that I won’t start trouble with you again. If I go back on my word, then I will reap the consequences.”

“Good, I accept!” Wang Chao spoke.

“You sure are brave. I’ll send over a contract in ten days. Although a gambling contract holds no legal weight within the country, the underworld will accept it as proof.” Zhao Jun spoke as he slowly massaged his neck.

“This is Zhang Wei, come get to know him!” Zhao Jun turned around and gave Zhang Wei a look.

Nodding, Zhang Wei came forward to extend his hand to Wang Chao.

Chi! When Wang Chao and Zhang Wei pressed hands, Cao Yi, Zhang Tong, and the others could all feel the ground beneath them begin to shake.

Then, the rug underneath both combatants feet began to split apart with a sound of ripping fabric.

When the two had begun to use Jin, it had escaped from their legs and transformed into a knife like force that cut apart the carpet.

The two drew back their hands without another further movement.

“Boss Zhao, let’s go.” Zhao Jun spoke emotionlessly. Adjusting his gold rimmed glasses, Zhao Jun gave a cold smile to Wang Chao before leaving the building.

“He is strong.” As soon as the two left the building, Wang Chao’s body loosened, some beads of sweat could be seen coming from his pores.



Chapter 56: Candidate For the Leader of the Wulin

Chapter 56: The candidate for the leader of the Wulin

When Zhang Wei and Wang Chao had pressed hands, Wang Chao felt a stinging sensation within his wrist. Zhang Wei had sent out some Hidden Jin, revealing him to be a master martial artist.

But that Hidden Jin from Zhang Wei had not been as nimble as grandfather Li's attack.

Grandfather Li's Hidden Jin had risen and fallen like how a snake's tongue moved about independently. Zhang Wei's Hidden Jin had been an explosive burst without any finesse. This had meant that it was taxing for Zhang Wei to do, and that his mastery over it had not yet reached perfection.

When he had used the Hidden Jin, he had taken up a loss as well.

Wang Chao had flared his hair and attacked with his pores. Although he didn't know how Zhang Wei had dealt with it, it should have been the same, otherwise, he wouldn't have been in such a hurry to leave.

But after this one probe, Wang Chao could instantly deduce that Zhang Wei was a formidable opponent.

Regarding Zhang Wei's show of skill, Wang Chao wasn't all too surprised about it.

Zhang Wei was nicknamed one of the three tigers of Guangdong and was famous in his own right. All of the Wulin in Guangdong had known him, so if he didn't have some strength, then he would have been killed a long time ago.

"If I were to fight with such a person, then it would truly be a fight to the death." With both sides being able to use Hidden Jin, all it would take was for a single strike for a bone to be broken and the inner organs to be damaged, there was no chance of holding back.

If Zhang Wei didn't die, then it would be Wang Chao. At the very least, someone would come out a handicapped.

Unexpectedly, Wang Chao had come across such an expert straight after reaching the Hidden Jin stage—in a bet no less. He couldn't afford to lose, and he had no other choice but to take the bet because of the threat that was Zhao Jun. If it weren't for Zhao Jun, then there would have been a miniscule chance that one of the tigers of Guangdong would have sought out Wang Chao, he couldn't give up such a chance either.

Taking in a deep breath, Wang Chao took a towel and began to dry off the sweat on him. "Provincial head Cao, I wish to know about Zhang Wei."

Cao Yi had more or less figured out what Zhao Jun had said to Wang Chao, but he couldn't help but let out a smile, "What's going on, what did Zhao Jun say?"

"A hundred million RMB bet to settle the difference amongst us two. If I lose, then I lose my company as well as both my hands. That is the equivalent of my life almost." Wang Chao explained.

"Zhao Jun has already admitted to hiring people to kill me, could it be that the head of the provincial department doesn't care?"

Cao Yi waved both of his hands in embarrassment, "You should know this too, but we police officers need evidence. Come to think of it, why didn't you report this to the authorities before? Right now it is already water on the bridge, so investigating this would be difficult. Why not come with us to the public safety bureau and open up a case so we can slowly bring him to justice?"

"Forget it then." Wang Chao laughed hollowly.

"Zhao Jun has openly spoke that he wishes for you to die without any tricks involved, meaning you cannot decline." Zhang Tong stated after listening. "I've heard of Zhao Jun's Ike Corporation; it was established around two years ago in Guangdong. They cover many different industries such as real estate, transportation, entertainment, pharmaceuticals, electronics, and so on. It's said they have a capital of a billion RMB about, most likely from under the table business deals. There is an undeniable connection to the criminal world in regards to casinos and drug manufacturing. However, the concrete details aren't something I am privy to. Give me three days and I should be able to find something out for you."

Wang Chao nodded his head with some happiness, "Thank you."

Zhang Tong gave an elegant smile in return.

Cao Yi nodded towards Wang Chao, "Could we have a chance to talk in private later?"

Sensing the air of mystery around Cao Yi, Wang Chao thought, *"The hidden secret has finally come out, I need to see this."*

In a quiet teahouse, Longjin Cha imported from Xihu was being poured in clay teacups. There was a fragrant smell throughout the room, spreading a tranquil air in the private room.

Cao Yi and Wang Chao sat facing against each other. Click! With a snap of his lighter, Cao Yi took in a drag of his cigarette before exhaling a puff of smoke.

Drinking another sip of his tea, he cleared his throat to speak.

"To be honest, we have long since documented the coastal gambling matches that determine everything. The three tigers of Guangdong are also another well documented piece of information by our organization. Every single domestic and foreign martial artist, we have information on. Even the annual meetings, the bets and their details, who are who and what martial art they know, we know as well."

"Your organization?" Wang Chao had never heard of what Cao Yi had said before.

"That's right, aside from being a part of the public safety bureau, I am also a part of another organization. You may have heard of it before." Cao Yi let out another puff of smoke from between his lips.

"What organization are you a part of?" Wang Chao immediately felt that his question had been too personal.

"Youngster, this isn't a question you should ask about." Cao Yi laughed. "However, let me tell you something. It has almost been a hundred years since we threw off the last dynasty, but things have not always been peaceful. There are many special people that don't like how the government runs things; this much has been proven since the Tang Dynasty. This organization has always been tasked with making sure we observe these people and subdue them when we can, and try to control them when we cannot."

“Are these people practitioners of martial arts? The figures of the Wulin?” Wang Chao spoke, “Those who practice martial arts do not wish to remain ordinary and often kill or use force to act. However, cold weapons are no longer efficient, are you telling me that your hot weaponry are of no match still?”

“The situation isn’t as easy as you say it is.” Cao Yi shook his head. “An expert martial artist has many admirers that respect them and have many disciples as well. Furthermore, those that practice martial arts are generally rich and powerful, this combination slowly transforms into a power of its own and thus the problem becomes tricky. These members are of the many Wulin sects, and with time, they inevitably become a part of the underworld in today’s society.

Thinking about it, Wang Chao felt that Cao Yi’s words had some truth to them.

He had studied upon the history of Guoshu in the past. In the chaotic times where the military had been fragmented and the government had no power, the masters of martial arts had many disciples and formed a power by themselves.

99% of the time, those who practiced martial arts were ruthless.

As for the truly virtuous? Those did not exist in the martial art world. Although there were many disciplines that taught morality, the truly virtuous were almost non-existent.

Even Sun Lu-tang had challenged many people in his youth.

If people like this didn’t gather together to form a faction after so many years, it would definitely be strange.

An example of this had been Ma Yongzhen who had become a member of the underworld in Shanghai.

Huo Yunjia had also been a porter and gang leader. When he came to fame, he had founded the Chin Woo Athletes Association, but when funds had gone low, the disciplines of the association had undertaken jobs as bodyguards and fought others.

Li Cunyi and Shang Yunxiang had been a part of the the Boxers.

TL Note: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Boxer_Rebellion

When the Republic of China had been formed along with the Central Guoshu

Institute, one half of the reason was to be promote the slogan of a strong and unified China. The other half of the reason was to hurry and unite all the influential members of the Wulin so that they would not oppose the government and disturb the peace,

With the appearance of a master came the multitude of disciples. From here, the fishes and the dragons mixed together, making supervision difficult.

If Wang Chao were to take on some disciples, they would be the children of government officials or even small time traders. They would be eager to fight and eager to conform with their elder disciple brothers. Their status as a fellow disciple wasn't something anyone could shirk, and so the children of the government officials wouldn't stand to be belittled. If anything, they would have their elder disciples help fight, and with time, it would be strange for them to not toe the law after some time.

"Taiwan, Hong Kong, Macau, and the other coastal areas have never been baptised by the new Chinese revolution. In the past, many master martial artists had followed the Nationalist Party out of China and scattered into the foreign lands. But now that the doors to China had been reopened, the corrupt practices of many foreign places had leaked in as well, take a look at Guangdong's current law and order situation..."

"If the government wants to root out those powers, it should be easy." Wang Chao spoke.

"It's difficult!" Cao Yi pressed his cigarette onto the ashtray fiercely, "For the sake of financial and political stability for our country and to remain friends with the world, we cannot afford to look shaky to the rest of the world. If we were to act paranoid with everyone within our own country, what do you think the outside powers would say? Furthermore, these people are all supported by major companies unlike the Wulin of the past. Those with power and money makes the situation far more convoluted than before and any step we take could lead to the internal collapse of our infrastructure."

"Then what does that matter with me? Am I being monitored as well?" Wang Chao carelessly smiled.

"You are definitely being monitored!" Cao Yi rapped a fingernail on the glass

table. “However, you have a clean background with no criminal dealings, making it acceptable for us to invite you. To be honest, Zhao Jun shouldn’t even bother to think he can control whatever he pleases with a single wave of his hand. The coastal development is something that we are monitoring as well! It is only because he has connections with the Central Committee that we have not moved against him!”

“Accept me?” Wang Chao was skeptical, “Just what type of organization is this? What did you want me to do, or just why am I valuable?”

“You can fight, meaning that you are valuable. I want you to join the coastal area and become a well known scholar of martial arts! I will definitely do my best to support you until you become a well known and reputable figure within the coastal Wushu world. This plan could take 10 years, or 20, or even 30 years. But in the end, I wish that you can win over the martial artists and align them with the government!”

Snorting, Cao Yi spoke, “To speak using the terms of a Wuxia novel, I wish to support you in becoming a leader of the Wulin!”

“A leader of the Wulin!” Wang Chao’s body shot up in disbelief at Cao Yi’s words.

“Of course, you are just one of the candidates.” Cao Yi smiled. “There are others like you, but I won’t let you know since even I don’t know them myself.”

“You can choose to decline; that would be fine. But with your power, even if you win this gamble with Zhao Jun, your future days won’t be comfortable!” Cao Yi spoke. “Right now amongst the most influential masters overseas is Xue Lianxin, a disciple of Xue Dian. Back during the Communist victory over the Nationalists, Xue Dian had been shot to death by machine guns in Tianjin City as a result of the People’s Government. His disciples would later form a deep grudge against the government. The other influential person is Zhu Hongzhi who was a disciple of the administrator of the Central Guoshu Institute, Zhu Guolu. In the past, the government and they were of one mind, but now they have both grown old and can no longer fight as well. All that is left is their influence. As of now, the ones best capable of fighting is Chen Aiyang and several others. You must defeat them and establish prestige for yourself. When the time comes, we

will help you take on disciples and spread your name throughout the coastal Wulin world!”

“The government needs a person to support, you are the one I choose!”



Chapter 57: A Chance of Being Crippled or Killed

Chapter 57: A chance of being crippled or killed

“I’ll give you two days to think it over carefully.”

After Cao Yi had spoken, he left Wang Chao behind in the private tea room.

“Being the government’s running dog...” After Cao Yi had divulged his plans to Wang Chao, his very first reaction was to think of those five words.

A martial artist that relied on the government had been given an unflattering name in the past. To sum things up, they were called the “Running dogs.”

The most famous running dog in the Qing Dynasty was Huang Tianba who was under the thumb of Emperor Qianlong. From the ancient past, all martial artists had one single rule: not to be an official of the government.

That was not to say being an official was pretend being noble. But being an official had meant many tasks to do and less time to practice one’s martial art.

The second reason was that it was easy to use one’s power to bully others. This in turn would cause a bad name for themselves. Even if they didn’t, many others would still criticize them behind their backs.

Naturally, the Guoshu institutes created with the government during the Republic of China had not been called this.

A martial artist was taught to be open minded and tolerant. However, there were somethings that could not be tolerated, such as for one’s honor being disgraced.

To each person, a disgrace could be one’s enemy killing one’s relative, or taking their wife. There was another disgrace that was well above the rest: one’s own country starving or even the total destruction of it.

When it came to one’s own country on the brink of destruction, it didn’t matter who, everyone would stand up for this. It was a righteous cause and had no connection with being a running dog for the government.

In short, during the chaotic times, those who practiced martial arts were heroes. During the peaceful time where the government was powerful, they were running dogs.

In truth, Wang Chao was fed up with this road Cao Yi had set up for him and was disgusted by the term 'Running Dog'.

This didn't mean that he was a part of the anti-government party.

It was just that his sole pleasure in life was being free and not being restricted.

If he were to join with the government, then it would be hard to avoid the shackles that came from the position. Furthermore, Cao Yi and the government's plan was to use Wang Chao as a puppet after seeing how he could fight. This didn't suit well with him.

Being controlled by someone else wouldn't make anyone happy.

The second reason was that he had his mind opened when he went to the military district.

If the rulers of the current state of China were filled with revolutionaries such as grandfather Li, then it would be fine. But now, for the sake of the country, they would be treated as puppets or suicided without consideration.

It was a shame that the successors of these people were for the most part corrupted to the point where even the elders shed tears in shame and grief. Wang Chao himself had no desire to work with such people.

But the situation right now was quite dire. Despite Cao Yi giving him two days to think it over, there was actually very little time to do so.

"I am still quite weak, and with my current power and status, I've only several ten million to my name. Compared to the hedonistic Zhao Jun, I am nothing more than a fly to be swatted. Cao Yi's organization is incomparable to the both of us however. With a single movement of a finger, they could order the death of a thousand of me."

Understanding the situation he was in, Wang Chao felt as if he was staring in a mirror.

On that year's journey, Wang Chao's mind and will had already been polished

to the point of being unmoved by anything.

His mind and will was like a deep pool of water with no ripples and a reflection of a mirror.

His mind and will was like a raging ocean with the divine dragon ascending away from a perilous situation.

It was only like this that he could control his emotions in order to break out with the Hidden Jin efficiently.

To be hard and to be soft, to bow and submit or to stand tall. This was an example of Yin and Yang, this was the science of martial arts.

“I’ll borrow their power first. When I finish this problem, then I’ll find a way to distance myself away from them.” Wang Chao thought. If he were to join Cao Yi’s organization, then he would lose the ability to move autonomously so this invite was neither a challenge or an opportunity.

On the second day, Cao Yi had received a phone call from Wang Chao. “There’s no need to think about it, what will you have me do.”

Cao Yi had long since anticipated this result since he knew Wang Chao had no other choice.

“Good, come to the provincial public safety bureau. I’ll have a car bring you here!” Cao Yi put down the phone and rubbed his forehead. “This Wang Chao, despite his life experiences being miniscule, just who in the world taught him martial arts to such a degree? That villa of his is also very suspicious as well.”

When it came to Wang Chao’s family, Cao Yi had investigated it intensely. The only suspicious thing he had found was Wang Chao’s villa and his mysterious teacher. Cao Yi had tried to research the previous owner of the villa, but the only thing he had found was that it was under the name of an European company.

No matter how much Cao Yi had tried, even he had no way of trying to investigate another country’s company.

“Forget it, I’ve already looked into him for three years, he has no special identity. He is also nobody important. Spending a large sum of money to really investigate his background wouldn’t be accepted by the organization, and even

then, it'd be hard to say the results would justify the costs. However, Zhao Jun is someone the organization wants me to look closely after, this could be a big catch."

In half an hour, Wang Chao was sitting in Cao Yi's car.

Cao Yi's car continued to drive out of the city for three or four hours to the mountainside. Gradually, a border sentry post and the military barracks could be seen.

"This must be one of the stations where the army is stationed at." Wang Chao looked around and made an observation. Although there were sentry posts every so often, Cao Yi's car had managed to make it through unobstructed.

Finally, the car came to a stop right in front of one of the larger barracks. From there, a squadron with machine guns could be seen patrolling or practicing their target shooting.

Walking for a moment with Cao Yi, Wang Chao noticed that they were standing in front of the commander's room. Right in front of the door, two sentinels with rifles stood stony face.

"Cao Yi? You said you'd get here by nightfall on the phone, but you're here already!" Upon entering the commander's office, Wang Chao saw a military uniformed man stand up to greet them.

This middle aged man had a single gold star on the green patch near his shoulder, marking his rank as a major general.

"This man is at the very least a division level commander." Wang Chao thought to himself.

"Elder Zhou, has my proposal gone through yet?" Cao Yi seemed quite familiar with the major general and had foregone any greetings.

"It has, your plan has already some experts transferred to under your control."

"And the quality?" Cao Yi spoke with glinting eyes.

"That much I don't know. Probably some several belligerent people." Major general Zhou laughed before glancing to Wang Chao, "Cao Yi, you've may have added onto my troubles. The last time you brought soldiers here half a month

ago, all they did was to fight and compete with each other. Their arms and legs just don't stop moving, and locking them in solitary confinement does nothing."

"Haha, youngsters. Not any of them have any professionalism as soldiers. When I was a soldier, it wasn't the same as it is now with all the fights. When punished we would be sent to the water cell and stay there until we were disciplined thoroughly." Cao Yi laughed.

"That's true, it's all youngsters. I have never yet disciplined such a squadron so much until now. So, Cao Yi, is this the person you brought? Are you sure he can control them?"

After a brief conversation, the topic had finally shifted to Wang Chao.

Wang Chao had only smiled without saying another word. It wasn't because he didn't want to, but it was because he didn't know what to say.

"Old friend, don't waste your breath asking. Come with us and you'll see in a moment. Where is that squadron allocated to me? There's not much time before so I need to hurry things along a bit." Cao Yi waved his hand.

"They should be at the eastern barracks training rooms. Come, I'll take you there. Let's see if this old general can attempt once more to control them."

After he spoke, he rapped a finger for the officer standing nearby. Leaping into action, the officer opened the door for the group and led them out.

On the road, Cao Yi and general Zhou had talked to each other joyously while Wang Chao stayed by the sidelines without another word.

Ha! Ha! Ha!

A large roar could be heard coming from within the barracks. It wasn't until Wang Chao had entered the barracks with Cao Yi that he had truly understood what was happening.

The interior of the barracks were at least the size of three basketball courts. There was a green carpet that covered the entire place, and on the left side there was the horizontal bar, the parallel bars, the balance beam, and several other training machines.

The most eye-catching thing over there was the steel plate on the right side of

the barracks.

Behind the steel plate was a spring mechanism and a measuring apparatus right above the plate.

Five camo wearing youngsters with bulging muscles and cocky faces could be seen brandishing their fists at it.

By the side, there were still a dozen other men watching.

Bang bang! Bang bang bang! The five men let out a torrential barrage of punches towards the steel plate, causing it to shake and aecho.

With each blow, the counting apparatus above the steel plate could be seen rapidly fluctuating in number value.

After 10 seconds, the five youngsters calmed down.

“Tsk tsk tsk. Hammer, your fist power and strength has gotten worse. In half a minute, you’ve struck out 20 times. In those 20 fists, your highest was about 600 and your lowest was 300!”

“Hmph! I’ve been here for half a month, but I still can’t find anyone that can beat me. With no one here to challenge me, of course I’d get worse.”

The twelve men began to cry out in a rambunctious laughter when all of a sudden, they felt someone at the door and immediately grew quiet. Turning around, each one turned to look at Cao Yi and wang Chao.

“These soldiers are even gutsier than I thought. With how rowdy they are, a show of strength is needed.” Cao Yi was a sly person, and so the moment he saw the twelve bossy looking men, he had begun to plan how to make them submit.

“What do you think?” Cao Yi whispered to Wang Chao.

“They can fight!” Wang Chao replied.

“These men will be your future subordinates, so today you need to show your superiority or else the future missions will be harder to accomplish.

“My subordinates? Perhaps half of them will be monitoring me.” Wang Chao thought.

Cao Yi’s voice grew even more quiet as he spoke, “The organization has a

chance of being crippled or killed while being a part of it. The next step will be up to you to deal with.”

Chapter 58: Chopping Jin of the Tiger Stance

Chapter 58: Chopping Jin of the tiger stance

“Commander Zhou.”

“Commander.”

The twelve doughty looking youths didn’t even spare Wang Chao or Cao Yi a glance and instead stood to attention to the General Zhou behind the two.

Each one of them was in a straight salute.

Returning the salute, Zhou waved his hand, “At ease.”

Relaxing now, the dozen men finally begun to look at Wang Chao and Cao Yi. Measuring up the two, the soldiers began to chat amongst each other.

“So this Zhou person is a commander and major general, he must be a high ranking official.” When Wang Chao heard how the soldiers had called him, he knew that this Zhou person was someone special. But the rankings of the military wasn’t something he was familiar with—the only knowledge he had of it was from the TV.

He never would had thought that a high school student that just recently graduated would have made contact with the military and government.

“The organization has brought you here under my supervision for a special mission, so listen up.” General Zhou smiled. “Come, let me introduce you, this is the provincial public safety chief, Cao Yi. In the future, he will be your immediate superior. The specific details will be up to Chief Cao to speak, do you understand?”

“Understood!” The 12 men spoke out at the same time enthusiastically.

“That’s good. Cao Yi, the people the organization has sent is now yours to pull. Let us hear of your mission.” General Zhou spoke while giving Cao Yi the go ahead.

Giving a knowing nod, Cao Yi stepped forward and gave a greeting, “Hello

everyone!”

“Hello, Chief Cao...”

“Hello, chief...”

The cries were sparse and not as enthusiastic as it was just a minute ago.

Narrowing his eyes, Cao Yi cut to the chase, “Everyone here came from the organization, so they must know of the special mission assigned to us. So tell me, what does everyone think about this mission and why we are here?”

“Are we not going to be undercover agents in the underworld? Or fight evil and pretend to be officers? One of the twelve spoke before everyone else roared with laughter.

“What quality! You all haven’t been disciplined at all!” Cao Yi fumed.

“Everyone be quiet!” Seeing Cao Yi grow angry, one of the leading soldiers immediately gave a hand signal, resulting in the entire barrack to grow silent.

The same soldier walked forward, “Chief Cao, it isn’t because we haven’t been disciplined by the organization. We will listen to your command for this mission and accomplish it to the best of our abilities! It’s just that we heard that aren’t even going to be the main force for this, are we not? Are we really going to be handing over the reins to someone that isn’t even a part of the military? We don’t know who chief Cao may have picked, but please open our eyes to what type of person this inferior civilian expert may be.”

Laughing, Cao Yi spoke, “I know that you army men would be reluctant to accept a civilian fighter, but I’ll let you see for yourself. Wang Chao, please come up.”

Wang Chao had naturally abided by Cao Yi’s words and walked forward.

“Haha, it’s this kid?”

“Has he even grown hair down there yet?”

“Hahahaha, are we running out of men in the army or something?”

The entire barracks began to howl with laughter.

Wang Chao knew that he didn’t look outstanding, robust, or even had any

noticeable muscles. The only thing about him was that his skin was a golden brown and showed off the toned curvatures of his body.

This difference in physical image to the soldiers was as clear to see as from a cow to a horse. The army soldiers were all excellently built and had muscles that far outstripped what could be seen on Wang Chao's body. From the outside, Wang Chao was a delicate stick that would snap just from being in the wind.

"I too came from the military, so let me be straightforward with you. I know you egg-headed soldiers won't accept this, so let's not waste words and put your skill where your mouth is! Who wants to go up first? If you can win against him, then I will report to the organization and redo the plan!"

Cao Yi's words had been spoken with excitement, but the next few words spoken were quite sloppy. "Harsh words aside, this mission will be completely serious. This is a mission where there will be the chance of becoming disabled or even killed! This mission was given and started by me, so compete for a position within. If you are injured or killed in action, you will be given a Meritorious Service Medal, second class, or become a martyr to the cause."

"Hammer, you go up. Careful, you don't want to accidentally cripple this "Wushu" civilian." The speaker had spoken the word wushu in a mocking way, as if to emphasize his disdain for Wang Chao.

TL Note: 武术 (Wushu): martial arts as a sport. The soldiers says 舞术 (Wushu): A pun with the word for dance instead of Martial. The soldier is mocking Wang Chao, saying that instead of the already lowly martial arts made for sport, he was learning the Martial Arts made for theatrical performances.

But even Wang Chao could understand the mocking jeer of the soldier. The men from the military generally learned martial arts in a way meant for combat, its true purpose instead of for sport. The majority of martial arts that civilians learned were generally for exercise purposes. Bits and pieces of the fighting method and practice method were combined into one with theatrical exaggerations thrown in haphazardly. With such a muddled mess, there could be no way it could be truly called martial arts.

Thus, those in the military had always looked down on civilian practitioners.

So for him to be recommended by Cao Yi to be their opponent, none of the

soldiers could accept this.

Swish! The crowd pulled away in order to form a giant ring as Hammer walked forward to stand three meters away from Wang Chao.

This Hammer was the one Wang Chao saw hitting the steel plate. Each one of his fists were rather strong and fast, showing that he had relentlessly practiced how to fight.

“Hey kid, make your move! Show me how well you can dance with your ‘Wushu’! Will you be showing us a great rhythm and an elegant posture?” Hammer ridiculed. Wrapping both arms against his chest, his entire body began to exude with self confidence.

But Wang Chao didn’t underestimate Hammer. After that one year journey, he had already washed away the impatience and emotional influxes. He wouldn’t see anyone as an enemy straight away, and neither would he be easily taunted by anyone’s words.

Nodding, Wang Chao spoke, “Then I’ll make my move, be careful. When I move, be careful for your life.”

As soon as he spoke, Wang Chao’s backmost leg kicked off while his frontmost leg slid across the ground as if imitating the shape of the crescent moon. His body shot forward with the speed of an arrow shout out from a bow.

In an instant he had rushed two meters closer, leaving only a single step to Hammer.

Shooting forward with his fists aimed at Hammer’s median line, Wang Chao’s fists struck out with Jin. As soon as his right hand extended, it had connected with Hammer’s chest.

When Wang Chao’s arm had traveled through the air, a “crack!” could be heard as if a whip was snapped.

As soon as a single blow was made, the entire audience was stunned.

Wang Chao’s fist had been extraordinarily nimble and strong. With the cracking sound, no one would be able to maintain a strong bravado!

Hammer would have never imagined that such a fragile looking person like

Wang Chao would have been able to cause such a blow capable of knocking down a mountain!

Hearing the crack, Hammer could foretell with his fighting experience that this fist would be better to avoid instead of defending against. With a startled jump, his feet dragged him backwards.

It went without saying that Hammer was a specially trained soldier that had a faster reaction time than a regular person. With a quick step backwards, he had been able to move a meter out of the way and completely dodging Wang Chao's fist.

At the same time, he had took the time to bring up his leg.

The leg had been strong and carried a deadly wind as it aimed for Wang Chao's chest.

Pa! Wang Chao's fist opened up and smashed his entire arm against Hammer's leg as if it was a plank of wood.

Relax the muscles and attack with the pores to break out naturally. If the enemy doesn't move, then one shouldn't move either. When the enemy moves, then one should move before him.

When listening to one's potential movements, it was easy to predict the next strike.

Just as Hammer was moving back, Wang Chao had already "listened" to his muscle's reaction and knew just what he would do, so he had brought up his arm as an appropriate reaction.

It was like a cage ready for someone to charge into.

As soon as the strike hit his bones, Hammer felt his leg go numb and start to shake. However, because of his quality training, he immediately brought his leg back and retreated.

But Wang Chao didn't give up and persisted after him!

Spreading both legs, Wang Chao's posture made him seem larger as his arms moved in a circle as if he was grabbing onto a giant halberd to cleave down onto Hammer.

This was the Chopping Fist Jin of the tiger stance.

Within Xingyi, the tiger stance and the Chopping Fist were almost the one and same. The Chopping Fist Jin required both hands to be wide apart and to expand the lungs in a large and long breath as if ready to cleave a mountain with an axe.

The tiger stance was the same. It required a large imposing stance similar to a tiger prowling down the mountain. With a large shout, the entire mountain would shake and the winds would scatter the clouds.

Now that Wang Chao had learned the Hidden Jin, his body was vigorous and filled with power. With each hit, there would be very few that could defend against his power or escape his Taichi.

Hammer didn't know what Wang Chao had done, but the way he had suddenly grown larger had made him resemble some sort of axe deity materialized into real life. His heart couldn't help but feel intimidated as his fighting spirit began to feel defeated.

In a hurry, Hammer threw up both his hands in an attempt to protect his head against Wang Chao's chop. After that, he would prepare a counter attack.

But what he hadn't known was that Wang Chao's Chopping Fist Jin of the tiger stance was far too strong for him to block. Even without the Hidden Jin, the fist would bear down upon Hammer like an extremely heavy weight.

With that chopping motion, Hammer immediately felt an acute sense of pain in his arm at the same time of a cracking sound.

His robust arm had been unexpectedly broken by Wang Chao.

Chapter 59: Secret Preparation

Chapter 59: Secret preparation

“Hammer, Hammer! Quick, go get the cooling spray!”

After having Wang Chao break Hammer’s arm, he had fallen to the ground. His face contorted in pain as sweat began form all around as he held his useless arm.

But true to his training as a soldier, Hammer had only gritted his teeth and refrained from shouting in pain.

Wang Chao moved backwards without another word.

When the soldiers nearby heard Hammer’s arm snap, they immediately surrounded Wang Chao while a few others tended to Hammer’s arm. In a moment, they had taken out something similar to a fire extinguisher.

Opening the item, a white mist could be spraying out of it. Even from far away, Wang Chao could feel the cold feeling of it.

The white mist continued to be sprayed on Hammer’s arm, allowing him to look a little bit more alleviated from the pain.

On the other side, Wang Chao was surrounded by five soldiers.

That interaction with Hammer just now was a test to see how god they were. There was not much difference between them and the bodyguards of Zhang Tong, but there was a considerable difference between Zhao Xinglong and the soldiers.

Fighting just five of these soldiers would have been difficult for him in the past. But now that he was a practitioner at the Hidden Jin level, it was a simple matter now.

But with general Zhou here, Wang Chao was confident these soldiers wouldn’t act too rashly.

While the five soldiers had caged him in, they remained several feet away from him with paranoia. Not a single one of them had wanted to be the first one to

make a move.

This reason why they were so far away from Wang Chao was simple—they had been surprised by how strong Wang Chao was.

In just three moves.

It was just three moves to decide the fight. Wang Chao had been extremely fast and had even let the general Zhou standing behind him to drop his jaws open in amazement.

A punch at the median, a fist to strike the leg, and a chopping of the arm! These three movements had gone by remarkably fast and smooth with deadly precision.

What was more terrifying was the cracking sound whenever Wang Chao's fist traveled through the sky. It was like the sound of thunder that could make anyone surprised.

"This...this was just supposed to be a test, not to injure them or frighten them. This is...truly terrifying."

In the eyes of general Zhou, Wang Chao had transformed into a ferocious tiger.

General Zhou wasn't the only one that shared that sentiment, the other soldiers had begun to think, *"Just how could such a person have such explosive force?"*

General Zhou knew that when Cao Yi had asked for a capable group of personnel from the organization this time, these soldiers were strong enough to beat several militiamen themselves.

The soldiers in here had essentially trained their bodies to become steel like with their hands like bricks. They could kick apart wooden planks without a problem and were several times stronger than their civilian counterparts.

It could even be said that if a civilian were to bring down an iron rod over their arms, those arms would not even come close to breaking.

"Take Hammer to get some medical treatment!" One of the higher ranking soldiers barked out, waving two of the soldiers to take him. Turning around, he glared at the other soldiers surrounding Wang Chao and spoke, "This is a

competition, and Hammer was the loser, just what are you doing surrounding the winner so hostilely for?”

As if noticing their bad actions, the five soldiers gave one final glare at Wang Chao before backing away.

“You’re an expert, let us fight against each other! If you win, then no matter the mission, I will obey your command!” The leading soldier spoke seriously as he got into a fighting stance, “I am called Sun Lei, but my comrades call me Boulder!”

“I am Wang Chao.” Wang Chao realized how straightforward this person was and made a relaxed posture in response.”

“What, are you unwilling to fight me?” Boulder’s eyes narrowed into angry slits.

Wang Chao shook his head and walked towards the steel plate before looking up at the measuring device on top of it.

The soldiers followed his movements, unsure of what he was planning to do.

Wang Chao readied himself as his muscles and bones began to shake slightly, causing a thunderous sound to rumble.

In an instant, his foot sent him flying forward with his fist suddenly smashing against the steel plate.

Buzz! Bzzzzz! As if a bell had chimed, the steel plate began to reverberate with sound. It’s ringing echo could be heard throughout the barracks and forced everyone to hear a ringing sound in their ears.

The measuring device began to rapidly calculate numbers before finally landing upon a four digit number.

The spring behind the steel plate began to expand and shrink rapidly as if trying to get loose.

There was a single impression from where Wang Chao’s fist had landed against the plate, and inside the impression were several damp spots from his sweat.

Boulder was the first to run up to inspect the steel plate only to realize that the impression had almost been like a seal had been stamped in it.

The steel plate was extremely strong, but under Wang Chao's fist, it was like clay.

"My Hidden Jin cannot be controlled when I use it still. You are all soldiers born from the people's army, I have no wish to use you."

This one strike of Hidden Jin had been completely satisfactory to him. In his entire life, this had been the strongest strike he had ever accomplished. The Clear and Hidden Jin were of two separate levels. In a single strike, he had been able to leave an impression with ease.

Despite the impression being quite shallow, it was made within a steel plate. A result like this had made everyone feel that this was a freak incident.

These soldiers weren't his enemy. But they were arrogant, which was as to be expected from human nature.

Although Cao Yi had said that there would be a risk for impairment or death, it was fine to injure or even kill the enemy. But still, Wang Chao had no wish to offend these soldiers.

"Cao Yi that fox. He had told me that I was to show them my superiority. But that clearly meant offending these soldiers so that in the future, it would be easy to control them. I definitely cannot share his mindset."

Wang Chao was exceptionally smart and so he had immediately guessed Cao Yi's intentions. Naturally, he wouldn't go along with him recklessly.

"Did he manage to bribe someone in order to pull this off?" Wang Chao couldn't help but think.

"You're amazing!" Twenty soldiers suddenly surrounded the steel plate and looked up at the four digit numbers. Boulder pointed at the impression on the plating, "This is some strong martial arts, Hammer did not lose unfairly! You can hold back as well, I will remember this."

"Good!" General Zhou gave a pleased look to Wang Chao before announcing, "Stay at the guest rooms for the night and drink! We'll celebrate your organization's endeavor and its completion!"

"This is your certificate, safeguard it well. Wherever you go, you can use this

proof to ask for assistance from the military.”

At night after the wine had been drunk, Cao Yi had Boulder and the others called forward to say a few words. Wang Chao had no idea what had been said as he was not called up with them.

After a while, Cao Yi returned with a blue passport and tossed it to him.

Opening it, Wang Chao could see the steel insignia of the Military Commission on it. There was no photograph nor name or registered birthplace. The only thing on there was a fingerprint identification and a codename.

“You are a secret member with me as your immediate superior and my charge. Off the records, you are currently undergoing development. In the future, if there’s anyone you think is suitable to join us, then send me an application. As long as the organization gives the go ahead, they may be able to join.”

Cao Yi was unnaturally serious.

“Off the book development? How is it that I feel this is something illegal.” Wang Chao thought, but he didn’t say anything out loud.

“Good, come with me.”

“To do what?”

“To make a vow!” Cao Yi spoke.

Chapter 60: On the Verge of Entering the Southeast Asian Martial Arts World

Chapter 60: On the verge of entering the Southeastern Asia martial arts world

Zhang Wei: A 32 year old man born in Shantou, Guangdong. From elementary school, he learned martial arts and was chosen to be a disciple to Wingchun expert Liang Zhong at the age of 15. After 10 years, he had started his career as a fighter and was once an underground fighter in Hanoi, Vietnam. Later, he killed 12 Muay Thai practitioners and earned a name of one of the three tigers of Guangdong along with Xu Zhen and Dai Jun.

Afterwards, Zhang Wei had continued to gamble within the southeastern asia. Even after a hundred battles, he had never lost one. And after the age of 30, he had begun to seclude himself.

During Zhang Wei's time, he had first aligned himself with the Zeng clan in Hong Kong. In Vietnam, he had followed the Nguyen in northern Vietnam. Afterwards, he started his own company for sporting goods. However, in the past two years, because of bad finances, it fell upon hard times. It was only after the Ike Corporation that it had made its way back after May.

While Zhang Wei's martial art had relied mostly on Wingchun, he was talented upon many other disciplines such as Tantui, Pigua, the Big and Small forms of the Flood Style, Labyrinthine Fist, wrestling, boxing, Muay Thai and so on. He had even once traveled to Taiwan to learn Xingyi Quan from master Xue Lianxin for a month.

While the Three Tigers of Guangdong had a reputation for being together, they were not of the same discipline. Xu Zhen was a part of the Tianle Corporation as a stockholder and Dai Jun was a board member of the Casino Lisboa group in Macau.

Within the S province's military district's room, all of the information regarding Zhang Wei was in Wang Chao's hands. There were pictures of all size and detail regarding information on him.

Other than Zhang Wei, there was the information of the other two tigers of Guangdong.

Within this room aside from Wang Chao, there was Cao Yi, Boulder, and several other soldiers.

“Because Zhang Wei fell on bad times, Zhao Jun had been able to buy him using the Ike Corporation!” Wang Chao studied Zhang Wei’s information closely. “It’s clear to see that Zhao Jun wanted to make use of Zhang Wei to open a path into the Southeastern Asian martial arts world and black market.

“Correct, but the Ike Corporation isn’t just Zhao Jun, he is just a stockholder. There are three others who are all sons of the communist officials!” Cao Yi slapped a hand against the table, “A major part of our mission is to find evidence of any illegal activities of these people! Once we grab hold of some evidence, we can use it to crack down on their illegal activities.”

“Captain Cao, this company was surely made for their own use, why don’t we just eliminate them?” A soldier spoke.

“That is up to the organization to determine. As for now, it is beyond the scope of our mission.” Cao Yi spoke coldly.

“Finding evidence and information is a secondary objective in this mission. Our main objective is to change the leaders of the corporation. If they don’t change, then all we can do is try to prevent their illegal wrongdoings or clean up after them.” Wang Chao’s eyes suddenly narrowed as he felt regret for Zhang Wei. “He was a clean martial artist, but he ended up being roped into such a mess, ai!”

Naturally, Wang Chao had realized the dangers of betting; if one lost, then they had the chance of dying.

After Zhang Wei had made his reveal and earned some money, he had retreated into solidarity. Who would have known that after coming across bad times, he would be forced to come out of his isolation?

“It seems the organization is paying attention to Zhao Jun now. As the child of an official, who knows how long he’ll last?” Wang Chao thought after listening to Cao Yi’s directive.

“Zhao Jun, I have an organization behind me. If you wish to fight me, it will be difficult for you.”

Wang Chao suddenly thought how having the organization’s support wasn’t a bad thing. At the very least, they were like a patron to him.

“Alright, Wang Chao, your company has several ten million as its current capital, but I’ll have the organization make things a little more convenient for you. We’ll have a specialized member join your company and have some specialized funds for your company to allow it to grow even faster. This’ll make your identity easier to hide away, Sun Lei! From now on, you will be a member of Tianxing Networking outside of the mission, that is an order!” Cao Yi’s voice held no room for opposition.

“Eh?!” Wang Chao’s heart skipped a beat. From what Cao Yi was saying, it was the equivalent of him directly meddling in with his private company.

“Don’t worry, your company is currently too small for you to enter the Southeast Asia as a major power. The organization will help you increase your company’s worth a thousand times over, but in return you will give 50% of the equity shares to the organization! Your current capital should be around 50 million, but after the organization helps, it’ll be 500 million or even 5 billion! Think about, how much would you earn? Once your company goes big, your personnel and your power as stockholder will still be yours to a degree.” Cao Yi had already long guessed Wang Chao’s way of thinking, “The reason why your business was so successful so far has been because of the organization. Naturally, Zhao Jun had helped as well. His bet with you is an attempt to swallow your company whole even if you win the bet. Without the organization’s help, he’ll manage to do it, I believe that you can understand this much!”

“I can understand that.”

Whether it was a joke or not, Wang Chao had no other option. With the way things were, his mind had already accepted such an outcome.

“Right now the company’s capital should be returned to you. With your signature, we can authorize a hundred million to be sent to your bank account.” Cao Yi spoke.

“How generous this sum of money is! With this, the company would have a

harder time not expanding!” Wang Chao didn’t have any special attachments to Tianxing Networking, as it was just some project he had helped out on a whim. From the very beginning, he had only gave out 50,000 RMB to begin with.

“Good, then those will be for the plans for the future.” Cao Yi opened up the television set and began to display several wrestling screens.

“These are some video information regarding Zhang Wei’s fighting technique. Take a look at them. Know yourself, know your enemy, and you will emerge victorious in every battle. Wait for Zhao Jun’s contract to come over, then you’ll go to Guangdong! Then, your Tianxing Networking will be an underground company. Make yourself known and find this person, find him when you get to Guangdong. He will help you prepare to enter the underground fighting world.”

With that, Cao Yi handed Wang Chao a slip of paper with a telephone number on it.

“Remember this number and don’t you let your true identity out. This person isn’t one of ours, he’s merely just someone we know who is connected to the underworld. He doesn’t know of us either!”

Because of the repeated warnings, Wang Chao had made sure to remember it.

“Good, then study up here. If there’s anything let me know first!” Cao Yi walked out of the room.

Wang Chao took out his phone, “Hello, Xiaoxue? It’s me, Wang Chao. Can you write up a loan proposal?”

“Why do we need a loan proposal? You don’t need to ask, you just need to do .How much? Write down a hundred million for now. What, that’ll be difficult? Don’t worry, I can guarantee it won’t be a problem. Make the proposal, and wait for my signature. Afterwards, find a good leader and I can guarantee that we will be prosperous!”

After hanging up the phone, Wang Chao had felt invigorated as if a tiger’s fur had been raised as a banner in front of him.

“With a single signature I am able to create a hundred million? What a feeling. It’s no wonder those rich and wealthy act the way the do. With a simple wave of their brush, a hundred million is made, this could kill someone with the amount!”

“Alright, that’s enough for now. The organization’s money isn’t easily earned either. I’ll first deal with what’s in front of me!”

With that, Wang Chao sighed and cleared away all the distracting thoughts in his mind before looking at the television screen in front of him.

The screen was very clear and was recorded at an elevated stage. On it was Zhang Wei and a youngster fighting against each other.

On the hazy edges, the audience could be seen. However, the camera lens were focused on the ring itself so the audience couldn’t be seen clearly.

At the start, Zhang Wei had started off with a strike with the youngster throwing out an elbow.

When Wang Chao looked, he realized the youngster was using the Eight Extreme Fists’ elbow technique. Zhang Wei himself was moving his fist in a spiral while his shoulder fluctuated up and down, revealing this technique as the Chain Inch Jin.

After several exchanges, Zhang Wei suddenly gave a large shout and tried to flip the youngster down to the ground.

Instead of taking damage, the youngster was like a monkey and flipped himself up right. Sliding in between the legs of Zhang Wei, the youngster appeared on the other side and then smashed at him with his fist.

A fist right at the back of Zhang Wei.

But Zhang Wei hadn’t been knocked down by the blow, instead, he had his back suddenly straightened as if welcoming the blow. Straight away, the youngster’s arm drooped down while his face twisted with pain. Taking a chance at this opportunity, Zhang Wei turned around and smashed his hand against his face, causing the youngster to fly off the stage with a trail of blood before landing on the ground and twitching continuously.

“En! Zhang Wei has mastered the Hidden Jin in his back!”

Wang Chao immediately realized what had happened.

“To be able to reach the Hidden Jin requires a glorious past. I wonder what Zhang Wei had felt in his past in order to reach such a stage.”

Wang Chao had a strange desire to fight him now.

Chapter 61: A Feather Cannot Be added; Nor Can a Fly Alight

Chapter 61: A feather cannot be added; nor can a fly alight

After watching each video on Zhang Wei, Wang Chao had finally come to the conclusion: *“Zhang Wei’s Hidden Jin is superior to mine. Not only can he release it through both his hands with ease, but also his back.”*

There was a total of 30 videos on Zhang Wei’s fights. Out of a dozen of them, there had been an opening at Zhang Wei’s back where his enemies had capitalized on. However, when they struck at it, they had been hit with the Hidden Jin and lost the fight straight afterwards.

Out of 30 fights, not a single one lived.

However this much wasn’t too surprising. Any expert at Guoshu would generally been nimble and would arch their backs like a leopard during a fight. Wherever the enemy tried to find a weak spot, the expert would immediately flare up their Jin to counter.

Hidden Jin however was the strongest counter with its natural break out and sending the Jin through the pores. Upon contact with the enemy, it would enter their bodies and damage their muscles and organs. There were very few ways in which an injury like this could be treated.

Right now Wang Chao was very rough with his usage of Hidden Jin. A single fist was able to make an indent within a steel plate; if a fist this destructive were to be used on the frail human body, then what would the effect be?

“I’m only able to use the Hidden Jin through my hands and feet, that’s a big difference in comparison to Zhang Wei. But in a fight, this does not guarantee a victory. Hidden Jin requires the strike to land first; a battle is dependent on the footwork, stance, and Clear Jin.”

After three years of practicing, Wang Chao had his own fair share of experiences from battles.

External practitioner experts could move their bones and muscles with ease. Internal practitioner experts could move about freely and use their pores with ease.

A strike of Hidden Jin was to loosen the pores and let the power flow out in that instant.

For those that controlled the muscles with ease, controlling the pores would be challenging.

Up until now, Wang Chao had previously only been able to control all the points in his hands and palms, his legs and leg joints. From these two parts, he was freely able to manipulate his pores.

The other parts could only be controlled during battle and could not be loosened whenever needed.

In accordance to the theory of the meridian channels, Wang Chao was only able to open up the channels in his arms and legs. The rest of his body was not yet accessible.

The hands and legs were the most nimble parts of the human body and were also the most easily controlled parts. When learning martial arts, one must start practicing with the vertebrae. When practicing the Hidden Jin, once the legs and arms and learned, the next step was to bring it to the vertebrae.

Wang Chao had understood this much, meaning that he could acknowledge just how strong Zhang Wei was.

“The next thing to do is to make sure I can bring the hidden Jin to my spine. These videos of Zhang Wei are also of before he went into seclusion, it has already been years, what if he has improved far too much? If he has learned to bring the Hidden Jin to his chest and head, then he will truly be difficult to handle.”

If a man were to learn to bring the Hidden Jin throughout the entire body, then the next step was to enter the stage of Transforming Jin. From that moment, if any part of the body were to be hit out of nowhere, then the Hidden Jin would naturally respond and repel the attack.

Back when Sun Lu-Tang had disciples, he had encouraged them to attack him

at any time.

One day, a disciple had took advantage of when Sun Lu-tang was sleeping and struck at him with a wooden pole to the head. However, to the surprise of the disciple, the pole had instantly splintered because of the Hidden Jin.

But after that incident, the disciple had been expelled from the sect. Although Sun Lu-tang had encouraged any spontaneous attack, this had been over the top. If he had used a knife or even a bayonet instead of a pole, then things would have ended up differently.

When the topic of Transforming Jin was approached, Wang Zongyue had spoken two phrases on his depiction of it.

"A feather cannot be added; nor can a fly alight."

An expert of Transforming Jin could feel even a fly landing on his body with a keen acuity. In an instant, the Hidden Jin would break out, killing the fly.

"I've a long ways to go before I can attain such a state. However, I can bet that Zhang Wei hasn't reached such a state either. Otherwise, when we pressed hands, I would have lost even faster."

Wang Chao had tried to imagine what the higher levels of martial was like, and what plans had to be made until he could reach such a stage.

"I have to push the limits of my body first and ignore the issue of Zhang Wei. A clear understanding of my body has to be made."

"I say, Wang Chao. Your body doesn't look very muscular, so how do you have such a large amount of strength?"

Within the room, "Boulder" Sun Lei and the group of soldiers were standing by the side and watched him smack the steel plate. Each strike had a loud explosive sound as the measuring device continued to measure up over the thousands.

This was to say that Wang Chao's every strike was incredibly strong.

"I can only continue to strike this for three minutes and about 90 blows. The Hidden Jin can only be seen in 10 of those strikes before I reach my limit and start to see spots in my eyes. This is what it means to have a deficit in energy in the body."

After this experiment, Wang Chao had a good understanding of his body.

“The limits to my body has been discovered, the next thing is to improve it. I just need to use the Tiger’s Thunder in order to slowly temper the marrow and change my body to advance even further.”

But when he had heard “Boulder” speak, Wang Chao paused for a moment. “It’s not that simple, you must treat your body as a whole before striking. When I see you punch, I can only see the muscles in your arm being used before ending it with the abdominal and waist muscles. You never once use your vertebrae’s center of gravity. Once your body is like mine, then you’ll understand the skill of issuing power and tempering the body. By then, you’ll also be able to issue more power than I can.”

Wang Chao hadn’t lied. His body wasn’t the greatest to begin with, and if these soldiers were to temper their bodies by going through the same training he had done, then they would be much stronger in terms of raw power than Wang Chao.

If one had the build of Mike Tyson, then their power would be tremendous after learning martial arts.

This was a question of natural endowments in its very essence.

The first step to martial arts was to acknowledge one’s body and its potential.

The difference in potential was different from person to person, but Wang Chao had already discovered his limit a long time ago.

But there was an ancient method on bridging the gap, it was called the “Tiger’s Thunder”.

The Tiger’s Thunder was capable of tempering the marrow and improve the basics of the human body. After tempering the body, the human body would definitely grow stronger. Even a frail person could become a strong tiger with this.

A tiger’s body was already vigorous because the tiger had already naturally discovered the Tiger’s Thunder and shaped its body.

However the amount of accuracy needed for the Tiger’s Thunder was

astounding. It was a very delicate process that could allow for no errors at all. If there were any, then instead of the body growing stronger, it would instead take on damage.

From the ancient times, the Tiger's Thunder had been an esoteric secret.

Legend had it that Shaolin martial arts' Classics of Marrow Cleansing had been its highest and most secret record. That had held the same reasoning within it.

Wang Chao had first felt the Jin come from his Chen who had sent it all over his body. It was only in this half year that he had learned the method of replicating and truly begin to cultivate. It was only because of the journey had taken where the thunder was heard that he had truly understood this.

"Ah, so there's something like that?" Sun Lei spoke afterwards with a curious look, but he did not open his mouth to ask for Wang Chao to teach him. He and the others had read many Wuxia novels before and knew that martial arts was not something that could be easily imparted.

Wang Chao had no wish to teach them either since the time they would have with each other was short and he was not at all familiar with them.

Focusing his efforts on practicing for ten days, Wang Chao finally felt his body beginning to show signs of noticeable improvements. Finally, one of the lawyers from Zhao Jun had finally arrived with the contract for the Tianxing Networking.

"Take off the conditions where my arms would be put up as collateral, I have a hundred million here for the wager." Wang Chao spoke to the lawyer and put out his own condition.

Dialing in a number to ask for Zhao Jun's guidance, the lawyer finally nodded after a while. "Since you have a hundred million on hand, I shall amend the contract."

Looking at the new contract, Wang Chao had looked it over once more before finally agreeing to sign it.

"Next month on the fifth, I hope that Chief Wang will be able to appear at Chaozhou, Guangdong for the designated event at the designated time." The lawyer concluded before leaving.

“Boulder, did you prepare everything yet? We’ll be leaving to Guangdong to find that man tomorrow. Starting with him, we’ll get to know about the underworld.”

After finishing up his business, Wang Chao had let Boulder and the rest know of the plans.

At that moment, Boulder and the others were back at the military district. When Wang Chao saw them, they were currently inspecting and cleaning their weapons.

“Fucking hell, this time we really are going to fight with the underworld. I don’t believe that the army would lose to a scraggly and unorganized unit like theirs! Hammer, take a few more grenades! Right, we also need more rocket launchers! Tonight, we’ll sneak on over in the military vehicles.”

When Wang Chao saw these fierce soldiers, even he was slightly shocked.

“This is a secret mission, so you must pretend to be a part of a different organization. I’ll go by myself by train. We’ll come into contact again once I reach Guangdong.

Wang Chao had already planned it out.

With the 24 other men, Hammer and Wang Chao began to talk a little more before finally splitting ways.

By nighttime, Wang Chao was already seated on a train heading straight for Guangdong.

Chapter 62: With an Organization, What is there to Fear?

Chapter 62: With an organization, what is there to fear?

The morning wind had a misty air that felt refreshing to the skin.

Sitting on the train for the entire night starting at 7 PM, Wang Chao had arrived at Guangzhou's train station twelve hours later at 7 AM. The train was filled with people, causing the train to fill with the stink of body odor, foot odor, food, oil, and many other smells that was difficult to resist, making some people want to vomit.

The moment the train had reached the station, Wang Chao had leapt out from the window in order to breathe in fresh air before feeling the humid air of the place.

On the road out of the rail station, Wang Chao had realized just how disorderly the place was. In a dim underground passageway, Wang Chao could just faintly make out the scattered syringe needles on the floor.

Even before he had gotten to the plaza, Wang Chao had already passed by three or four hotels. By the hotels, there were several middle aged women and dark skinned men that held their clothes and bags close to them as if warding off robbers.

Fortunately, Wang Chao was strong and robust. Despite carrying a large bag, he could walk safely.

At the plaza, a whole crowd of people could be seen. As Wang Chao's eyes wandered to and from, his ears had picked up sound from every direction, only to realize several pickpockets rifling through the belongings of several people.

"Fucking hell, no profit here." One of the pickpockets spoke as he ripped through another bag. When he saw no money, he had cursed out loud without any fear.

Wang Chao could see four pickpockets leer at a single middle age woman and

advanced towards her. In an instant, the jewelry on her had been pulled off of her and her bag ripped out of her hands.

“What kind of city is this! Has the society here gone to the dogs?” Wang Chao thought with annoyance.

After several minutes, he had already seen more than a dozen pickpockets. Even if Wang Chao were to try and do something about it, he wouldn't have enough hands to deal with them all.

“I've heard about the Knapsack Party', but is there going to be a 'Hand Cutting Party' too now?” Wang Chao thought for a moment before turning away from the sight. In a moment, he had quickly walked away from the sinister place.

His killing intent had been roused to a high degree quickly, but when he had arrived at the public bus stop, it had begun to die down.

“There is too much evil in the world. With just my strength alone, even if I were to start a massacre, I wouldn't be able to clean them all up.” Wang Chao sighed.

Wang Chao had already disguised himself up in a brown robe and worn out shoes. On his back, a canvas rucksack could be seen, making him look like a young peasant coming to Guangzhou for a job.

Taking out a phone book, Wang Chao fished out an equally old cellphone and called the number given to him by Cao Yi.

As soon as the phone call had come through, the sounds of a woman moaning and panting could be heard followed by the furious but coarse voice.

“Who the fuck is calling me this early in the morning!”

“Is this brother Wen? Brother Gao introduced me to you for a chance to do some fighting.” Wang Chao spoke in accordance to what Cao Yi had said before.

When Cao Yi was an undercover agent within the underworld, his identity was called Gao Dalou.

“Who's that bastard! Ahhh....I remember now, Gao Dalou! That guy, what fight are you talking about....hold on....” Another small groan of a woman could be heard through the phone before the man's coarse voice could be heard on a

quieter scale, “Where are you now?”

“I just got off at the Guangzhou bus station. Brother Gao told me to call this number when I arrive.” Wang Chao spoke.

“Eh? Then come to the gym at Ersha Island. I’ll be there by noon.” Then the call was cut.

“Huh, this guy likes pretending to be mysterious.” Cao Yi had already told him before the man’s name was Lu Chengwen and was nicknamed ‘Brother Wen’. Other than that, he was their special connection to the underworld’s fighting matches.

As long as one made contact with him, then a person could quickly enter the underground fighting matches.

This was the nature and power of brother Wen. Before Wang Chao arrived here, he had made sure to understand the information given to him by the organization.

“And to think that I had wanted to come here when Zhao Xinglong told me about it. If I really did come, then I would have been an idiot. With the assistance of the organization, I know a lot more than I would have now, what a refreshing feeling.”

After the phone call with brother Wen, Wang Chao felt the miniature satellite phone vibrate.

This communication device looked like a button that was weaved into clothes and was one of the many high technical items provided by the organization.

“Serpentine Dragon. This is Boulder. We’ve already entered Guangzhou, where are you?” The quiet voice of Sun Lei could be heard through the button.

“I’m currently at the Ersha Island Gym.” Wang Chao spoke of his destination, giving them time to set up and plan.

Before arriving, they had prepared a codeword, and Wang Chao had decided to call himself “Serpentine Dragon”.

Slowly taking the public commute to Ersha Island, Wang Chao walked with an unsophisticated air. Upon arriving, he began to look all around himself by the

gates like an idiot.

Not too long after, two males came running towards him. In an instant, they had grabbed at his bag and prepared to dash away.

“Eh?” Wang Chao instantly brought a foot up before smashing downwards with it onto one of the male’s knee. Crashing to the ground, the man began to groan in pain.

At the same time, Wang Chao’s hand lashed out and grabbed onto the hair of the other, preventing him from running away.

Just like a scarecrow, the man fell to the ground with both hands to his hair.

“Stop! We were called by brother Wen to test your skill!” The two males cried out before Wang Chao could do anything else.

“Ah, I’m sorry then.” Wang Chao spoke honestly, “I thought you two were trying to steal my stuff.”

“Hmph, come with me then. I’ll take you to see brother Wen.” The two males crawled up from the ground with a small glare at Wang Chao.

Without a word, Wang Chao followed behind them. After taking several busses, they had arrived at the edge of the downtown area where many shabby looking houses could be seen.

Continuing to walk for a while, the three men arrived at a car factory where oil could be seen everywhere. Many greasy workers could be seen holding clamps as they worked on several while also giving a fierce glare to Wang Chao.

“These aren’t car repairmen, those are knife wounds on their faces and tattoos on their arms.” Wang Chao concluded that these men were gangsters instead of factory workers.

Crossing into the factory, they arrived at a cemented room. Within the room, several sandbags could be seen with a muscular man kicking at it.

At the same time, there was a throne at the front of the room with a teapot and palm-leaf fan by the side.

On the chair, a 40 year old middle aged man could be seen. There was a mole on the left side of his face with hair growing out of it, resulting in a rather ugly

looking face.

“This is Lu Chengwen.” Wang Chao thought as he looked at his face; Cao Yi’s reports had matched up with the appearances.

When Lu Chengwen saw Wang Chao, he began to measure him up straight away.

At the same time, the man that was kicking at the sandbags had stopped as well; the ruthless stare was all too obvious in his eyes.

“What’s your name, did Gao Dalou tell you to come here?” Lu Chengwen spoke. The two men by Wang Chao’s side gave a nod in an indication that they had already tested his skill.

Making up a name, Wang Chao had spun a story saying that he had learned some martial arts before getting to know Cao Yi (Who was called Gao Dalou). From him, Wang Chao had learned that one could make money from fighting here, and so here he was.

Because of this prior planning, no matter what Lu Chengwen had asked, Wang Chao revealed no holes in his story.

“Fine fine, you came here to look for a job. I naturally won’t treat you badly then. Sign this contract first!”

Lu Chengwen didn’t ask anymore questions and snapped a finger for one of the men besides to bring him a contract and seal.

“How dark!” Wang Chao thought when he saw the contract. The first reason was because of the fact that the manager was not responsible for one’s injuries during a fight. The second was the fact that 50% of the earnings would go to the manager. The third reason was that they wouldn’t be able to leave for five years after signing. There were several other stipulations that were tyrannical in nature and limited one’s self autonomy.

“Sign it once you’re done looking!”

“Hold on, how much money can I earn?” Wang Chao asked.

“Don’t worry, each fight can be worth at least ten thousand without a problem if you win!” Lu Chengwen spoke impatiently.

“Okay then!” Wang Chao used the red seal ink to sign using his finger.

He had no faith that a contract like this would matter much to him.

“I am a person from an organization meant to imbed myself into the underground martial art world. Boulder and the others already have the weaponry lined up. As long as I give the word, they would be able to send a single rocket launcher and level the place! What is there to fear?”

Thus, Wang Chao was not afraid.

“Good!” Lu Chengwen inspected the page before looking towards the man kicking the sandbag, “Snake-head, test out his ability!”

“The one called Snake-head gave a small ruthless smile before wiping at his sweaty shoulder and cracking the bones in his neck and fists with a loud popping sound.

“Snake-head, this kid just signed the contract, feel free to go all out.” A male spoke out blood thirstily from the side.

“Don’t harm his inner organs, just his bones will do. I like to hear the sound of bones breaking.” Another male laughed.

“Our regular practices are actual fights!” Lu Chengwen looked to Wang Chao, “When people enter this line of work, they must abide by the rules.”

“These men are quite cruel.” Wang Chao’s heart began to feel a wisp of killing intent.

“Begin!” Lu Chengwen moved to the side.

At the sound, Snake-head immediately burst into action and charged straight for Wang Chao. A fist headed straight for his chin while the other one protected his body. At the same time, a knee came up to strike him in the groin.

Wang Chao instantly formed a claw with his hand and caught his opponent’s fist. At the same time, his right elbow came smashing down like a spear onto Snake-head’s kneecap.

Kacha! The sound of a bone snapping could be heard as Snake-head’s knee and Wang Chao’s elbow made contact, leaving no one thinking if something had broken.

“Ah!” A miserable cry could be heard. Wang Chao’s claw hand had used Hidden Jin, crushing his opponent’s fist.

With no mercy, Wang Chao’s right hand shot out like a spear. With a simple palm strike, he brought it down onto his chest with a chopping motion.

Bang! With another smash, Snake-head’s chest had split open before falling down like a plank of wood. As he fell, blood came out from his nose, ears, and mouth.

Twitching twice, he had died!

Against a fierce person, one must be even more fierce to control him.

Hua! The entire place went into an uproar while Lu Chengwen looked at Wang Chao with a focused stare.

After a moment, he waved his hand, “Tie Snake-head up into a burlap sack and toss him out.”

Chapter 63: One Battle To Make Oneself Known (First)

Chapter 63: One battle to make oneself known (First)

Wang Chao's splitting fist of the tiger stance might not have contained Hidden Jin, but the clear Jin had reinforced its strength. With that one movement, his movement had been like a giant axe. "Snake-head's" skull would have been cracked, and a concussion would be more likely than not.

The two men that had brought Wang Chao to Lu Chengwen immediately stuffed the dead "Snake-head" into a giant canvas bag. Tying it up, they took the body out.

Their movements had been well practiced and efficient, most likely an indicator that this wasn't the first or second time they did such a thing before.

The remaining fighters nearby had instantly saw Wang Chao in a new light. Some saw him in fear, some in jealousy, and mostly in shock.

But as for "Snake-heads" death, not a single one of them had a look of pity or had any idea of trying to avenge him. It was almost as if they had witnessed the death of a dog, saddening, but inconsequential.

There was a single unwritten law that was said amongst the fighting ring. "When one enters the ring, then prepare to kill without notice, or be killed without notice."

Life was not worth a single penny and was only used to serve as amusement for another. There was no such thing as comradery, only mutual practice partners. But in the ring, they would be bitter enemies to the death.

Originally Wang Chao had been skeptical by Zhao Xinglong's description of the underground fighting world. "*Where is the shadiness?*" He had thought back then. But when he saw the state of the public security of Guangzhou after stepping out of the train station, Wang Chao had no more doubts. He had understand that the coastal area was the land of sin; there was no such thing as an impossibility here.

There was no such thing as absolute evil, just even more evil or an evil one couldn't possible imagine.

In a world of martial arts and violence, there was also the underworld. This was an undeniable truth to the world since the ancient path.

Wang Chao had killed before and had also obtained a license to "kill legally". He had to be ready to kill at any moment despite his personal beliefs; in a sinister world like this, he would be charging into his own death if he wasn't.

"Haha, good! You are strong enough!" Lu Chengwen's triangular eyes had flashed brightly as if he was a snake looking at his prey.

"Brother Gao told me that in this place, one has to fight without reservation. It was best to kill one's opponent or else risk being killed." Wang Chao replied.

"That's correct, absolutely correct. Gao Dalou's words are true!" Lu Chengwen's face grew warm as he began to smile. His eyes continued to gleam as he stared at Wang Chao as if he was a tree made of money. "That guy was strong in those years, but after half a year, he gave up. I heard he's a cop now? How interesting."

"You must be tired after traveling in the train for the entire night. Blacky, take him to get a meal and then a place to rest." Lu Chengwen patted Wang Chao on the shoulder. "Good guy, you fought well. In five years, you'll definitely earn millions without a problem."

A factory worker from the side immediately went to lead Wang Chao to the dining halls.

Taking a large platter of food, Wang Chao sat down leisurely and began to eat without any of the other workers daring to come to bother him.

Apparently news of the death of "Snake-head" had traveled fast.

Not even bothering to chat with these people, Wang Chao ate his meal. Then, under "Blacky's" guidance, Wang Chao had been given a room for his own personal use.

"This is your room." Blacky spoke. "Rest up and don't run about. If you want to go out, then inform me and I'll get permission from brother Wen for you."

Wang Chao nodded his head in understanding before Blacky snorted and left.

This room he was given was approximately 60 square meters big and was made of cement walls with stains all over it.

There was a black old fashioned table and stool along with a bed that creaked with every movement. There was also a little electric fan, but other than that, there was very little to see.

When Wang Chao observed the area, he immediately came to a sudden thought.

“If I didn’t meet sis Chen three years ago, would I be working or in such a state like this?”

Truly, if he did not meet Tang Zichen, then after graduating from high school, he would have been like the millions of other public workers in the sea of job employment. Living in a small house in a suburban area while working everyday, he would only receive a meager wage for selling his own sweat and blood.

“A person’s life is impossible to foretell, but a person’s luck is far too deep to understand. The world is ever changing and is filled with many different factors. Just who would be able to foretell their own future?”

In this bustling sin filled city of crime, Wang Chao thought about Tang Zichen in his little shabby room. Then he thought about being one of the many public workers who had no future or even any hope of seeing a better tomorrow. Their world was a world of despair, where would they gain the power to grow strong and survive in such a world?

With a long sigh, Wang Chao sat on the bed and began to calm himself.

Knowing that the earth was forever changing, his will and mind would forever continue to be tempered.

Without a bright spark of hope, then how would they be able to pull of a bright and powerful fist?

The world was a giant circle of Yin and Yang that encompassed everything within it.

A human life was a giant furnace where people would suffer being tempered

and refined. Those who refined themselves beautifully would have a splendid light, but the rest would be destroyed under the cruel flames.

Wang Chao had sat freely on the bed without any thoughts of practicing martial arts. His pores continued to open and close as if breathing, but it was a comfortable and lazy feeling.

The night slowly went by, but in the early morning, Wang Chao was awakened by the sounds of light footsteps.

"That has to be Blacky." Wang Chao thought. From the rhythm and weight of the footsteps, he had been able to deduce just who it was that was walking towards his room.

Sure enough, the door had opened up to his room.

"Get up, brother Wen has arranged a fight for you last night. Come with me." Blacky waved for Wang Chao to get up.

"That fast?" Wang Chao was shocked. According to the organization's information, the average newcomer would need to wait a week before a match was prepared for them in the Fighting Altar.

The organizers of the Fighting Altar were very strict and carefully planned each fighting competition without the government knowing. The organizers were generally crime lords from Hong Kong, Macau and Taiwan; but naturally, the crime lords from Guangdong, Fujian, Zhejiang, Jiangsu, Hainan, and Shandong were also involved.

Each competition had a specialized venue and clientele.

These crime lords had also attracted martial artists who thirsted after money who later pitted them against each other. Those bosses who wanted entertainment had always threw down money for their gambles.

The cruel and bloody fights had allowed those who were bored with karaoke, dancing, bar drinking, and casino clients to feel excited once more. It was just like the ancient gladiator fights in Rome.

Friction between gangs over territory or power could be resolved through a competition of fists as well.

Because this was the 21st Century, criminal gangs could not longer operate in the same way as the past. Without hundreds of people, they couldn't grab axes or guns to start one giant war for power.

There was no country that would allow for such a thing to happen often.

Lu Chengwen was considered to be the CEO of public safety for the half white half black Daxing Corporation.

This corporation's public safety section had focused on fighting specifically. Each year, they would organize a small fighting competition that earned in a decent sum of money.

Unlike other public security departments, this one only knew how to spend money.

The criminal world of today's era was not built on just bodyguarding, robbing, beating, or stealing. The higher echelons of the criminal world were legal businesses too now.

"The organization has collected information for the past five or six years on this. In the past few years, the princelings helped give rise to the criminal gangs here. With that, their power has grown. But with the rapid development of the Fighting Altar, their rise shouldn't be of any surprise."

TL Note: Princelings are a categorization of the children of senior communist officials.

Entering the Fighting Altar was the first mission for Wang Chao so he could see the true extent of what their development was like. Asking Zhao Xinglong was one thing, experiencing it was another.

With the princelings entering the criminal world, they held so much power that even the organization couldn't inquire about them openly.

Cao Yi had said before that he wanted Wang Chao to become a leader of the Wulin in the Southeastern Asian martial arts world. This was still a plan that was far from being achieved.

Wang Chao knew that he at the very least needed to make himself well known. If he could survive and become of worth, then becoming a leader of the Wulin

wouldn't be off the agenda just yet.

Otherwise if he died, then it was all for naught and empty promises.

Right now, Wang Chao was a chess piece for the organization to step into the criminal world. Whenever the chess piece became of use, then the organization would treat him more seriously. If the organization had other plans and discarded the chess piece, then he would have to resign himself to his fate.

He had known this from the very beginning and thus did not have much confidence in the organization. It was an unspoken truth that rang true since the ancient times. No matter what organization, they must submit to the mandate and order of the organization. For the sake of the cause, they must sacrifice their lives.

The army was like this, employment was like this, and the underworld was like this. Even a company was like this too.

If an organization had no core, then its collapse was imminent.

That was another reason why Wang Chao had wanted to find a way to distance himself away from the organization. He had no wish to being a chess piece for them to use so callously.

But Wang Chao had no chance of that for now.

"So we fight at night? Do I get to know anything about my opponent?" Wang Chao asked.

"Today's dispute is between our group and the Skymail Moving Company. Originally, it was supposed to be Snake-head, but since you killed him, you're up instead. We didn't inquire about the enemy, so there isn't any information. All you have to do is win however, if you can win, then you will immediately earn a shitload of money." Blacky laughed.

"Dispute? What dispute?" Wang Chao asked as he walked with Blacky to the door.

"Our Daxing Corporation has a moving company that is rivals with the Skymail Moving Company. So far, four men have died as a result of our fights. The Boss Wu told us to be more discreet with our dispute and had decided to settle the

fight with a bet.”

“Boss Wu...” Wang Chao had known this person. The “Boss Wu” Blacky was talking about was named Wu Yingda. His maternal uncle was a high ranking official of the Fujian army and his father was a high ranking official within the Guangdong government. With such a family, he was quite important.

Wu Yingda, Zhao Jun, and Wang Xiaolei; these three were the leaders of the Ike Corporation and held the coastal areas within their hands. Guangdong and Fujian’s criminal world had even been controlled to some degree by these three.

And in those two provinces, no matter how big or small, the Ike Corporation had sanctioned the competitions. The bigger competitions had even been organized by them personally.

A small minibus made a stop outside for Wang Chao to get on. Moving once more, the vehicle began to travel down the road.

After two hours, they had arrived at a small village where a giant building could be seen.

There were many vehicles parked outside with several patrolmen waving their flashlights all around.

“We are from Daxing! Where is brother Wen?” Blacky spoke out as an agent of Lu Chengwen.

“He’s here, please follow us.” A security guard spoke before taking out a walkie-talkie. Speaking a few words, he had someone take them inside.

The building looked to be a theatre built in the countryside. After walking for a long aisle, there was finally a wide clearing about a thousand square meters wide with spectators all around. In the middle there was a cement platform with a piece of rope tied around it.

Looking around, Wang Chao noticed that not a single empty spot remained. There were men, women, bosses and their girlfriends, and even several white collared workers. Wang Chao could even see several SWAT members, they were clearly all lovers of a good fight.

But while the entire place was filled up, there was a single arrangement of

smokes, fruits, alcohol, and other snacks that seemed to have no one sitting next to.

“That has to be where the most important people sit, who could it be?” Wang Chao thought before activating the micro satellite transmitter on him.

“Serpentine Dragon, Serpentine Dragon, we’ve confirmed your position.” Boulder’s voice spoke out. “When you left, we were following behind you. Right about now we are about two kilometers from your current position, but half a kilometer ago, we’ve noticed possible firepower. If you come across any danger, notify us immediately and we’ll be there in ten minutes with our guns ready to fire.”

“That’s fine, I’ll be here as per normal. Don’t alert the enemy just yet. When I come out later we’ll draft up some information and give it to the organization.”

“Understood.”

By the time Wang Chao came out of the toilet, Lu Chengwen’s face had looked uneasy.

“This isn’t good. This time, the Skymail company has brought the apprentice of Xu Zhen, Qin Maojiao. This time will be very hard to win.”

Xu Zhen was one of the Three Tigers of Guangdong. He was older than Zhang Wei by 10 years, making him around his 40s.

Xu Zhen’s style of Tongbei had been considered extinct and was once called the “Little Arm Saint”. Both of his arms had been strong like steel, but soft like rattan at the same time.

Why was he called the “Little Arm Saint”?

That was because in the past, the Tongbei sect had a “Arm Saint” Zhang Ce. In the era of the Republic of China, he had been the leader of the Fengtian Guoshu Institute. His martial arts had reached such a high level of perfection that Xu Zhen didn’t dare to use the nickname of his predecessor.

Xu Zhen was a board member of the Tianle Corporation with his assets going into the millions. His first appearance had caused him to gain many connections and even more disciples. But amongst the most outstanding, he had only

personally taught a dozen of them.

Even those disciples had made themselves well known.

Qin Maojiao was one of those few.

“What do we do, just what do we do?” Lu chengwen began to panic, indicating his lack of faith in Wang Chao.

Just at that moment, a group of people came walking in, attracting Wang Chao’s attention. One of the males was 26 years old around and stood at 1.8 meters tall. His muscles and joints were clear to see, indicating just how well he had trained.

But what attracted him even more was the sportswear wearing woman next to him.

Although she was young, Wang Chao knew that she was at least older than he was. Wang Chao was currently 20 years old, making the girl at least 23 or 24 years old.

“Just who is that girl?” Wang Chao asked.

“That’s the younger sister of Taichi master Chen Aiyang, Chen Bin. The Chenshi Corporation and Xu Zhen’s Tianle Corporation are working together...forget it, why am I telling you this?” Lu Chengwen looked at Wang Chao as if he was a dead man walking.

“Boss Wen, has your fighter come yet? This time with the Chenshi Corporation, the payout will be in the millions.”

One of the organizers spoke to Lu Chengwen.

“Go on up.” Lu Chengwen pointed at Wang Chao.

“Your fighter is him? What a cute face.” The organizer had a lecherous look before speaking, “Come with me.”

Following the organizer up the platform, Wang Chao began to look around before smelling a blood like scent.

Only Wang Chao was alone on the platform.

There was no other choice, only the more well known person entered the ring

last.

Wang Chao was known well known.

In the golden seats down below, the youngsters all sat down. Chen Aiyang's sister Chen Bin had even started to give Wang Chao a look over.

"You're not short on money, so why are you betting?" Chen Bin sipped a Wanglaoji brand Chinese herb tea.

"I didn't have a choice, the Skymail company offered me a million RMB to come. Besides, without actual combat, how would I improve?" Qin Maojiao spoke with a smile.

"What combat is there to be seen here? Take a look, where are the experts? Why not challenge Zhang Wei then? I heard he has come out of his isolation recently." Chen Bin spoke matter of factly.

"In the future I want to challenge your brother, master Chen, not Zhang Wei." Qin Maojiao looked a little insulted at her words.

The conversation of the two had been heard by Wang Chao, however.

"Challenge my brother? You don't even know if you'll win against that combatant up there." Chen Bin looked to Wang Chao before going deep into thought.

"Che!" Qin Jaomiao sneered.

At the same time, the ringing of a bell could be heard.

It was the warning sound that the fight was about to begin.

The audience around the ring began to look even more excited to the point where Wang Chao could see them breathing heavily.

Qin Jaomiao walked up to the platform and faced Wang Chao on top of it.

Chapter 64: One Battle To Make Oneself Known (Second)

Chapter 64: One battle to make oneself known (Second)

“This guy’s footwork is nimble and quick. Even his hair is standing up, he must be a strong internal practitioner.”

In the moment Qin Maojiao was walking towards him, Wang Chao had already begun to observe his movements.

“He walks like an ape, that must mean he definitely learned the White Ape style of Tongbei Quan.” In an instant, Wang Chao had formulated a series of thoughts.

Tongbei Quan was transmitted down from the Sage of Ghost Valley in Yun Mengshan. It was from there that he saw a white ape leap into the air and used the ape’s movements to derive a new style of martial arts.

But the facts were unknown. After so many years, there was no more contextual clues to find out the truth.

But in the course of Chinese martial arts, they did not come from humans, but rather from observing the behaviors of animals.

An animal was nimble and sturdy while a human’s mind was sharp. Naturally, the Yin and Yang between the two would have an equilibrium to it.

Tongbei had gone through several eras of development before having multiple different branches. The earliest branch had been the White Ape styled Tongbei Quan, the Five Fists Tongbei, Chopping Fist Tongbei, and etcetera. Each one of the styles had their own focal points, and the White Ape style Tongbei specialized on a nimble movement with power that was like lightning.

“Those who move nimbly are the worst to fight against.”

Wang Chao had already reached the Hidden Jin stage, meaning he could leave an impression on even steel plates. But with all this strength, within a fight, no matter how fierce the Hidden Jin was, it was useless if he couldn’t hit someone

with it.

This had been the case for many experts in the past. Back during the Republic of China in the year 1929, it had been very common to see in the Hangzhou Guoshu competition. That year, the Iron Palm master Liu Gaosheng had faced off against the “Sparrow” Cao Yanhai in such a manner.

Liu Gaosheng’s Iron Palm could shatter stones, but within the competition, he had been unable to hit anyone. In the end he had been knocked down by Cao Yanhai’s swift usage of Tantui.

In a split moment of observation of both Xu Zhen and this disciple, Wang Chao had already analyzed Qin Maojiao’s martial art’s characteristics.

With his opponent specializing in a nimble movement, Wang Chao didn’t dare to drop his guard in fear of dying himself.

As soon as the two were on the platform, the spectators began to cry out one after another.

“Hurry up!”

“Fight already!”

“Fuckign hell, why aren’t you fighting? Don’t dawdle!”

“Kill that kid, I’ve 30,000 on this for a 1:2 stake!”

“Who cares for your 30,000? I’ve 50,000 riding on this!”

Naturally, Wang Chao had turned a deaf ear and a blind eye to them all. But the sister of Chen Aiyang had a strange look in her eyes as she looked at Wang Chao.

A fight between experts was usually highly sensitive, meaning many things could be learned just from a single glance.

“Begin!” The announcer boomed.

Qin Maojiao instantly sprung into action.

Wang Chao was but a speck of dust in his eyes.

In the next step, a long arm was thrust forward at Wang Chao like a sharp spear.

His loose sleeves had rustled as it traveled through the air with a series of “pi pa pi pa” sounds like the rhythmic sounds of a wave slapping against a ship.

This was the true art of a Tongbei practitioner.

“A speed like this is far beyond Boulder and the others. It’s even stronger than Zhao Xinglong and maybe the Wing Chun practitioner Lin Lijun killed by Zhu Jia. At the very least, he’s even stronger than the first two.”

It only took a single glance to know who was an expert and who wasn’t.

When Wang Chao saw Qin Maojiao come rushing over, it was like the water rushing down a river. Like a strong gale of wind, it had interrupted his own breathing. With this, Wang Chao knew that this disciple had already learned the Clear Jin and was in the process of Chain Linking. His clear Jin wasn’t all that far away from Wang Chao’s.

“Seeing how arrogant he is, he must not have fully mastered himself of his emotions. This means he cannot break out with Hidden Jin.”

When breaking out with Hidden Jin, one must be calm but fierce. The pores had to loosen while the muscles had to be flexible.

With these two requirements, one also had to be strong in will and have a tempered mind. Even one strong in body would not be able to use the Hidden Jin without these requirements.

Crack! Wang Chao’s left arm bent at the elbow to put up a guard against Qin Maojiao’s arm. In the next moment, his arm extended to swing at the other fist.

Qin Maojiao was 26 years old at this moment, but he had started learning martial arts when he was 15. He had already 11 years of experience and tutelage, but with the arrogant personality he had he would never be able to reach the Hidden Jin stage. However, he had already reached the pinnacle of the Clear Jin stage, so each fist and arm had been extraordinarily strong.

Wang Chao had improved his physique with the Tiger’s Thunder. So that meant while he had only learned martial arts for a mere three years, he had already reached the summit of Clear Jin as well.

Thus when both fighters struck each other, neither side had been at an

advantage or disadvantage.

“Where did an expert like this come from?! This iron arm of mine from Tongbei can force even master to use 70% of his strength to counter! But this guy’s strength is the same as mine? Crossing Fist Jin, he is an expert at Xingyi!” Qin Maojiao’s arm had immediately become numb after the clash. Forming a stance resembling that of an ape, he bounded forward.

“Xingyi disciples rely on a hard strike down the median line from straight ahead, I’d better focus on my agility to avoid him. When he loses energy, he’ll be open up to my attacks.”

Qin Maojiao was an expert of reputable name. Upon noticing the hardness of the strike, he had recollected his thoughts straight away. Taking advantage of the nimbleness of the ape stance, he had forged ahead to strike.

Qin Maojiao’s ape style movements was considered excellent even amongst his peers. Back when he was learning the movements, he had watched the movements of a monkey for two years. After imitating the leaps and somersaults for many years, he had finally reached a stage of perfection with it.

Every expert had a brilliant past that helped them.

On the otherside, Wang Chao had realized just how strong the enemy was.

His block had been using the Xingyi style’s Crossing Fist Jin.

“The Crossing Fist requires one’s arm to be bent, but within it there is a hidden straight strike.” When both arms struck, it was like two maces colliding against each other.

In this clash, Wang Chao hadn’t used the Hidden Jin.

He had to be prudent with his usage of it.

An expert internal practitioner was extremely sensitive with his pores and hairs. Even a gust of wind that could only affect a single blade of grass could be felt by them.

This rang especially true for Qin Maojiao who was an expert at the White Ape style Tongbei. With his figure like an ape, his speed was incomparably fast. Wang Chao’s Hidden Jin had not yet reached a stage where the natural break out of the

Hidden Jin was instinctive meaning that it was still easy to dodge. To use it now would only be a huge waste of energy.

If he were to go against another person who could use Hidden Jin, then he would lose for sure.

And to lose was to die! Or worse, a cripple!

A fight was that serious.

The first strike between these two had been at a complete balance.

Qin Maojiao's leap had brought him behind Wang Chao. With another strike, he aimed it at Wang Chao's vertebrae.

With his strength, if the strike collided, then even a wooden pillar would snap in half, let alone Wang Chao's vertebrae.

"Good!" The spectators that knew a little bit about martial arts had nodded at this exchange. Seeing Qin Maojiao's strange leap and then freakish speed towards Wang Chao's back had impressed many people there.

"His ape stance is at a realm of perfection! Given 5 years and him tempering his emotions to rid his haughtiness, then he would be able to practice the Hidden Jin. By then, he would earn the rights to challenge even my brother."

Seeing Qin Maojiao's movements, even Chen Bin had been surprised at his skill.

"That other kid is a Xingyi expert. It's a shame he's rather inflexible and wouldn't be able to defend against any unpredictable movements."

This was Chen Bin's verdict on Wang Chao.

Then suddenly, Wang Chao altered his stance into one from Bagua, avoiding Qin Maojiao's strike.

At the same time, he rushed to Qin Maojiao's side with his arms stretched wide like the wings of an eagle before striking out with the ferocity of a tiger dashing out of its cave. The force in his fists had been incomparably strong and unyieldingly firm.

The movements and power of the tiger and eagle stance had been perfectly

harmonized together.

At the same time of his charge, both of his arms had shook in a way to add a more penetrative power. Just like a soldier sifting through the mountains, he had advanced further downwards and brought Qin Maojiao under his force.

At the same time of his fists, his lungs had begun to fluctuate in breath to match with the movements of his muscles. In a moment of action, Wang Chao had managed to utter out the primal roar of a tiger.

This roar had been deep but reserved in a way that matched with his aura. It was almost as if Wang Chao's body was harboring a tiger within it!

Xingyi was comprised of will and intent. To learn will was to obtain intent. Within a lie was truth, and within a truth was a lie. There was no tiger here, but at the same time, there was indeed a tiger.

Wang Chao had this sudden revelation at that moment!

This single move had been comprised of both the tiger stance's Chopping Fist Jin. At the same time, it contained the Pounding Fist Jin.

To learn one teaching was to learn a hundred teachings for his Assault of the Dragon and Snake. With these analogies, Wang Chao had gradually began to combine the stances of everything into one personalized usage for his own way of fighting.

His movements had been from the Bagua style. After applying oil to his feet and learning to walk on top of a water jar, he had slipped and fallen just as many times as Qin Maojiao, if not more.

Qin Maojiao had only seen that his fist had missed along with Wang Chao suddenly disappearing from view and then reappearing right by his side. Then the next moment, all he could hear was the roar of a tiger.

At that moment, Qin Maojiao had felt a little skeptical. Was his opponent taken over by the spirit of a tiger?

While his strength was strong, his mentality was not as resolved as Wang Chao.

And while Wang Chao had some sort of information on him, he did not

understand anything about Wang Chao.

It was these two points that would be enough for him to lose his life.

Frantically, Qin Maojiao held his hands in a horizontal guard before leaping backwards.

But with his thoughts in a disarray, he had lost the previous advantage he had. In the end, Wang Chao had found an opportunity and clashed fists once more.

But this time, Wang Chao had broken out with the Hidden Jin!

Qin Maojiao's arms could only feel a sharp stinging sensation as if he had been stabbed with a myriad of needles for a painful feeling.

The pain of the stinging sensation had been so strong that he had lost power over his pores. Opening wide, he began to sweat, losing power with each droplet.

Naturally, Wang Chao had shown no quarter with such a golden opportunity in front of him. Going straight for his median line, Wang Chao formed the palms of the tiger stance and slammed a strike full of Hidden Jin into Qin Maojiao's chest.

"Ugh! Cough, cough!" A guttural sound could be heard from Qin Maojiao's mouth along with the sound of his sternum breaking, harmonizing into sounding like the song of death.

After the strike, Wang Chao stepped back two steps only to see Qin Maojiao's face start to grow red. His legs began to sway as if he was drunk as his arms began to slacken.

Spinning around for two revolutions, his young body slowly fell off the platform like water with blood spilling out from his mouth.

His eyes had gone wide with shock as he stared at Wang Chao. A fierce struggle could be seen as he tried to stay alive, but it was sadly futile.

After two attempts, all of the fight in him had suddenly evaporated as his pupils lost the gleam of light.

"Hidden Jin of the tiger stance!" Chen Bin cried out in understanding. The two fighters had been too fast for most to follow, but Wang Chao's fighting method had been far too fierce. Even if her brother Chen Aiyang the Taichi master were

here, it would be difficult for him to save Qin Maojiao.

“How is this possible!”

After a brief moment of stupefied silence, Chen Bin had crushed the metal pot that had her Waolaoji brand Chinese herb tea.

The brown liquid had splashed all over her hand, but she hadn’t noticed. Her eyes could only stare rigidly at Wang Chao.

The metal pot of Chinese herb tea had unexpectedly make a loud crisp sound when she crushed it.

The sound seemed to have been like a strike of lightning that broke through the silence. Everyone had instantly recovered their spirits and began to cry out loud.

Some were shocked, some were ecstatic. Some had even struggled to stay silent while others had been silent because they had just lost a wealthy sum of money, leaving them extraordinarily vexed.

“This competition goes to the Daxing Corporation! May their representative come up to receive your prize. For those who won their gambles, please come to the back to receive your winnings.” After some time, the voice of the organizer had spoken out once more in a voice befitting that of a professional emcee.

Lu Chengwen had been utterly shocked at first. But after hearing the voice of the announcer, he suddenly regained his bearings and quickly instructed to his men. “Quick quick, get that kid out of here before anything happens.”

Chapter 65: Why Should a Party Member Fear Organized Crime?

Chapter 65: Why should a party member fear organized crime?

"It was not because I was holding back. Your Clear Jin was already at the pinnacle stage and your ape style movements were far too nimble. In a battle of attrition, my Hidden Jin would only hit air, meaning the winner would not be clear."

Wang Chao's Hidden Jin was with the tiger stance was far too strong!

Qin Maojiao's chest had been broken with the Hidden Jin attacking his inner organs. Even his heart and lungs had been ruptured, killing him instantly. Even an Immortal from Daoist scriptures would not be able to survive such a blow.

In truth, both fighters had equivalent skill and movement, the only difference was that Wang Chao had one more weapon which was Hidden Jin.

If Qin Maojiao had learned about this earlier, then he would have been more collected and evasive during the battle. Taking advantage of his nimble movements to defend himself from Wang Chao's attacks, it would be truly difficult for Wang Chao to land a hit on him then.

It was only unfortunate that Wang Chao knew Qin Maojiao nearly inside out while Qin Maojiao knew nothing about him. As Sun Tzi once said, 'Know yourself, know your enemy and you will emerge victorious in every battle.' To not know the enemy was to have a great chance of a miscalculation.

26-27 was the golden age of a person's life, but unfortunately, many a persons would often die on this platform while enjoying that golden age.

Seeing the dead corpse of Qin Maojiao, Wang Chao couldn't help but think of Lin Lijun who had died by a gun; the both of them had their eyes wide open even in death.

"You did not die by gunfire. As a person of the fist, you died by the fist. This is an appropriate death." With a silent sigh, he squatted down and closed Qin

Maojiao's eyes.

"It is very possible that I too will die on a stage in this manner."

The organizer had been announcing the results at this time, resulting in four or five black suited men running down to glare vehemently at Wang Chao.

"Please follow the rules of this place, if there are any disputes, please come to the back to resolve them." The organizer's face seemed to have instantly turned to ice.

When someone died in the ring, the rules had mandated that no vendetta could be called.

Immediately, all of the officers there had taken out their stun batons and plastic shields.

From this, it could be seen that the security guards were all from the riot squad.

"Hurry up and go, let us deal with this aftermath." At the same time, Lu Chengwen had some people run up to the platform and provide a protective ring around Wang Chao.

Qin Maojiao was an extremely well known person. Even though he had died on the ring, the repercussions would be huge.

Right now in the eyes of Lu Chengwen, Wang Chao was a money tree yet to be shaken. No matter what, he had to protect him.

"Hmmm? Boss Bai, is your Skymail Company dissatisfied with losing?" Lu Chengwen's triangular shaped eyes had gleamed with the light of a Schadenfreude as he looked at the well groomed man down below.

This middle aged man was the boss of Skymail Moving Company, Bai Yong. Both the Skymail Moving Company and Daxing Company were half white and half black companies. That had meant they had constantly tried to undermine the other for business many times.

Because of Wu Yingda's grandfather's order to not cause any trouble, a competition had been held in order to resolve this conflict. Bai Yong and invested a million RMB in order to invite Xu Zhen's disciple Qin Maojiao. This

him, Bai Yong had felt extremely confident and had even laid a three million RMB bet.

But unbeknownst to him, an expert of an unknown background had managed to kill Qin Maojiao. If it was just another person that had lost, then the situation would merely be a snowstorm, but with it being Qin Maojiao of all people, there was now a blizzard along with the snowstorm. Not only had his funds taken a hit, but the most important thing was that Qin Maojiao was one of the personal disciples of Xu Zhen. With this disciple dead, he didn't know just how he would be able to pay collateral.

Lu Chengwen had known about this sticky situation Bai Yong was in and so he had taken delight at his pains.

"How shameless of you, Wen. You shouldn't celebrate just yet! That expert of yours should make sure he walks carefully, lest he might trip."

This venue was under the supervision of Wu Yingda's grandfather. With regulations that were strictly enforced, no matter how gutsy Bai Yong, he didn't dare to cause any trouble here.

Despite the Skymail Company having several hundred million in total assets, it was still a drop in the bucket in comparison to Wu Yingda's grandfather. All it would take was a single sigh from Wu Yingda, and the Skymail Moving Company would go bankrupt in three days while Bai Yong's body would be stuffed unceremoniously into a body bag and thrown into the Pearl River.

So in this place, all he could do was bark loudly and plan silently.

"Take the body, we're leaving." Bai Yong spat out vehemently before leaving. It was best for him to leave now so he could conspire his revenge in peace.

"We're going to. Let's deal with whatever later." Lu Chengwen knew of what Bai Yong was planning. The both of them were of the same nature, so he understood him well. If they waited too long, then there was a good chance of them being ambushed on the way home and killed.

Other than the bets in the competition, Wu Yingda didn't care at all for it.

"Hold on."

Just as Wang Chao was about to walk out, the startled voice of a woman could be heard.

Lu Chengwen turned to look only to see Chen Bin sitting right in front of a glass table while she tapped a finger on it.

“Miss Chen.” At the mention of Chen Bin, Lu Chengwen had given a bright smile, “Is there anything you need? You must know of Bai Yong’s sinister nature and our hurry to go...”

“That’s fine, you can go. I want to talk to him.” Chen Bin spoke with a cold look in her eyes. She had been like a high ranking official with a hint of authority in her speech.

“That is...” Lu Chengwen was afraid of offending a princess of the criminal world. The Singaporean Chenshi Corporation had an influence that simply could not be ignored in the Southeastern Asia region. They were practically the overlords of the criminal world, but despite their power, it did not quite reach the Guangdong area where Wu Yingda controlled. However, there were rumors that said the coastal princelings had joined with the Chenshi Corporation.

Taichi master Chen Aiyang and Wu Yingda were also very good friends, even Chen Aiyang’s sister Chen Bin had come and went as she pleased here.

High ranking officials often liked being friends with martial artists so they could learn martial arts themselves and strengthen their bodies. No matter what point in history, this was a true fact.

The more amazing fact was that Chen Bin was also a Taichi master like her elder brother.

No matter the fact, Lu Chengwen could not go or even speak against her.

“We’re leaving, after you’re done speaking with sister Chen, head outside. When we get back I’ll give you your money.” Lu Chengwen spoke to Wang Chao before leaving with the others.

“Your martial arts has reached the stage of Hidden Jin, making you an expert. Why have you fallen to such a level of underground fighting?” Chen Bin looked at Wang Chao before asking.

Wang Chao had known that Chen Bin was the princess of the Chenshi Corporation in Singapore and was also Chen Aiyang's younger sister. He had been especially interested in her while the organization had placed both the princelings and the Chenshi Corporation as high interest targets.

Furthermore, Chen Bin's skin was rather smooth and unblemished. Even her temples were bulging out by quite the amount, something that could not be hidden by her hair. A sign like this was proof of her martial arts reaching an advanced stage.

"If it was a male, then I'd be able to find out just how strong his martial arts is by pressing hands. But unfortunately a female's anatomy is slightly different."

Listening to a martial artist's muscle by pressing hands was a very common occurrence without fighting. But since Chen Bin was a female, he didn't dare hastily try to test her strength.

"Martial arts cannot feed a mouth." Wang Chao had replied in response.

"That much is true, you must be from mainland China, there are experts hidden everywhere there." Chen Bin nodded her head. "You may or may not know this, but you have brought trouble upon yourself today. Protecting your own life may be hard, who knows if you'll have a chance to fight again for money in the future?"

"I knew that guy wasn't any ordinary person, but if I were to hold back in that fight, then I would die instead. There was no other alternative."

"It's quite inconvenient to talk here, follow me." Chen Bin spoke as she stood up.

"Miss Chen, what is your command?" A person called out in a hurry.

"Is there a place to rest?"

"There is, I'll take you there straight away."

With a bow, the man began to lead the way. In a moment, he had taken Chen Bin to a peaceful lounge on the second floor.

There were four bodyguards following behind Chen Bin.

But what Wang Chao had realized was that while these bodyguards were

strong looking, they were not internal practitioners.

“Stand guard by the door.”

There was a large sofa in the middle of the splendid looking lounge. Sitting down on it, Chen Bin immediately ordered her bodyguards to stand watch outside. After seeing Wang Chao sizing up her bodyguards, Chen Bin couldn't help but laugh.

“They've learned how to use a gun, each one of them are snipers infact. With today's society, even the most strongest martial artists can only use martial arts to gamble or just for exercise. If one truly wants to kill, then one has to use guns.”

Chen Bin's words had an air of sophistication to them. It was neither cold or warm, but the air of a noble could be distinctly heard.

That was when Wang Chao realized her presence was similar to that of Tang Zichen. But upon closer inspection, there was still differences to be seen.

Tang Zichen had been naturally warm and had treated him like a dear brother to be loved. Chen Bin on the other hand had often used overly elaborate prose to talk and had even a tint of aggression in her voice.

For one to be able to use Hidden Jin, one must be calm and have a warm temperament with a reserved personality. Being an internal practitioner changes one's personality after all.

If one had an arrogant, violent, weak or even vulgar personality, they would not be able to reach the pinnacle of martial arts.

But arrogance was an indicator of haughtiness and not unyielding. A person couldn't be arrogant, but that didn't mean to say they couldn't be unyielding.

“Martial arts can only be used for exercise or gambling...” Although he wasn't willing to concede that fact, even Wang Chao himself understood that Chen Bin's words were simply a truth of the world.

“Sit down.” Chen Bin pointed at the sofa and leisurely poured out some drinking water from the pitcher.

Giving a quick thanks, Wang Chao took the cup offered to him.

Suddenly, a teasing glint could be seen in Chen Bin's eyes. The very moment Wang Chao had grabbed the cup, she had tilted her center of gravity and instantly shot her forefinger out like a sword towards his wrist.

This move had been extraordinarily fast and came without warning.

Wang Chao hadn't been able to listen to her muscles to detect her attack. Chen Bin was also the younger sister of Taichi master Chen Aiyang, making her a master of Taichi as well! With a clever usage of her Jin, she had been able to issue power with agility and power.

"Ah, how fast!"

Wang Chao couldn't even think of anything in response to this attack. With a twist of his wrist while his thumb and forefinger held onto the glass, his middle finger shot out.

Bang! There was a sudden clap of thunder.

When Wang Chao's middle finger extended outwards, there was a crushing sound.

Back when Zhao Jun's men had injured him with their axes, Wang Chao had learned how to use chopsticks like a sword from Zhang Tong. From her teachings, he had learned the sword style from the "Sword Immortal", Li Jinglin.

After those days of deep thinking, Wang Chao had learned the 13 powers of the sword and integrated it with Taichi, Xingyi, and Bagua. Thus, he had learned to use the sword powers using his fingers.

When the two fingers clashed together, Chen Bin's finger had instantly bent, causing her to recoil backwards.

"Sword techniques?"

Growing even more curious, Chen Bin continued to move. Straightening her vertebrae, her arm instantly began to issue power before bounding for Wang Chao.

Her arm had been like a bendable spear that bent and spiralled with great power.

Her fist had been loosely clenched like a hollow weight.

The arm had come bounding forward with a crisp sound that rung through the air.

“Taichi Hammer Jin!”

Wang Chao had instantly realized this was the way of the hammer blow in Taichi. He had long since learned from sis Chen many methods like the Parry and Punch.

Tang Zichen had made mention of Taichi’s way of the hammer in the *True Record of Guoshu*. But while Wang Chao had read and understood it, he had never practiced it.

Martial Arts had been pure and full of vitality. Even in Bagua or Xingyi, Wang Chao didn’t feel as if he had perfected either styles. When it came to Xingyi, he had only been proficient in the dragon, snake, tiger, horse, eagle, and monkey stances. The chicken, sparrow, bear and the other stances were still at a ‘proficient’ level only.

Jack of all trades, master of none. This was a principle he knew well.

Chen Bin’s fist had looked soft, but there was power hidden within it. The concept of Yin and Yang was embodied within the fist, making it hard to defend against. Knowing that, Wang Chao could not hold the cup and defend himself at the same time. Extending his arm, he went into a defensive guard.

Bang! The cup smashed onto the floor and shattered into several pieces. At the same time, both hand and arm had made contact with each other.

Leaning backwards slightly, Wang Chao immediately dug into the ground with all 10 of his toes, stabilizing himself to the ground.

The sofa Chen Bin was sitting on had a creaking sound before it had started to slide against the ground backwards with an ear screeching sound.

The two hands made contact with each other, the both of them making note of how strong the other was. Neither side had used Hidden Jin since that was not used to compare strength, but to kill.

After colliding with each other, Chen Bin had already stood up from the sofa while Wang Chao had assumed a half squatting position to her side.

When the two met, they had immediately tested the other person's strength.

Chen Bin had tried listening to Wang Chao's muscles while issuing power herself. Her arm hair had stiffened and rose with each second.

Wang Chao's muscles had loosened while his pores tightened.

Taichi's art of pushing hands and Xingyi's art of twisting hands. Both were methods of evaluating the other person's Jin.

Chen Bin was making an official conclusion on how strong Wang Chao was and how to categorize him.

At the same time, Wang Chao was trying to learn more about Chen Bin's skill.

As she advanced while Wang Chao retreated, Wang Chao would later advanced while Chen Bin retreated. After several attempts to evaluate each other, Chen Bin had finally taken back her hand without an expression on her face.

Wang Chao had then done the same.

"Your martial arts isn't bad, it's not lower than the Three Tigers of Guangdong even. No wonder Qin Maojiao wasn't a match for you. But even the better martial artists fear guns. You've brought trouble on yourself today, so you should be careful in the future. If you truly can't live on like that, then call this number. Dark Fist. First is the word for 'dark', then comes the word for 'fist'. Even if your fist improves, you will still learn to fear this 'dark' word."

Taking out a name card, she tossed it at Wang Chao.

Clearly, Chen Bin was trying to attract Wang Chao to her. But with the Chenshi Corporation being a major company, she had to select any foreigners wisely. Chen Bin wouldn't immediately let Wang Chao come to her however.

"He should first experience the suffering of the underworld. After knowing the dangers, he'll be dead set on asking for my help."

This was Chen Bin's plan.

Watching Chen Bin walk away out of sight, Wang Chao began to laugh. Silently fingering the golden name card in his pockets, he began to mutter to himself.

“Government...and bandit...I am the government, you are the bandit...just how would the government fear the bandit?’

“What’s more, I am a party member, just how could the party member fear the criminal underworld?”

Chapter 66: The Threat of Firepower

Chapter 66: The threat of firepower

Fingering the golden card given to him by Chen Bin, Wang Chao pocketed it into his clothes. This was a good chance to bridge a connection to the Chenshi Corporation and was naturally not a chance to miss.

The organization had told him about the circumstances behind the coastal area and the underworld. Originally, he had thought he would need many days in order to establish a concrete working, but the situation now had been far more profitable than he had anticipated.

By morning he had reached Guangzhou, by afternoon, he had entered the underground fighting ring, and overnight, he had met someone famous.

“Things progress in the underworld far too quickly. With such a quick development, there will surely be a mistake. With any mistakes, there will be confusion. But that’s not too surprising. With the princelings controlling the entire area in every single manner without consideration, it would be strange for them to not develop this fast. Even the sun would most likely be under their control.”

After thinking for some time, he had a thought.

“After I return back, I’ll have Boulder report today’s work to the organization. After several days, I’ll have a better understanding of the underworld and pull out after that.”

Joining Lu Chengwen’s group was only meant to be a short episode of Wang Chao’s time in Guangzhou. It was mainly for him to get to know the basic situation of the place and was not something he was planning on staying with.

On the fifth of next month the gamble with Zhao Jun would be held. At that time, he would be putting out the entire assets of Tianxing Corporation, a prize that was far beyond the current status of Lu Chengwen.

This was what it meant to be a part of the dark fists.

But with the dispute against Zhao Jun, that was called a competition.

One was dark fist, one was a competition. Although both had to do with fighting, the scale of the bet was on a whole new level.

Ever since the princelings had made their way into the coastal area, the organization had gradually started to pull back their secret agents so as to avoid a possible political problem.

But withdrawing all of the secret agents would naturally be slow and would take several years. If Wang Chao wanted to compete with Zhao Jun, he needed new information.

As for the current plans of the organization, Cao Yi had made sure to explain it clearly.

In the past two years, the coastal area had grown more and more unruly with the outside powers being able to stick their hands into it. The organization had noticed how unruly it was becoming and knew that the princelings couldn't be allowed to continue on like this. It was time for them to do something about it now.

Wang Chao would be the very first person the organization would use to start.

The organization would use Wang Chao to deal with the princelings and solve the problem with the law in the coastal area.

As for the others, Wang Chao wasn't clear on the details since those were top secrets.

However, Wang Chao knew that if he were to not only win against Zhao Jun, but the other two tigers of Guangdong, then his prestige would cause no small waves in the Southeastern Asia world.

A name was a source of capital. With such a capital, then the organization would be much more willing in supporting a person. They would place them on a higher priority and let them contend with the princelings.

If he lost, then he would naturally lose his life.

But if Wang Chao didn't join the organization, then no matter what the outcome was, his life was moot. Thus, he decided to join the organization.

The cause of all of this was rather simple, it was because of Zhu Jia.

But Wang Chao had no desire of blaming it all on Zhua Jia. It was only after Zhao Jun who had thought his life to be like the blades of a piece of grass had realized that Wang Chao was no mere ant. After making this realization, the situation had become to such a state.

“Even the organization don’t see my life as something worth rescuing over. Wait until the situation with Zhang Wei is over before something is changed.”

Every person had an obstacle to overcome right in front of him.

His was Zhang Wei.

If he won against Zhang Wei, then he would have the organization’s support. If not, then it would become a complicated situation.

“Ai! This situation is quite troublesome, I’ll be in danger for the next few days.”

Although it was impossible to quit now, Wang Chao was not bothered by this. He had treated this unfavorable situation like a mirror in which he could polish. This mentality could only be credited to the one year where he had followed the path of the Long March.

The journey had been long and hard and he had experienced many things. With all of the experiences combined, he had baptized himself and tempered his will to become as hard as iron.

In a split moment, Wang Chao had saw the way and returned to his path of martial arts.

Back when he had tested the Taichi master Chen Bin’s strength, he had already figured out a good grasp of her skill. She too had been at the Hidden Jin stage at the very least.

He hadn’t even needed to press hands against her, her words had given away more than enough information.

Chen Bin’s fist had been gentle but hard at the same time while her agility was extremely fast. Even Taichi’s art of pushing hands had been on par with Wang Chao’s own skill.

Just from what he saw, Wang Chao could already guess that Chen Bin's agility was at the very least faster than Qin Maojiao's white ape style.

"If it was me and her fighting on the stage, my chances of victory would probably be around 70%."

The most crucial detail in a competition was knowing your enemy to get the full picture. One also had to take note of their movements and just how strong they were.

250 kilograms worth of power was not much different to 500 kilograms worth of power: both would kill.

While waiting for Wang Chao to arrive, Lu Chengwen had been utterly anxious. But the very moment he saw Wang Chao walk out, he was like a mosquito that had spotted blood and instantly swarmed around Wang Chao.

"You're finally done, quick quick, into the car, lets go!"

Cramming everyone onto the car, it immediately took off as if chasing after the wind.

"This time's profits is pretty good! According to the contract, you've earned yourself 200,000 RMB!" Lu Chengwen looked around himself while mentioning the aftermath of what happened because of Wang Chao's performance.

Wang Chao couldn't help but laugh to himself. The winning profits was at the very least several millions, so according to the contract, he should have been earning at least a single million. However, he had said nothing and only nodded his head.

There had been no spoken words along the way back to Guangzhou. But Lu Chengwen had began to treat Wang Chao differently now by preparing a three story building for him instantly. An environment like that was vastly different from the 60 cubic meter room from before.

"This is your 20,000 RMB cut. Take care of it well. What do you think, am I not a man of my words or not?! I'll prepare for your next fight, and with your talent, it shouldn't take even another month before you can earn a million RMB!" Lu Chengwen crowed before handing over 20 bright red bills.

His triangular eyes began to gleam as he muttered, "But you shouldn't run around carelessly. The person you killed was a pretty important person, so there's definitely going to be danger for you. However, you don't need to worry. As long as you stay here, I can guarantee that you won't come across any trouble."

Seeing Wang Chao take the money, Lu Chengwen smiled in satisfaction with himself. Speaking to the people to his side, he said, "Let's go now boys, we don't want to disturb the expert's sleep!"

"Brother Wen, what should we do now?" After leaving the room, Blacky had spoken to Lu Chengwen. "He killed the disciple of Xu Zhen, this is a disaster."

"What should we do? What else?!" Lu Chengwen spoke dangerously. "A disaster is a disaster, but it's no use worrying about it for now. Wang Chao is still our source of money. We'll make use of this time to earn as much money as we can from him! Then when Xu Zhen comes, we'll just hand him over, it's not like we'll be the ones in trouble!"

"But, brother Wen. This guy's really strong, What if he earns any influence later on?" Blacky spoke.

"Influence..." Lu Chengwen picked at his nose without a care in the world, "Who cares if he has any influence? When people are on my turf, then even the Emperor himself wouldn't be able to jump without me saying so."

"Blacky, have even more people stand watch around the buildings, carry your guns! Don't let him run away either." Lu Chengwen glared. "Since he has angered Xu Zhen, he's already a dead man walking. It's just up to us to absorb any remaining value he has left! Go and find out what's the next closest competition and then sign him up for it! Whether he lives or dies, I don't give a shit!"

"Brother Wen is as smart as Zhuge Liang!" Blacky laughed darkly, "But, if it's like that, why did we even bother giving him 200,000 RMB? Actually, why even give him cash? Wouldn't a check do?"

"Idiot! With so much cash, if he wanted to run away, then it'd be cumbersome to take it all!" Lu Chengwen snorted.

“Ah, brother Wen is far too smart!” Blacky spoke out in praise, “I’ll get everything prepared straight away!”

Just as Lu Chengwen was conspiring against Wang Chao, Wang Chao was doing the same with Boulder against Lu Chengwen.

“Boulder, Boulder. My objective may be compromised!” Wang Chao spoke into his communicator, “Once news of the fact that I killed Xu Zhen’s disciples comes out, then the princelings will come to know about it!”

As he was sitting in the car on the way back, Wang Chao had thought about the next step to take. Originally he had planned on keeping a low profile, but after such a progression of the situation, he never thought that he had taken out the biggest fish in the pond.

Even when they returned, Wang Chao had instantly known that Lu Chengwen had something diabolical in mind when he had given him the cash reward.

As he spoke to Boulder, Wang Chao opened up the windows to his room only to see several dozen people down below.

“A man lacks the instincts of a tiger while the tiger has the intent to eat man. Thus, this cannot be blamed on me.” Wang Chao thought.

“Hey, Boulder? It’s time to come get me. But be careful, these guys are all carrying weapons for sure!”

“Alright! There’s weapons, I was afraid they weren’t carrying any! We’re soldiers from the China-India border, no matter if we’re in a city or the countryside, we wouldn’t be afraid of even their dicks!”

“Good! Then I’ll tell you about the layout of this factory.” Wang Chao knew that the suburban area was chaotic. There was often death to be seen here, and never would a police officer come to investigate. Even a gunfire wouldn’t invite any trouble.

Three minutes later, a faint sound could be heard, growing louder and louder with each passing second. Then, the concentrated sounds of gunfire could be heard like a series of firecrackers. That was when Wang Chao knew that Boulder and the others had arrived.

“Fuck, the Skymail Company men are at our door!”

“That fast?! No way!”

“It’s Xu Zhen’s men! The men from the Skymail Company aren’t that strong!”

“Hurry, they have a shit ton of firepower! They’re already within our turf, shut the gates! Shut the damn gates and hide yourself!” Lu Chengwen’s voice cried out to commandeer the other people. In his hand was a single gun as he shouted out loud to the rest.

The sounds of the iron gates could be heard slamming shut in the courtyard.

“You guys come with me upstairs.”

After seeing the gates close, Lu Chengwen had planned for several men to come with him upstairs. He knew that it was Xu Zhen’s men coming for revenge, so he was prepared to grab Wang Cha to negotiate.

“Boulder, hurry up!” Wang Chao spoke up.

Hearing Wang Chao’s voice through the communicator, Boulder’s voice could be heard, “Axe, take out the rocket launcher and take down that door! Blast that fucking shit down!”

As soon as he had finished speaking, there was a loud explosion! The iron gates had instantly been blown apart along with the surrounding perimeter. Wang Chao himself had felt his own room begin to shake.

The explosion that rocked the building had caused Lu Chengwen and the others to fall to the ground in terror. Several men had even been hit in the head with several loose bricks.

When the explosion had destroyed the iron gates and flew into the courtyards, everyone had instantly dove to the ground with their arms wrapped over their heads.

Lu Chengwen had been no exception. Diving to the corner of the building like a dead dog, he didn’t dare make a single movement.

“These China-India border soldiers are truly strong!” Wang Chao sighed in admiration.

In terms of skill, Boulder and seven other men wouldn't be enough to be Wang Chao's opponent. However, when fully armed, a hundred Wang Chaos wouldn't be able to be a match for the 20 of them.

This was the power of modern day technology and firepower.

A country wouldn't try to train any martial artists since it would take an extraordinary amount of time to do so. But if a country were to train soldiers, all they would need is to pick up a weapon and they could kill a martial artist any day of the week!

After the explosion, smoke could be seen rising in the air as several figures suddenly appeared from the nearby environment. Equipped with submachine guns, they began to rush into the courtyard.

It was Boulders and the others. Wang Chao could see they were all wearing a strange new type of helmet that had only displayed their eyes. The bullet-proof vests could be seen bulging through their camouflage clothing. Their knee joints had protective guards up so that they could roll through the bricked fields without a problem.

Their firepower had easily subdued everyone else before the courtyards could be transformed into a hornet's nest.

This gang had absolutely no chance fighting against the army.

"I surrender, I surrender!" Lu Chengwen cried out in despair. Against such a group of troopers that seemed to have crawled out from hell, no one would be able to keep their calm.

"Throw down your weapons and walk into the courtyard!"

Boulder's voice had sounded like Death himself.

Lu Chengwen and the other men all hastily threw down their weapons and ran out to the courtyards with their hands up like moving targets.

Seeing the situation stabilized, Wang Chao stepped out of the building.

"These soldiers are far too fierce, just how well did they handle this situation?" After Wang Chao descended downwards, he couldn't help but think about the future plans.

Hearing footsteps coming downstairs, Lu Chengwen turned his head around only to see Wang Chao stepping downwards. With a high pitched shriek, he cried.

“It’s him! He’s the one that killed Qin Maojiao, there’s nothing between us! Go ahead and take him, don’t blame us!”

“That’s right! It’s him, that’s the kid! In fact, we were just planning on sending him to you tomorrow!”

“Capture him! Don’t let him get away, but watch out for his martial arts!”

“Let us go...ah...”

Several wails of panic could be heard.

Even a criminal gang would be terrified out of their minds at such a sight like this.

Bullying the weak and fearing the strong, that was the way of a gang. As long as they had someone stronger than them, they would fold like a house of cards.

Boulder looked at them with a look of loathing, “What are you blabbering about! The next person that speaks any bull dies!”

Utter silence descended upon the courtyard.

When Wang Chao walked into the middle of the courtyard, Boulder had immediately walked to him and gave him a look over.

“Anything wrong?”

“Against such a small amount of small-fry? Just how would we be injured by them? If we were having trouble with these guys, then we don’t need any enemies, we’d be better off hanging ourselves!” Boulder immediately replied to Wang Chao’s question.

“What a good guy he is!” Boulder had thought.

“Did you cause a lot of sound? Any guns or cannons? How many guys did you kill, what’s the casualties?” Wang Chao fired away.

“Don’t worry, this is an unimportant area.” Boulder spoke, “Despite the sound, there shouldn’t be any trouble. We didn’t kill anyone and had only fired off our

weapons here. After our insertion point, we shouldn't have injured or killed past 20 men here!"

"Y-you..." Lu Chengwen pointed a finger at Wang Chao with a quivering voice and body as he began to piss himself.

"Just who are you guys?"

Wang Chao ignored him and asked Boulder, "What should we do with them?"

"What a group of scum, if the public safety bureau doesn't deal with them, then I'll do my duty as a soldier for the People. We'll take care of them." Boulder spat angrily, "Let us deal with the aftermath."

"Alright, hurry up then. Ah, by the way, there's 200,000 RMB upstairs. Give that to the organization and say it's our dues!" Wang Chao replied before walking out.

Several gunfire could be heard in response as Wang Chao left the courtyard.

Chapter 67: Wang Chao's Determination

Chapter 67: Wang Chao's Determination

"I thought I could stay there for several days and examine the situation a little longer. Who knew that in just 24 hours, my identity would be blown?"

Within a secret military base in Guangzhou City, Wang Chao and "Boulder" Sun Lei were giving their reports to the organization.

Although it was only 24 hours, he had learn a decent sum of information. Furthermore, he had even made contact with Chen Bin of the Chenshi Corporation.

"Completing a mission requires luck, you just had bad luck by killing a well known person in your very first match. If it took any longer, than your identity may have been compromised and the entire organization would have been revealed."

Wang Chao killing Qin Maojiao had caused a huge clamor over in the underground fighting ring.

As Boulder spoke to Wang Chao, he continued to type on the computer with a rapid speed while sometimes drawing a picture. He was evidently acting as a scribe for Wang Chao to report to the higher ups in the organization.

"Ah, that's right. How did you deal with the people yesterday?" Wang Chao thought about the surprise raid Boulder and the group had done.

They had even used a rocket launcher to a stunning effect.

"You needn't worry, we operate at the highest level of privacy. Those guys back in the courtyards were dealt with and false trails were planted. If anyone comes investigating, then all they'll see are traces of some foreign small time mercenary group. With the rise of crime, there are many illegal immigrants workers coming from Vietnam, Cambodia, India, and even the Philippines. "

Boulder's fingers looked as if they were dancing across the keyboard, fascinating Wang Chao with the sight.

“The criminal world are hiring mercenaries to fight now? How advanced the times are.”

Wang Chao had only the popular film *Young and Dangerous* from the 90s to describe what he thought about the criminal world as of right now. In that film, gangs had hired men to fight against each other.

“Times have truly changed. But these for-hire armies can only bring several immigrants at a time right now.”

Wang Chao nodded his head in understanding, if they were to smuggle too many people at a time, then they would have been discovered a long time ago.

With a series of clacks, Boulder had entered a secure website. Typing in a special code written on top of his watch, he had logged in and began to report to his superiors.

“The report’s in, now we wait for the organization to reply to us. For now, we rest up for the next two days. I’ve already sent the 200,000 RMB you gave the organization as your dues with an explanation to it. You really are a strange one to give 200,000 away that easily. According to regulations, that money was yours to begin with.”

While Boulder was a far cry away from Wang Chao in terms of close combat, he was an expert in many things such as guerilla warfare, technology, demolition, sniping, espionage, counter-intelligence and even had war experience. His overall skillset was far more comprehensive than Wang Chao’s.

In comparison, aside from martial arts, Wang Chao knew nothing else.

If these two were to be dropped into everyday society, then Boulder would have functioned better than Wang Chao.

“You guys are the true soldiers that this country needs and deserves.” Wang Chao sighed. “I’m only a martial artist, aside from being agile and quick, there is nothing else for me. If you guys didn’t charge in yesterday to help me, then I would have most likely been killed by sticking with Lu Chengwen’s group.”

Wang Chao’s laments had originated from his true feelings. Lu Chengwen’s group had guns, meaning that if it were not for Boulder’s group, he would not be able to escape from them so easily.

“You can’t say that, with your skill, everyone in our group truly admire you. Even Hammer told us that next month after he’s fully healed, he wants to study under you.”

After becoming acquainted for some time, Boulder had felt that not only was Wang Chao extremely strong in martial arts, he had lacked any arrogance. Combined with the mentality of a soldier who valued strength and Wang Chao’s previous act of goodwill with the 200,000 RMB, Boulder and the others all felt Wang Chao was a good guy to be with.

“But anyways, let’s get back to the main topic.” Boulder spoke. “No matter who how talented one is, they cannot deny the power a gun brings. The era of martial arts has declined, so let’s teach you how to use a gun. Learning to use one would be useful, a simple gun could kill several experts without a problem.”

“A gun...” Wang Chao looked to the nearby window as if thinking about something. Boulder’s words had tugged at his heart.

His eyes flashed brightly as he began to think back to just how many experts of Guoshu had died by gunfire.

Then he thought about his own personal experiences.

*“The Red Army fears no long hardships,
The long and difficult roads are many,
The five ranges twist and turn constantly,
And walk the boundless Wumeng Mountains tirelessly.”*

TL Note: A poem consisting of four lines with 7 characters per line.

Wang Chao thought back to the popular poem of the Red Army.

“Those men back then had always walked the path of their ideals. After walking through perilous lands and hardships, they maintained their ideals and will.” Wang Chao spoke, as if thinking out loud about himself.

“Even though humans live in reality, we can’t help but imagine about our ideal world. Even if we cannot achieve it, we can still dream of it being within our arm’s reach. Ai! Boulder, I will not learn how to use a gun.”

“My martial arts is not yet perfect. If I were to study how to use a gun, then my

martial arts would be dirtied. After tasting the honeyed waters, how could I go back to just regular water? It would shake my will. A man's energy isn't limitless, and I'm neither a genius or Superman; I can't have an unshakable resolve. For a martial artist to die by a gun is to be a great shame."

Wang Chao wished to chase after the pinnacle of Guoshu and did not wish to limit himself with learning how to use a gun. Nor did he want to change the path he was walking on.

As a soldier, Boulder understood Wang Chao's mindset.

"The weapons of today has attacked the ideology of martial arts. Those with an unshakable faith in martial arts were ridiculed and laughed at as sticklers to tradition. But this unshakeable determination is something I can respect in a man! Perhaps...just maybe even many people in the past had thought the Red Army as some pedantic failures. Even now, many people take them to be people who could only walk towards their beliefs with it ever coming true. But they are ignorant and don't understand. As a man of the military, I understand!"

Boulder suddenly felt some moisture build up in the corners of his eyes and hurriedly went to wipe them away.

For a moment, there was silence. Then the doors opened to reveal a single person.

Wang Chao turned to look, only to see the one called "Axe". This was the person who had blown open the gates with the rocket launcher and was the specialist of weapons in the group.

In Axe's hands were a snakeskin pouch and a cage.

There was something wriggling around within the pouch, and a fishy smell could be smelt. As an expert in guerilla warfare, Boulder knew that there was a snake within the pouch.

And within the cage was a big gray cat. This cat was larger than the normal cat and had lush-green eyes. Hissing, the cat clawed at the cage with an ear-piercing shriek.

"The things you wanted are here!" Axe spoke as he shook the cage and pouch with a smile to Wang Chao. "But why the snake and cat? Did you want to eat

Longhu Dou or something?”

Guangdong had a special dish called Longhu Dou that was made by stewing a cat and snake together.

“But if you want to eat a good Longhu Dou dish, you need a ferocious snake. I ran everywhere to find one, damn near killed myself from exhaustion.”

“Why would I eat that.” Wang Chao laughed, when it came to Guangdong cuisine, he wasn’t accustomed to it.

“I’m using them to practice martial arts. There’s still a month until I have to fight with Zhang Wei of the Three Tigers. It’s a good thing we’re done with the mission for now. The next step is to relax, so I can focus on learning and mastering my martial arts.”

A few years ago, Zhang Wei’s Hidden Jin had reached to his back, but Wang Chao had no idea just what step he had reached now.

Wang Chao knew that with his current strength, he wasn’t even at a fourth of Zhang Wei’s level.

His opponent wasn’t Qin Maojiao, but a brilliant veteran and one of the Guangdong Three Tigers! Zhang Wei was only 30 years old, meaning he was still in his prime. This could be said that he was still at his peak strength.

Against such a person, Wang Chao had to be extremely cautious.

This one battle would be the most important battle of his life FOR his life.

And during his fight with Qin Maojiao, Wang Chao had used the tiger stance and inadvertently stumbled upon the true meaning of Chinese boxing. Xingyi’s will and intent was extremely difficult to understand if it was true or false, yet within a lie there was also truth.

His Clear Jin was at its peak, but Jin was Jin, and his fist was his fist. Within a fist was his spirit and intent.

In that moment when he had attacked Qin Maojiao, Wang Chao had unleashed the Chopping Jin of the tiger stance. Not only did he demonstrate the true essence, but he was like a ferocious tiger leaping out of its cave down the mountain to throw itself at its prey. The essence of that tiger had entered and

affected his entire body down to his very organs.

Thus, when he was in that tiger stance, he had released a tiger like growl. His lungs had vibrated to release such a guttural sound and his heart began to dance with the vibrations along with his fists. In that moment, his fists had matched with his breath. From his inner body to his external actions, Wang Chao had unleashed the roar of the tiger.

At this action, Qin Maojiao's heart had been affected into believing that there was an illusion that Wang Chao had suddenly been overtaken by the spirit of the tiger. Thus after this illusion, Qin Maojiao had been confused and ultimately lost his life.

But even after reaching such an enlightened state, Wang Chao had never been able to emulate the same strike no matter how much he tried afterwards.

That was he knew that that one strike had been his hidden potential brought out by a battle of life and death. To use the terms of today's society, he had an above average ability when taking an exam.

Observe the form and inherit the intent. In the end, there would be an enlightenment where all was understood.

Martial arts had originated from watching the movements of animals, it was from this that comprehension could be attained.

In the past, Yam Wingchun had observed the fight between a snake and a crane. After understanding their very essence and incorporating it into their own body, the Wingchun style had been born. The Sage of Ghost Valley had watched how the white apes had fought and created the Tongbei style. Both styles had followed the very same concept.

Wang Chao had felt his martial arts had improved slowly and captivated himself with each strike. Because of the guidance of his previous predecessors, he could use animals to further his own comprehension.

In his own words, he was no genius or Superman. He was a man with limits and could not learn many things. All of his achievements had been a result of his own enthrallment, fascination and determination.

As he opened up the snakeskin pouch, a snake immediately bounded

outwards.

This was a snake two meters long and with a triangular head. The snake was very sinister looking with a forked tongue that bobbed in and out as if poised to strike. This was no factory bred snake, it was a snake born in the wilds.

Wang Chao had been prepared however and grabbed at the snake's body. Violently twisting its body, the snake began to bend around Wang Chao's arm in a constricting manner.

A snake was very hard to get rid of when it began to constrict its target. In the Tropics, a snake would frequently choke a horse or bison to death.

A snake's body size and length were determinant to its binding strength.

Wang Chao paid attention to the power of the snake's constriction as well as how its muscles contracted.

He was listening to the Jin within the snake.

At the same time, he had opened up the cage of the cat. Arching its back, the cat had immediately scratched out with its claws.

Closing the door, Boulder and Axe had left the center of the room to watch from the side.

Wang Chao threw the snake to the ground. As it hissed vehemently and slither towards him, Wang Chao kicked it to the center. With that blow, the snake began to coil its body and stare angrily from its position.

The cat had been thrown to the center as well towards the snake.

When the snake saw something get thrown close, its mouth had immediately opened up to bite down on it. Sensing the danger, the cat immediately reared its claws up to attack the snake head.

As both animals fell, they began to fight and stand back up.

Wang Chao's eyes stared fixedly at the two animals while paying attention to their movements.

The cat was the tiger stance and the snake was naturally the snake stance. Within this snake stance, parts of the dragon stance could be understood.

Wang Chao had wanted to perfect the essence of these two stances. The Chopping Jin would follow the tiger's roar while the twisting arm would use the Drilling Jin that could be learned from studying the snake.

This methodology of learning martial arts could be said to be the way to becoming a master.

Chapter 68: Reaching the Stage Where the “Sound Follows the Fist”

Chapter 68: Reaching the stage where “sound follows the fist”

In the middle of the room, the snake and cat were fighting.

The snake remained unmoving from its spot as it lifted its triangular head up. The scales of its body continued to rub against each other. Hisssss! The snake’s forked tongue flicked in and out of its mouth with a hissing sound.

The cat’s hair was standing on its end, looking more like a hedgehog.

Its back was like a bowstring with all four limbs planted on the ground. As it leapt into the air, it was like a gentle feather, but its mouth was uttering a fierce hiss as it clawed at the snake again and again.

Every single claw struck out quickly while it moved in a manner similar to Bagua Zhang. As its paws stalked to the side, it then shot out like a spear with a fierce hop and thunder like sound.

Bagua styled movement and Xingyi styled fighting. This was been naturally reflected within the cat’s body.

When Wang Chao had first learned the Three Integrals, it had been when he stepped on the tail of a cat and observed its reaction. But now he was looking at the cat once more to gain a deeper understanding of the tiger stance.

However this time, he was also observing the essence of the snake.

In Wang Chao’s eyes, the snake’s muscles had transform into his own muscles and its scales his own tail. With each movement from the snake, he found it similar to the movements of the snake stance.

External practitioners focused on the muscles and bones while internal practitioners tempered their bodies as well as the skin.

Animals would naturally make use of their own fur.

Seeing the cat and snake fight, Wang Chao felt it synchronizing with his own

martial arts as well as the ideology of Guo Yunshen on the realms of martial arts.

“Refining essence into Qi....refining Qi into spirit...so it was like that. Refining Qi into spirit not only changes one’s character, but the most important thing is that it changes the manner of one’s fighting technique!”

“It is when is when the manner of one’s fighting technique changes that it could be considered to have transformed Qi into spirit. To have both body and soul changed is what it truly means to practice Xingyi.”

In the past, Wang Chao’s movements, figure, and stance, while they had form, it was learned from Tang Zichen in a textbook like fashion. So while he had form, it did not have spirit. So in theory, he was like a shell and not a master of the fist.

Although he had baptized his soul and reached the Hidden Jin stage, his circulation of Jin and his comprehension of the actual movements of the body was lacking.

That was why Guo Yunshen had categorized movement to be different from Jin in its own stand alone category.

Rumors had it that Wong Fei Hung could release the sounds of a tiger’s roar and a crane’s cry when moving.

When Wang Chao heard this the first time, he had thought it all to be just drivel and never thought about it again.

“A master is a master.” Wang Chao thought as he admired his precursors.

He had been completely engrossed in his attempt to study the essence of the fist and did not step out of the room for many days. Everyday, he would watched the cat and snake fight and observe their movements.

The snake and cat had been wild in nature and very warlike in order to fight for their survival. However, Wang Chao had been vigilant; whenever there was a fatal blow to be struck, Wang Chao would divide the two.

The cat and snake would fight for half an hour valiantly. And if both sides suffered injuries, then they would stay motionless for a moment before dropping any intent on fighting to split away. But on the next day, Wang Chao would instigate them once more to start up their fighting spirits.

For half an hour every day, Wang Chao would watch the two animals fight. But after the day ended, Wang Chao would reflect upon how the two animals issued power, the cat's pounce and the snake's swaying.

Gradually, the two distinct movements had slowly harmonized with each other in his mind.

When Wang Chao practiced the tiger stance, the pouncing movement of the cat had appeared in his mind, allowing him to feel as if he had transformed into that cat.

When he pounced, his footsteps had been quick, nimble and flitted across the ground. When he lashed out with his hands, there was a thunder like sound that accompanied his lightning quick movements. In his soft movements there was a hard lining, but within this hard lining there was a soft touch.

When Wang Chao practiced the Drilling Fist of the snake stance, he had felt himself transforming into a snake. His muscles had transformed into the scales of the skin as he issued power and his fists had become the head of the snake. Swaying side to side and striking like a dart, there was no difference from his strikes to that of the snake. His arm had been serpentine in movement and had even spiralled around in a hypnotic manner.

The Chopping Jin of the tiger stance and the Drilling Jin of the snake stance.

When the two stances harmonized to issue power, Wang Chao felt his own movements being guided by the spirits of the cat and snake.

Gradually, Wang Chao's tiger style attacks had a light echo to it as if there was the sound of a tiger's roar somewhere.

And when he used the Drilling Jin of the snake stance, his arms had twisted and swayed with the breathing tempo of his muscles. It had synchronized with the beating of his heart and truly imitated how a snake would move.

A tiger's roar and a snake's hiss. Not even trying to imitate their sounds, whenever Wang Chao struck out, his body had imitated the movements of the animals and naturally let out this sound.

Within a falsehood was truth, and in truth there was falsehood. Within form there was intent, and in that intent spirit laid hidden.

Finally after half a month, he had mastered the spirit and intent of the tiger and snake stance.

This was what the classics of martial arts said to be when the “sound follows the fist”.

When it came to the other Jin of the other stances, Wang Chao still found himself at the stage where his form had lacked spirit.

But when it came to the tiger and snake stance, he could be considered to have reached the stage of that a master.

“Eh? Boulder, did the cat not kill the snake yesterday? Or did we not skin the snake and ate it for stew?” Axe asked Boulder as they passed by the room, only to hear several sounds. Hiss! Hisss! Hissssss!

The sound was extremely distinct and convincing. Anyone that heard the sound would believe that there was a snake currently residing within the room.

“What a big snake for its hisses to be that loud. It’s probably bigger than the snake we caught last time, goddamn!”

Boulder nodded his head in agreement.

After fighting in the jungles near the borders of China and India, they had been familiarized with snakes. With just their sound, they could tell just how large a snake was.

“Wang Chao has been training everyday in that room. Unless it’s for a meal, he doesn’t come out. It’s no wonder that at such a young age, he’s stronger than us in terms of fighting. But still, the snake from before was killed, did he buy a new snake? For a python of this size, it has to be a protected species! Even in the black markets of Guangdong, those are hard to buy since the larger the snake, the tastier it is!”

Boulder and Axe opened the door to the room.

The room was empty without a single snake in sight. Instead, they could only see Wang Chao swaying and striding with his arm extending in the manner of a snake.

Every movement he made had been accompanied by a hissing sound, causing

Boulder and Axe to clearly think that there was a snake.

“There was clearly a snake, but even after entering the room, it’s not there? How bizarre. This guy’s making such a similar sound. What if...what if he has become a person who can transform into a snake?”

When Boulder and Axe saw this sight in front of them, they couldn’t help but look at each other in surprise.

Their way of thinking had been similar to Qin Maojiao half a month ago, the both of them had thought Wang Chao was some sort of monster.

In the past, masters of martial arts had observed animals move in the deepest parts of the forest and use their movements to temper their spirits and martial arts. But when an ordinary person discovered them, they had thought them to either be an Immortal, or a monster. After returning home, rumors had naturally spread.

Naturally, the sound would follow the fist, this was the stage where Guo Yunshen said to train Qi into spirit. If one were to advance in this step and have the sound come from within before being concealed and returned to its primal state of nothingness. This was what it meant to refine spirit back to nothing.

Roar! Hou! As the two watched, Wang Chao continued with his stances. After finishing off the snake stance, he had went into the tiger stance and started to let out the roar of a tiger as he struck.

After the stances, he came to a stop at the center of the room and began to calm himself. Opening up his mouth, a steady wisp of smoke began to exit his mouth.

Aside from the lower back, the chest and back where the lungs were located was emitting heat slowly.

“Eh?! This is the sign that the Hidden Jin has reached my back and lower back.”

Wang Chao understood this clearly since it had been written by Tang Zichen in the *True Record of Guoshu*: the Drilling Jin of a fist required the twisting of one’s waist and temper the kidneys. If one were to learn Hidden Jin in this area, then their breath would stabilize during this time and the Hidden Jin would travel

through into the lower back and near the waist. During this time, the stance should not waver or be stopped in panic.

Even the tiger stance was of the same way. The tiger stance's Chopping Jin was a bit similar to gymnastics way of strengthening their chest in order for it to toughen it up.

Wang Chao had learned the tiger and snake stance to the stage of where the "sound follows the fist" had blended with the Hidden Jin. After half a month with the right conditions, he had finally refined his back, chest, and even the lower back so that it was far more sensitive to Hidden Jin than before.

With time and constant practice, the Hidden Jin would definitely reach those three spots sooner or later.

"How marvelous!" Boulder and Axe had cried out in praise as soon as Wang Chao finished.

"This shouldn't be that rare, but I'm curious then, does the army really not have any experts? Out of all the fighters, snipers, technologists, or demolition experts, do they not know this?" Wang Chao asked.

These soldiers had learned many things to an excellent degree. Boulder and the others were all expert snipers, specialists in demolition, hackers, and even better wrestlers than Wang Chao. Being called the PRC army did not suit them, instead, they were better called the army of the heavens.

"Uhm...actually..." When Boulder heard Wang Chao's question, he began to think back to his memories. "Several years ago when I was training in Beijing, there was a retired martial artist. He was jumping around the place and scratching wildly with the sounds of a monkey. At that time, I thought him to be funny and thought he was doing some sort of acrobatics and paid no more attention to it. But thinking about it now, it was really quite magical."

"That is an expert of the Monkey Fist, but you liken it to being a sideshow..." Wang Chao had taken his words a little offended, but he could see how Boulder had thought that way.

Amongst the martial art disciplines, the monkey styled ones were the most unsightly. If one were to reach the spirit and form stage with it, then they would

be as nimble and quick as a monkey. All four limbs would be devastating and unpredictable in its attempt to claw the face and gouge the eyes. Its killing potential was huge, and very little would be an opponent for an expert who has reached the Hidden Jin stage with the monkey stance.

But at the same time, this style of fighting was very unappealing to others.

Back in the Republic of China time, a Wushu expert and Monkey Fist expert had fought each other only to end with the Wushu expert having his face smashed in.

After all, those who have been able to bring the Hidden Jin to their face were those who have reached the Transforming Jin stage.

The two hardest places for the Hidden Jin to reach was the face and five inches below the lower abdomen.

Author note: Three inches below the lower abdomen is the dantian. Everyone should know what's five inches below then.

To learn the monkey stance of Xingyi would lead to the same effect as the Monkey Fist.

In actuality, when Wang Chao killed Qin Maojiao, his White Ape style Tongbei Quan had not yet reached a stage of self-enthralment. But his speed was still utterly inconceivable. If it were not for Wang Chao showing his hidden potential and release the roar of a tiger, then the battle would have been much more intense.

“So what does the organization say? There's still half a month until my fight with Zhang Wei.” Wang Chao asked.

“The organization sent us some new information a few days ago just to tell you to focus on martial arts and nothing else. The organization will send people to take care of the underground fighting rings.” Boulder spoke.

“However, after you killed Qin Maojiao, Xu Zhen had made some movements. But we've made some inquiries and so your true identity has yet to be revealed. In two days we'll make the preparations to head to Chaozhou.”

They did not mention that the third day after Qin Maojiao's death, Xu Zhen

had been told of the news and instantly flew from Hong Kong to Guangdong City.

Even Chen Bin had given a call to her brother Chen Aiyang.

“Big brother? I’ve met a strong expert of Xingyi and even in the art of the sword. He’s killed Qin Maojiao, and he was quite good when I tested him!”

Chapter 69: The Shock of the Princlings

Chapter 69: The shock of the princelings

“What? An expert of Hidden Jin in Guangdong? And you say he killed Qin Maojiao?” Chen Aiyang’s surprised voice could be heard through the phone. He was neither slow nor rushed and spoke each word with a clear pronunciation and tempo.

“Qin Maojiao is Xu Zhen’s disciple. I met him in Taiwan when he had only just learned the White Ape styled Tongbei. He was a person of talent and a hard worker. I even once put him on the spot to see what he was like, unfortunately he was a little arrogant and ignored my guidance. But despite his personality, I didn’t think that he would die.”

The voice through the phone had been filled with regret. As a Taichi master, their vision was both grand and head high expectations for people.

“Ah, big brother, when are you coming to Guangdong? I heard one of the princelings has pulled in Zhang Wei to fight some mainlander on the fifth of next month. Didn’t he ask you to to oversee it?” Chen Bin asked.

“I’ll be there in a few days. Have you met that youth yet? You said he is an expert of Xingyi and the art of the sword, correct?” Chen Bin asked.

“He’s about 20 years old and is quite rustic. That should have been his first fight and is with a small time company it seems. However his words and mannerisms are pretty seasoned without any of the youthful impulses. I’m willing to bet this person isn’t any regular person.” Chen Bin spoke of her personal opinion before saying, “Big brother, I can’t hear you well over the phone. Why don’t you come over so we can talk face to face? Ah, hurry up actually, maybe you can take a look at Qin Maojiao’s body to see if you can learn something from it? Right now his body is with Xu Zhen.”

“En, I’ll be over to take a look.”

Three days ago while Wang Chao had been observing the snake and cat fight, within a private villa near Guangzhou City’s Pearl River, a specially made freezer

coffin could be seen with Qin Maojiao's body in it.

Outside the lounge, there was a black suited solemn looking man. Inside the lounge, a gold-rimmed glasses wearing man around 1.8 meters could be seen standing with a grieving look in his eyes.

This man was one of the Three Tigers of Guangdong; expert of Tongbei, "Little Arm Saint" Xu Zhen.

Behind Xu Zhen were several other youngsters both male and female. They were evidently his disciples.

The males and females were clearly grieving and furious, but they did not say anything in an attempt to keep up a calm demeanor.

Xu Zhen's disciples were mainly filled with the sons and daughters of merchants and even high ranking officials. This way, many people were closely connected with each other, and even a princeling with control of many things would not be able to sell their own honor.

And when Xu Zhen had retired from the Jianghu and became a commercial businessman, his Tianle Corporation had become strong and powerful. Thus, he became a person that could not be ignored.

Xu Zhen's disciples had come from the white and black roads of life. But who would have known that one of his disciples would be killed by one of the minor gangs in a fighting match. This was such a shock that no one had expected.

Furthermore, Qin Maojiao had been his most talented disciple. At the mere age of 26, he had reached the pinnacle of Clear Jin. Qin Maojiao had been extremely hard working as well; his White Ape style Tongbei had already reached the realm where the "sound follows the fist" after observing an ape for a year. Although he had not yet reached a high enough mastery, he was only a paper thin margin away from the next stage. If he could only polish his mind and get rid of his arrogance to become calm, then he would have been able to reach the Hidden Jin stage and become a master of martial arts.

Those who practiced martial arts had a deep emphasis on who they imparted their martial arts to. Even the most skilled practitioners had regarded those that would receive their legacy as highly important.

There was another very important reason.

That reason was that once one grew old, their body would grow weak and their arms and legs would atrophy in both strength and speed. If they were to be challenged by another challenger, then they could have their disciple represent them in a competition.

But not a single disciple that came across such a situation would not have their names become widespread after such a competition.

For any martial artist, even the most famous one, it didn't matter how famous one was. If they were to lose in a competition even once, then it would be an unbearable shame they could not live down. Even death would sometimes be the better alternative.

Within the world of martial arts since the ancient times, this was a common occurrence. At the same time, that was why every martial artist had treated competitions highly.

To many martial artists, their own reputation was far more important than their own lives.

An outstanding disciple's most important mission was to protect the reputation of their master.

Many disciples would often wait on their masters hand and foot, resulting in a deep father-son relationship to form. So when a disciple died, it was like the master's son had died.

Xu Zhen had been in the middle of an important business deal in Hong Kong, but the very instant he had heard of the news, he came rushing on over. In his heart, he was feeling grief, sadness, pity, shock, and even fury.

He was already 40 years old, which was what most martial artists regarded to be the peak of their youth. After several years like 50 or even 60 years, the road of degeneration awaited them. So Xu Zhen had been urgent in trying to bring up a promising disciple in order to help protect his own reputation.

Qin Maojiao had been the prized disciple he had chosen, but he had unfortunately died.

This had caused a feeling to well up inside of him, one that he hadn't felt in a long time. Although his business had millions, one's reputation within the martial arts world could not be bought.

"Master Chen, have you seen my disciple's wounds? This is the Chopping Jin of Xingyi Quan's tiger stance. His chest has been broken up and the Hidden Jin has permeated his inner organs. Sister Chen had seen the fight with her own eyes, so what truly happened? Could you help clear things up?"

Despite being in grievance, Xu Zhen still remained the refined manner he had built up over the years.

Aside of Xu Zhen's disciples, there was a male and female standing right next to him by the coffin. They both stood right in front of Xu Zhen's disciples, clearly indicating that the two of them were on equal grounding with Xu Zhen.

Within the martial arts world, the most qualitative masters had set customs amongst each other.

The female was Chen Bin while the male was the one that had shook the Southeastern Asia world by storm. Even amongst the foreign martial arts world, he had a well known reputation, the Taichi master Chen Aiyang.

There were rumors within the martial arts world that Chen Aiyang's Taichi and Hidden Jin had already reached his heart to the stage where "a fist could strike out from any part of his body."

The meaning of this had meant that Chen Aiyang's Hidden Jin had reached everywhere in his body.

Chen Aiyang had once paid a visit to the martial art scholar Xue Lianxin in Taiwan.

When Xue Lianxin had met Chen Aiyang, he had once prophesized, "Within 20 years, your Taichi will reach such a height where even Yang Luchan cannot compete."

These words of scholar Xue Lianxin had meant that within 20 years, Chen Aiyang's Taichi would rival even Yang Luchan.

This was a high quality assessment!

Thus everyone's reaction to him was that he was a master of martial arts and a genius.

Xue Lianxin had once been taught by Xue Dian of the Republic of China era's Tianjin Guoshu Institute. His skill with Xingyi had reached such a realm of perfection that he had reached the Transforming Jin stage. He had many disciples and had often many experts come by to hear his guidance.

Even Ma Hongjun of Hong Kong's Yuxing Corporation, Taiwan's Sanlian Corporation's Liu Jiajun, and many others had been guided by him.

Not only was Xue Lianxin's martial art strong, his personality, reputation and virtue were all well respected. So even when he had grown older, no one dared to compete against him despite knowing his strength was not as strong as before.

Combined with the fact that Chen Aiyang had never lost in a competition and could circulate his Hidden Jin everywhere, no one had doubted Xue Lianxin's words.

Even the Eight Extreme Fists master Zhang Guangming who had ruled the Vietnamese martial arts world had been struck down by Chen Aiyang.

Zhang Guangming had been 40 years old at the time, meaning his strength was at his peak and could use the "Heng Ha" sounds to temper his body to reach the peak of Hidden Jin.

TL Note: In Chinese, they are called the 哼哈二将 (Heng Ha Er Jiang). They are called the Nio, or the Kongōrikishi. The left guardian represents the "Ah" (Ha in this case), while the right guardian represents the "Un" (Heng in this case) sounds.

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nio>

It was that battle that had cemented Chen Aiyang's figure as the number one expert.

The most notable thing was that Chen Aiyang did not use Taichi to kill Zhang Guangming. Instead, he had used the Hidden Jin of Xingyi Quan's tiger stance.

Afterwards, many experts of the martial arts world had begun saying that Chen Aiyang could be the second coming of Sun Lu-tang. An expert that came once

every three hundred years.

“What a strong Chopping Jin. This skill of the martial artist has already reached the Fist and Spirit stage where the essence is learned. My sister said this practitioner was only 20 years old I believe? How inconceivable. Xiao Qin’s movements is something I am familiar with. This isn’t something any regular Hidden Jin expert could predict and would most likely lose against. To be able to keep up with Xiao Qin’s movements would be saying he is a top quality expert. I am not familiar with the experts of the mainland, but a person capable of this would be well known and not an unknown figure.

Chen Aiyang’s words were mature for his age, but he looked like a scholarly youth at the height of 1.7 meters. At a glance, he looked more like an intern studying to be a doctor and not a figure that was well known in the underground fighting world.

He was 29 years old, but as Xue Lianxin had predicted, before he reached the age of 40 or even 50, he would reach the realm of Yang Luchan.

Advancing forwards, Chen Aiyang began to probe around Qin Maojiao’s chest with his fingers to observe it.

Xu Zhen’s disciples had looked at Chen Aiyang with a venerated look. Despite some of the disciples already 30 years old, they were all looking at Chen Aiyang as if he was a senior martial artist.

Some of the disciples were even dressed in a classy like uniform as befitting a high class daughter of an official and/or merchant. Their eyes had stars in them as if they were infatuated with him.

“That opponent had only joined the Daxing Corporation three days ago when he fought my disciple in a competition. Ai, how arrogant my own disciple was. He had wanted to earn his own money and did not want mine.” Xu Zhen sighed.

“Oh, you’ve looked up that person’s background?” Chen Aiyang asked.

“I have not. Last night, the Daxing Corporation’s car factory was invaded by some hired guns. Lu Chengwen and his men were all killed in an explosion and that fighter disappeared mysteriously. Funnily enough, Boss Wu had even thought that it was my revenge and sent some people to interfere. Many others

are saying the same thing, but am I, Xu Zhen, a man that would do such a thing?”

“Mercenaries...what type of mercenaries?”

“Judging from the trails they left behind, they crossed over from Vietnam. However, I don’t wish to butt heads with Boss Wu; after all, he is a government official. Thus, I came to you for advice and your help in investigating those mercenaries. I wish to know whether or not the one that killed my disciple is dead or not. If he is dead, then all is well, if not, then how could I not take revenge?”

“Ah, we are friends, of course I would help you out.” Chen Aiyang nodded his head. “In a few days I’ll be heading for Chaozhou. Wu Yingda, Wang Xiaolei and Zhao Jun have organized a competition with some expert from the S Province in the mainlands. They want me to bear witness.”

This was what had happened in the three days after Wang Chao had killed Qin Maojiao.

Needless to say, Boulder’s expertise in pinning the blame on someone was extremely strong. They had even tricked the truth from the princelings and made them think that Vietnamese mercenaries were hired by Xu Zhen had done the job.

But because the Daxing Corporation was such a small company, Wu Yingda did not wish to butt heads with Xu Zhen. But he had given a word of warning since the use of a rocket launcher was far too drastic of an action to take for him to overlook.

Half a month later, Wang Chao had trained the tiger and snake stance to the point of having both spirit and form. On the last third of the month, he and Boulder had secretly staked out at Chaozhou.

The Ike Corporation had been stationed at Chaozhou as well.

There was still 10 days left until the competition between Wang Chao and Zhang Wei. Within the giant building of the Ike Corporation, three sets of footsteps could be heard as the princelings convened within it.

“My word, Ah Jun, just what has gotten you to be so worked up? That Tianxing

Corporation is just a small company with several ten million RMB in assets. What is so important about this competition?”

Wu Yingda spoke.

“No, it’s not the Tianxing Corporation, it’s that Wang Chao. He has a special relationship with Zhu Jia and even Zhang Tong of the French company Chanel. He’s not just any regular person, he even has Cao Yi as a friend. My father is the governor, so this group unsettles me. That Wang Chao is young but he is talented, just who is his master? And who sent him that villa in the Tianxing district? I’m quite lost.”

“We can’t say for certain that he didn’t find some sort of secret training manual in the Wulin. Maybe it was from his own personal merit?”

“Impossible, without a master to teach, a secret manual is of no use.” Zhang Wei spoke up from the side of the table.

Suddenly, a man came walking in with a sheaf of papers.

“Chief Zhao, Chief Wu, Chief Wang, the 18th villa of the Tianxing District’s property rights have been found.”

“What! Hand it over!” Zhao Jun spoke up as he grabbed at the papers.

“What’s so secretive about this?” Wu Yinda spoke up before looking over. In the next second, his eyes widened in surprise!

Chapter 70: Wang Chao Has Been Mistaken For as a Spy

Chapter 70: Wang Chao has been mistaken for as a spy

Wang Xiaolei, Wu Yingda and Zhao Jun. These three had family with powerful government connections and were all close friends from the mainland. Their power reached an unbelievable distance and combined, they had founded the Ike Corporation. In just a few years, they had eaten up the white and black markets to earn a profit.

The three had gotten involved with the criminal powers within both the Guangdong and Fujian provinces. This had forced the organization to temporarily pull out their spies so that the princelings would not discover them. Such a reaction from the organization was a testament of the princelings power.

These three princelings had also a strong political background and support that made them extremely influential.

Originally, Zhao Jun's father had only been the governor of S province, but that power did not belong to his Zhao family. Instead, it belonged to Zhu Jia's family. Combined with Cao Yi being appointed, Zhao Jun and his father had started to feel a little political pressure.

Although Zhao Jun's connections were not limited to only his father, he also had several other cadets to fall back on. He also had several other minor governors in his web of connections so that not many people could go against him.

Zhao Jun had wished to stabilize his father's position and be with Zhu Jia. Unfortunately, Zhu Jia had no interest in him at all, but fortunately with Wang Chao's appearance, he could stomp on him like an ant.

Unfortunately for him, Wang Chao was not afraid of death and wasn't as weak as he thought. What had put him even more on guard was the fact that Cao Yi, Zhang Tong, the mysterious villa, and his mysterious teacher were all connected. With this, Zhao Jun couldn't help but feel as if there was a conspiracy.

So he had decided to completely investigate Wang Chao's background. After a year, Zhao Jun had found out the connection between Cao Yi and him was quite ordinary while Zhang Tong held a special one. But his own independent research had proved to be fruitless on trying to find out how he had gotten the villa and who his master was.

With no other choice, he had invested in Tianxing Corporations. Although it was a domestic business, it had plenty of foreign stockholders. When it was still developing, he had personally signed his name on the stocks and gained a decent sum of profit from it.

Finding out the foreign stockholders had been a difficult task as well. Even Cao Yi had been unable to find out those foreign stockholders of the Ike Corporation until he had filled out a form for the organization.

Although the organization was extremely strong, the forms had to go through a series of examinations in a bureaucratic fashion. This style of work was ultimately slower than Zhao Jun's personal connections.

After half a year of investigating, the fruition of their search was laid out right in front of the three princelings. As it stared at them, the three stared back in shock.

On the paper, the owner of the 18th villa of the Tianxing district was a person called "Tang Jin. Smith".

The princelings were not shocked at the name, but rather what the name had signified.

"This Tang Jin. Smith" was a name for a nobody. But after closer investigation, the name bore some sort of connection to a major English company. Furthermore, this company was an unbelievably big one.

In direct comparison, any other foreign investor like Bill Gates, Warren Buffet, the mafia, the Yamaguchi, the American godfathers, or even the many governments and organizations paled to this company.

The organization written on the paper was EMU. Translated, this organization stood for the European Monetary Union, or the EU for short.

The distributors of the Euro.

The EMU had many nations, governments, families, businesses, dark and white powers and many others connected to it to form one giant union. The organization was inconceivably large with so many people combined into one faction.

In the end, the princelings had followed the trail left behind only to end up looking leviathan-like organization.

The leader of this English company was a participant of the EMU.

The leaders of the western organizations were all wealthy people.

Although the princelings each held the two provinces by the coast in their hands, the Ike Corporation had only power within their own country. Compared to such a large organization like the EMU, they were like an upstart who had just won 5 million dollars at the lottery.

After reaching such a spot, the princelings' research had gone on no more.

The three princelings were not looking into an American company, but rather a member of the EMU. If the other side were to discover this, then the outcome would not look good for them. The EMU weren't cowards either, meaning the princelings were afraid of doing anything to be found out by them.

"What we thought was a shrimp was actually a giant whale!"

Zhao Jun felt his head begin to hurt as he looked at the paper in front of him.

Wang Chao and the European Union. No matter how much Zhao Jun looked at it, they lived in two separate worlds. After investigating this, he could only give up his search.

In order to be able to find out a concrete relationship, then Zhao Jun would need to be the leader of a nation in order to have the power to fully investigate it.

But as the child of an official, Zhao Jun didn't have that power. His goal had always been to rely on his connections to get rich. He would play with the underworld and take control of the situation for profit. But in the end, he was not made of the right material or had the guts or ambitions.

"Impossible, this is impossible! How could a small commoner be connected

with the European Union? Is there a mistake, or is this world an illusion?”

Wang Xiaolei spoke out in shock after reading the information given to him.

The three princelings had only a sour look on their faces. They felt like street gang members who were beating up on a beggar only to find out that beggar was actually the relative of American president Bush.

“We can’t rule out this possibility, Wang Chao could possibly be a spy for the EU.” Wu Yingda spoke out in shock as he tried to calm himself down.

“Did you guys hear about what just happened in Guangdong? Xu Zhen’s disciple Qin Maojiao was killed in a competition I organized. That martial artist came from the Daxing Corporation, but that same night, the Daxing Corporation’s car factory was attacked by a group of mercenaries. They even used a rocket launcher to blow open the gates! I thought it was Xu Zhen at first, but Chen Aiyang came by to say that Xu Zhen hadn’t done anything and hope to help me look into it. I thought it was strange and immediately looked for the recordings of that fight. Take a look, this is a picture of the fighter.”

Wu Yinda called for a bodyguard to enter. Handing him a picture, Wu Yingda put down a picture of Wang Chao for everyone to see.

“Wang Chao! It’s him!” Zhao Jun’s eyes immediately shone with recognition at the sight of Wang Chao.

“That’s him? Then doesn’t everything make sense now? He is a spy for the EU and has the support of a giant backing. Otherwise, just how would he be able to employ a mercenary group to hide the trails under our noses?” Wu Yingda reasoned.

“Zhao, my friend. It seems that you’ve annoyed the wrong person!” Wang Xiaolei stretched his hands. “Your S province seems to be where all the dragons and tigers hide. Just by randomly pulling out a high school graduate, you’ve managed to find the spy to the number one organization in the world. This world’s already become one of those magical worlds you see in those fantasy novels.”

“This is China, even the American CIA can’t do anything to us!” Zhao Jun suddenly snarled.

“Even if you say that, we still have to be careful or else risk falling down by accident. We can’t continue looking into his identity either or risk being found out. We have to carefully count our steps from now on.” Wu Yingda spoke seriously.

“Do you understand what’s the global standing right now? With the United States fighting with us over Asia—especially in Southeastern Asia, there are blatant power struggles underneath the peace talks. At the very least, the underworld is affected mostly. But then the United States are fighting with the Europeans over Africa, and even China is a part of the conflict. Now that the European Union are joining the stage for Southeastern Asia, that means the world is a cauldron while we three are the tripods to it. How similar this is to the Three Kingdom’s era. We are a minor player on the world stage, if we aren’t careful, then we’ll find our powers usurped and our authority challenged.” “Che, the situation isn’t as bad as you think it is!” Wang Xiaolei was a little upset at Wu Yingda’s ominous words.

They were princelings who were experienced and well verse in bureaucracy and the treachery that was commonplace in business. But in their sailboat to profit, they needed the great winds of fortune to race to the end. If they came across any trouble, then they would naturally be flustered.

“I’m only saying what the world is like now. When it comes to the concrete details, we are still superior for now. This competition is a good chance to probe out for information! Let’s watch Wang Chao as we are and see how he reacts! If he wants to act coy, then we’ll act coy with him too. If he wants to play hard, then we play hard. But still, Wang Chao, don’t beat the snake out of the grass for now. Don’t hire any men to deal with him and see how he reacts for now.” Wu Yingda spoke. “After all, our corporation has developed nicely, we need to focus on other matters and not just on him.”

“Yes. If he doesn’t move, I won’t move. That’s the best solution. Who would had known that instead of a snake coming out of the grass, it was actually a dragon?”

Zhao Jun felt as if he had came across bad luck.

Just at that moment, Wang Chao had entered Chaozhou.

He never would have thought that the princelings would have mistaken him to be the spy for the most vile organization of Capitalism.

Needless to say, the stars had aligned in order for Wang Chao to be given a mistaken identity by coincidence.

But Wang Chao was truly a prime and proper descendant of eight generations of peasant farmers.

To the princelings, Wang Chao wasn't a supernatural entity, but he wasn't nobody either. Otherwise, they would have known more about him.

In truth, the information the princelings had discovered was Tang Zichen's information.

To Tang Zichen, Wang Chao had a longing that could not be squashed.

The date to the competition was growing closer and closer so Wang Chao had given up any distracting thoughts. For the rest of his time, he had dedicated himself to his martial arts.

His tiger and snake stance had already reached the stage where the sound follows the fist and could be considered to be at the level of a master. Furthermore, his lower back, chest and back were now capable of releasing Hidden Jin.

For the sake of being able to break out with Hidden Jin there, Wang Chao had worked hard.

In the hundred square meter room, there were several 300 kilogram sandbags hanging around the room with oiled fabric so that even a military knife would find it hard to cut into.

Boulder stood by the side as he watched Wang Chao's movements with wide open eyes.

Hou! Wang Chao's leg stamped onto the floor with his five fingers bent in the form of a tiger's claw. His body bent down before furiously slamming into the sandbag.

Immediately, the sound of a tiger's roar could be heard reverberating through the room—even Boulder could hear his bones echoing with the sound as if he was

a kite and the roar was the wind.

If the clouds were the dragon, then the wind was the tiger.

When the tiger let out a roar within the mountains, its roar would shake the valleys with its loud sound and might.

Wang Chao stood within the sealed room. The hanging sandbags were like the trees adorning the mountain range; the scenery was complete with Wang Chao looking like the tiger.

Right now Wang Chao was emitting a powerful aura that even the soldiers felt was freakish.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang bang bang! Several seconds later, Wang Chao's strikes were like lightning while batting the sandbags wildly. In the next moment, the sandbags had erupted with sand flying everywhere.

Wang Chao's fists couldn't even be called muscle anymore, an axe would have been more fitting of a description.

"In the past, I could only break out with Hidden Jin 8 times, but now I can do it 12 times. This is proof that my body has grown and that it has grown stronger in speed, power, and flexibility!"

In a split moment, he had split open 12 sandbags, but he wasn't like the previous him. Despite his heavy breathing, his pores were still contracted and sweat couldn't be seen. This was further proof that the energy he had used was just right.

"Amazing!"

"Tomorrow's the fifth, the day of your competition. You better be careful, we don't want to appear on the headlight of the princelings." Boulder spoke.

The day of the competition was nearly upon them.

Chapter 71: The Grand Competition on the Straits (First)

Chapter 71: The grand competition on the straits (First)

Although he wouldn't be able to break out with Hidden Jin through the chest and his back during a fight, attaining such a step was still enough to satisfy Wang Chao.

In the past, his Hidden Jin would only amount to about 550 kilograms in weight, but now, his tiger stance was far stronger than before. Weight at about 750 kilograms, it was a decent improvement from before as well as being able to unleash even more of them.

In honesty, when he used the tiger stance to leap forward, he could leap 5 meters ahead in one explosive leap.

Wang Chao could even jump over Boulder who was 1.9 meters tall in height. It was even possible for him to stand on top of his head if need be, this feat alone was already pushing the limits of the regular human body.

Sun Lu-tang had once written in his Narration of Xingyi that Guo Yunshen was capable of leaping 3 zhang with the tiger stance. During that time, a single zhang was 3 meters, meaning that Guo Yunshen was capable of leaping 9 meters. This was already tantamount to being an actual tiger rather than a human.

When a tiger leaps from their cave, it was approximately 10 meters.
Author note: This is not like the tigers in a zoo.

Although there was still a noticeable difference between he and his predecessors, the both of them had still had both the spirit and form. In the eyes of a martial artist, their skill was still something to be praised of.

"No wonder sis Chen recorded in the True Record of Guoshu, she could kill a man 36 steps away starting from a seated position."

Suddenly, Wang Chao began to do the math. Two steps for a single person was almost a meter, meaning 36 steps was over 10 meters. Tang Zichen had already

reached the peak of the Transforming Jin and could make a single leap of over 10 meters.

An african leopard could make a single pounce of 30 meters in a single second when chasing an antelope.

“Zhang Wei is a veteran of the Fist Altar and has experienced many battles. When he moves, I must be careful to not use Hidden Jin and stick to Clear Jin to fight.”

Wang Chao had not yet fully mastered the free usage of Hidden Jin in his back, chest, and lower back.

Because of Zhang Wei’s expertise and his ability to break out Jin in his back, Wang Chao didn’t dare to try use Hidden Jin in his fists to strike him in the back.

Hidden Jin was only a way of defense against the strike of a regular person. If an expert were to do so, then their fists would be over 500 kilograms in weight. Such a blow like this was harder than being hit with an iron rod.

Even if it was Zhang Wei, Wang Chao didn’t think that he would be willing to turn around as a defense for Wang Chao’s fist.

Looking at the videos of Zhang Wei, he had only used his back to bully those experts who had not yet learned the Hidden Jin. If he were to go against an opponent of the same level and tried the same strategy, then that would be foolish. The opponent would only snap his spine without a problem.

A weak spot was a weak spot in the end.

During the Republic of China, those martial artists who put on demonstrations would often ask a volunteer to use a wooden stick on their heads, waist, or back. However, instead of their bodies being hurt, the sticks instead had been splintered. This was an example of Hidden Jin being done decently. But if they were to fight with an actual expert, then they would only use their arms and legs to fight and would never even think about using any other part of their bodies to fight.

But nevertheless, if they were fighting a group of commoners, then the Hidden Jin would be able to work well enough.

Wang Chao's arms and legs were completely solid, but his entire body had not yet had Hidden Jin being able to be released with ease. Even if it was a regular person, Wang Chao didn't dare have them use a wooden stick or hammer to hit him on the back. But when the time comes when he was capable of Hidden Jin in that area, he would!

"Xinglong, you're at the Shantou airport? Good, good. Then transfer the 100 million to the other bank account and make a check for it. Tomorrow you'll be watching me fight Zhang Wei!"

After all the preparations were made that afternoon, Xinglong had flown over by an airplane and then drove to Chaozhou. By nightfall, he was at a hotel with Wang Chao.

After all, Wang Chao was working with Boulders and the others on a covert mission. If he were to be found out now, then Wang Chao would be short of any helpers. Since Xinglong was the director of the security for Tianxing Networking, it was only fitting that he was there.

Three suited up bodyguards with earpieces and solemn expressions had also traveled with Zhao Xinglong.

These three bodyguards were already familiar with Wang Chao, they were the mercenaries of Zhang Tong.

Aside from this, the board member and director, and also the most beautiful lady of S province Yao Xiaoxue had arrived.

"Chief Zhang had sent them to me and said that it would be an added benefit just in case we need it. Director Yao came since I'm not familiar with finances and didn't want to get anything wrong." Zhao Xinglong explained.

Yao Xiaoxue gave a faint smile, exuding the charm of an upper class woman. For the past few years, she had transformed from a college graduate to a successful entrepreneur. She was like a government official now and had the charm that was suited for one.

"This competition of yours involves the company. A bank loan of a hundred million isn't a small sum of money even if the interest rates are low. Once you win, I'll be returning it straight away. Since you guys aren't familiar with how the

finances work, I'll naturally be the one in charge."

True enough, when it came to finances on this scale, Wang Chao and Zhao Xinglong were as good as idiots.

Whether or not Wang Chao would win, Yao Xiaoxue didn't know, but she still had to remain optimistic. But her words had been absolute instead of indecisive, meaning she had already predicted the outcome long before.

"En, that's a good experience to have. When in such an event, one needs the right people to help deal with it." Wang Chao approved.

Inputting the secret password to the silver suitcase, Yao Xiaoxue opened up the case, revealing the cash check inside. This check contained the hundred million RMB loan from the bank.

Seeing such a sight, Wang Chao could only sigh. Three years ago when he was nothing more than a high schooler that didn't know about martial arts, he lived an impoverished life. Back then, even the sight of a hundred thousand was enough to poison his heart.

But now, a hundred million RMB hadn't even fazed him. It could not even measure to the effect the hundred thousand had done to him before.

Zhang Tong had no idea that Wang Chao had joined an organization and had sent over several bodyguards as a method of protection. In Wang Chao's mind, he had been extremely grateful to Zhang Tong for her assistance.

Ever since his appearance, Wang Chao had been in the care of Zhang Tong without ever giving back anything in return. So in his mind, he had resolved to return the favor one day.

"Back then, you had beaten me back at the Taekwondo dojo. Afterwards, no matter how fast I progressed with my martial arts, I couldn't even hold a candle to you. Even now, you've already found yourself standing at the same stage of one of the Three Tigers of Guangdong in a battle of strength..."

Zhao Xinglong had felt excitement and regret. He was excited that he was back in the underground fighting world, but sad that he had been nothing more than a second-rate fighter. Everyday he had heard of how amazing or strong someone was, but he had never once seen the actual fighter or been to such a large-scale

fight like this.

But the fighting he had done before was called the underground fist altar, or the dark fists.

This fight with Zhang Wei was called a formal competition.

An underground fighting match had only required an audience in order to start fighting to kill. A competition was different. It had far more regulations than the prior and was of a higher quality. A competition had to have written invitations and a scheduled place and time along with a person of good standing to come and bear witness.

In strict comparison, the difference between the two was like the difference between the sky and the ground.

For Zhao Xinglong to have the chance to see such a match, he was naturally excited.

When Wang Chao entered the hotel, he hadn't bothered to hide his identity. After waiting a day, five refined looking men had come into the establishment and handed him a golden invitation.

"Zhao Jun's eyes and ears are quite sensitive. Even though we weren't hiding, he still found us quickly enough." Wang Chao's attire had been different than when he had first entered Guangzhou. Back then, he was wearing the clothes of a peasant. By now, he was wearing clothes befitting that of the son of a powerful family.

The French designer clothings and shoes had accentuated his figure and brought out the colors of his eyes to an astounding degree.

Wang Chao's company was also a client of Zhang Tong's, so the designer clothes weren't that hard to get a hold of.

If man wanted clothes, then Buddha would want gold clothes. When Wang Chao changed his clothes, his personality had changed drastically to become more refined.

Combined with the beautiful Yao Xiaoxue, the suitcase carrying Zhao Xinglong and the three bodyguards, anyone could guess just how important they were.

Wang Chao had every single hint to looking like the son of a rich and powerful family, but not to being some sort of new upstart. Even a rich new upstart wouldn't have the composure he had.

At such an image, even the waitresses and female renters had raised their eyebrows at him.

"Director Wang, our director Zhao knew you were here and invited you to come." One of the males spoke courteously.

Outside the hotel were three extravagant looking cars. The middle car was a Lincoln while the other two were armored jeeps.

Wang Chao nodded his head without another word and climbed in the Lincoln with Zhao Xinglong and Yao Xiaoxue. One of the bodyguards sat in the first car while the other two sat in the car behind.

The cars drove straight out of Chaozhou and towards Shantou.

"What's going on, are we not going to Chaozhou?" Zhao Xinglong spoke.

"Our director Zhao has changed the venue to an even grander area. The Chenshi Corporation has given us usage of their personal cruiser. Director Wang and master Zhang's fight will take place on a tanker that'll head out towards Nan'ao County."

"Nan'ao County, if we continue to head in that direction, we'd reach Taiwan." Yao Xiaoxue spoke.

"No problem, the guests will do as the master please." Wang Chao held his hand up to stop Yao Xiaoxue from speaking.

The three cars continued onwards without any further trouble before finally reaching the harbors of Shantou. After a while, a group of men could be standing near the coast with several speedboats waiting for them.

As soon as Wang Chao, Yao Xiaoxue and Zhao Xinglong boarded the speedboats, the motors immediately came to life and shot them across the waters like an arrow from a bow.

After half an hour, they had finally made it out to the open sea where only the cloudy blue skies and gentle wind could be experienced. By the side, there was a

giant fancy tanker.

If one had ten billion in assets, why not splurge a little to enjoy life?

Naturally, one would buy a tanker, and then a helicopter.

Evidently, the Chenshi Corporation had splurged in such a manner. Not only was the tanker large, but it was splendid in appearance and deck. Several helicopters could be seen both on the helicopter and circling overhead.

“This is what it truly means to be rich.” Seeing such a sight, Wang Chao couldn’t help but sigh. When compared with his company, his Tianxing Networking wasn’t anything special.

Approaching the tanker, an aluminum alloy ladder was lowered and allowed them entry onto the tanker. Even a dainty lady like Yao Xiaoxue had been able to grab onto the armrests and climb aboard.

Climbing onto the deck, an explosion of festive activities immediately greeted Wang Chao’s eyes! A basketball court sized deck could be seen alongside several parasols with several good looking people sitting underneath.

Countless of suited bodyguards could be seen lined up along the edges of the tanker without any movement while countless of beautiful looking women in Chinese dresses served ice-cold refreshments to the people.

In the center of the deck was a wide open space with a wooden platform. On top of the platform were crimson red silk that ran along the platform.

The moment Wang Chao had climbed up, Zhao Jun had walked up to greet him.

“Director Wang has finally arrived.” Zhao Jun spoke cordially.

Wang Chao had replied with a single phrase before shaking his hand. Aside from Zhao Jun, he had only recognized one other person, it was Chen Bin from the Chenshi Corporation!

Before Wang Chao could speak, Yao Xiaoxue spoke up, “Director Zhao, we’re currently nearing the Taiwan Straits, is this not an inconvenient spot?”

“No no no, miss Yao. This is a majestic exchange of martial arts with people from both sides of the straits bearing witness. This will improve relations

between both sides—take a look, the Taiwanese martial art master Xue Lianxin and several others are here even.”

When Wang Chao looked, there was sure enough several elders along with middle aged men and youths. All of them had remained motionless and looked to be experts.

The most eye-catching person had been the person sitting by Xue Lianxin’s side. It was Chen Aiyang!

By this point, Chen Bin had taken notice of Wang Chao. When she saw the bodyguards behind him, the beautiful Yao Xiaoxue and the suitcase carrying Zhao Xinglong, sh had been stunned as if she couldn’t believe the transformation Wang Chao had. But nonetheless, she came walking over and gave a quick greeting before lowering her voice and growled out, “So it’s you. You’ve pretended to be a pig to eat the tiger I see!”

Chapter 72: The Grand Competition on the Straits (Second)

Chapter 72: The grand competition on the straits (Second)

“Even Xu Zhen is here. After you killed his disciple, he will definitely not let things end there. You’d best be careful.” Chen Bin’s initial voice had been harsh, but it had then grown softer with the second phrase. When she spoke, her voice had tickled Wang Chao’s ears.

Today, Chen Bin was wearing a pure black colored blouse and a matching black skirt. When the wind blew, the skirt had rippled in the wind like water.

Her black colored clothing had accentuated her tender creamy skin. Even her facial appearance had been noticeably beautiful so that even Wang Xiaolei and Wu Yingda would sometimes glance her way despite having many beautiful women already around the two.

But they weren’t the only ones. Many disciples that the masters of the Wulin had brought with them had also been attracted to her.

Listening to Chen Bin’s words, Wang Chao’s eyes followed her hints over to one of the parasols. Right underneath one of them was a middle aged man with golden glasses that stared at Wang Chao poisonously. Even without hiding his presence, his strength could easily be felt.

Wang Chao hurriedly averted his gaze and let out a long breath of air. Calming his heart, he pretended such a person didn’t exist.

The senses of an expert was far too sharp. When they had reached the Hidden Jin stage, they were able to detect anything that touched their hair. Even if the enemy didn’t move, they could use the hostility in their eyes to sense something.

Wang Chao’s entire body had already reached such a level. Even if he hadn’t looked at Xu Zhen’s his stare was like a sharp dagger that pierced into his skin, creating an uncomfortable feeling.

“If this goes on during the competition, then there’s a good chance my heart

will be thrown into disarray. And in a competition against an expert like Zhang Wei, this could spell out my death!"

Immediately realizing the purpose of Xu Zhen's malicious stare, Wang Chao began to steel his heart. Eliminating the stabbing sensation he was feeling, he began to feel a sense of gratitude for Chen Bin.

"If I were to enter a state of hypersensitivity during the competition and felt the hostile stare of Xu Zhen, then I would have been stunned by Xu Zhen's stare and lose."

But with Chen Bin's warning, Wang Chao had been prepared. Now this hostile stare of Xu Zhen was pointless against him.

"Thank you." Wang Chao thanked Chen Bin graciously.

"It wasn't much. I only wished for the playing field to be equal." Chen Bin smiled sweetly before turning around to return back to where Chen Aiyang was sitting.

"Director Wang, is the setting to the competition to your liking? There are masters from Southeast Asia, the martial art scholars from Taiwan, and the martial art masters from Hong Kong and Macau. With Xue Lianxin here, the judging will be completely unbiased. You can rest assured."

When Chen Bin came up to talk to Wang Chao, Zhao Jun hadn't dared to eavesdrop. As a form of etiquette, he had stepped two steps away and only came forward when Chen Bin had left.

"Director Wang, although you are a very strong martial artist, this must be the first time you've made contact with the coastal martial arts world. Come, I'll help introduce you to everyone." Zhao Jun had been very precise with his words as if he had done this many times before.

"Director Zhao, there is no need." Wang Chao spoke. "I've brought the 100 million RMB as stated in the contract. As per the regulations, master Zhang Wei and I must sign a waiver in regards to our death. These things shouldn't be delayed, so let's start."

Wang Chao's refusal had been because there was too many experts here of all sorts of martial art disciplines. If he were to have Zhao Jun introduce him to

everyone here, then Wang Chao would have found himself inspecting everyone and their martial art skill, especially Chen Aiyang and Xue Lianxin. With these experts, Wang Chao would have been far too distracted for the real event.

To be distracted within a competition and have a divided heart and mind, that would only result in death.

A competition between experts had to focus on each other's martial arts. Wang Chao's ability to study another's skill was decent enough since he had long since washed away any impurities within him. This had allowed him to focus and concentrate on his observations without any other thoughts.

"That's fine. The host naturally has to honor the guest's wishes. Let's go start then." Zhao Jun's eyebrows narrowed together, unexpecting Wang Chao to be that straightforward.

Wang Chao hadn't said a word as he followed Zhao Jun up to the table right in front of the platform. On it, there was a single brush and a long piece of paper with a seal right next to it.

On the paper was the words, "A fair contest and nondisclosure agreement."

Signing his name with the brush, Wang Chao then pressed his hand against the sealed ink on the paper.

By this time, Zhang Wei had also reached the table. He was dressed in pure black and wore cloth shoes with an icy expression. Signing his name, he too pressed his hand against the paper.

Afterwards, a uniformed martial artist came forward and spoke, "Will the witness please sign his name."

As he spoke, Chen Aiyang stood up.

Wang Chao hadn't looked at Chen Aiyang at all and spoke, "I'll go change my clothes, please lead the way." As he spoke, Wang Chao turned away towards the hold of the ship.

"Xiao Chen, that youth isn't an ordinary person." Xue Lianxin was already 90 years old with a snow white beard that was combed nicely. As he walked with Chen Aiyang to the front of the table, he spoke of his opinion to him.

“Indeed.” Chen Aiyang’s eyes shined as he nodded. “Judging from his movements, he shouldn’t be that far apparent from Zhang Wei in terms of skill. Most importantly, he’s very calm and collected without any signs of being distracted. It seems that since both sides are equal in strength, this competition will have someone die. How unfortunate.”

“For a martial artist to die on the stage, it is not a death in vain.” Xue Lianxin stroked his beard, “This is a battle between a dragon and a tiger. Only one winner will be seen, but I cannot see just who that winner will be. We should just observe for now.”

In a battle between experts, any factor could change the battle at any given moment. When both sides were equal in strength, only the heavens could predict the winner. No matter who was stronger in martial arts or which master had the sharper eyes, no one would be able to predict the outcome.

By the time the two had walked back to their seats, Wang Chao had already swapped his clothings into a traditional purple Tang robe that was similar to the one Tang Zichen once wore. He wore clothes shoes and slowly stepped forward like a sparrow skipping across the water onto the platform.

At that moment, Zhang Wei came walking up onto the stage.

The platform was made of several thick planks of fir wood with steel binding it to the ship, making it extremely stable.

“Master Zhang, I’ve no grievances against you, but was forced onto this stage. How life enjoys to play tricks on us humans.” Wang Chao suddenly spoke.

One man was an illustrious master of martial arts from Guangdong while the other was a newly established expert from the mainlands. Neither of the two had known of the other and had neither grievance or connection. However, they were now forced to fight against each other to the death, such a fight like this could only make every spectator sigh in regret.

Both were masters of martial arts with skill that could easily kill or save a man’s life, even their own. This was truly the greatest mockery of martial arts.

“When in the Jianghu, one cannot move about freely.” Zhang Wei spoke of a common term from one of the classic scriptures. By now, the two were standing

on the platform with a seamless scenery as their backdrop.

Both men on the platform were truly the greatest example of ‘having to compromise to live in the world.’.

Quack! Quack! A loud sound could be heard as a giant rooster with a fiery crest could be seen squawking down below.

The man holding it immediately swung down his knife to cut off the head.

“Begin!”

Instantly, the entire audience went silent with only the wind being audible as it blew.

The two martial artists were now having a showdown where only they could hear each other breathe.

It was rare to come across a competition between experts, and when would two experts have to sign a document in regards to their death? Most battles with experts had usually rewards of a few millions to well over ten million RMB.

Chirp! Suddenly, the sound of a red-crowned crane could be heard off in a distance! Zhang Wei’s neck had instantly stretched upwards by a bit! Both of his hands opened wide as his right leg stepped forward resolutely. In an instant, he looked as if he was flying forward as his hands transformed into the beak of a crane. Spiralling his hands, he instantly sent them straight towards Wang Chao!

He had been like a giant red-crowned crane in his forward leap with his hands striking at Wang Chao’s throat. He had been ready for action in both defense and offense. The other hand had already pecked at Wang Chao’s right eye.

This was the White Crane style of Wingchun.

When Zhang Wei issued power, his entire body began to shake and his throat had automatically let out the whistling sound of a crane.

His Wingchun had already reached the stage of where the “sound follows the fist”.

Him being one of the Three Tigers of Guangdong was not for show.

Hou! Wang Chao jumped back like a bow being notched as his back began to

bulge to take on the form of a tiger. At the same time, his arms had lashed out like an axe ready to cut apart a mountain. His body had avoided the blow coming at his eye and immediately struck towards the fists of Zhang Wei.

Tiger stance Chopping Jin with a vibrating roar.

Tiger stance versus crane stance.

Zhang Wei's style of fighting had not yet reached an age of decay. As soon as he saw Wang Chao's fist come chopping down onto his own, the beaked hands had transformed into a fist with his fingers held inside! The sounds of his bones could be heard crackling as it moved.

Borrowing the strength of the explosive Jin in his fists, Zhang Wei had instantly hardened his fist as it struck against Wang Chao's own blow.

Muscle hit muscle and bone hit bone with a single cracking sound.

The entire platform suddenly began to shake violently.

The beak of the white crane was devoid of explosive power that was only present when it became a fist! Zhang Wei's ability to circulate his Jin in such a fashion had already reached an extremely detailed state.

When the two collided, Wang Chao had been forced back three steps as he transmitted the power through his legs. Each step he took to stabilize himself was firmer than the one before, and by the third step, a cracking sound could be heard as the wooden plank beneath his feet had snapped.

Zhang Wei's legs moved across the ground nearly silently as he opened up his arms, making look as if he was gliding across ice in the style of a crane. In an instant, he had reached the edge of the platform and exploded outwards with a single leap that destroyed the wooden planks beneath him. Borrowing the explosive strength from his leap, Zhang Wei flew towards Wang Chao again.

When the two met fist to fist, both sides had felt like their strike had encountered a giant axe or a hammer. With a monstrous force, their muscles and bones had creaked under the pressure in pain.

When they both retreated backwards, they had secretly moved to relieve the pressure on their fists before Zhang Wei had leapt forward to attack once more.

Wang Chao suddenly turned around and his arms swayed by his waists before lashing out! Bada! When the two arms lashed out, they had spiralled in the motion of a snake with the fists acting as the snake's head.

“When the snake emerges from its hole, even an Immortal would find it difficult to block.”

The spots by the waists were the two holes, and Wang Chao's arms would explode with power as they flung out. His waist would give assistance in the issuing of power with a sinister Jin that was tricky in its movements and fierce in its blow. This was the essence of the snake stance.

When the snake moves, a clear sound can be heard, and that sound was naturally the hiss!

From far away, Chen Aiyang had simply closed his eyes and had his ears listen to the fight instead of his eyes to observe the details.

In his mind, the image of a snake fighting a crane could be seen.

Wang Chao had gone from the tiger to the snake stance with a lightning quick speed and ferocity that even the nearby experts had gasped with amazement.

“No wonder he killed Qin Maojiao!” Xu Zhen had remarked as he watched Wang Chao fight. His heart had trembled violently, *“The mainlands truly have such talented individuals in hiding. His age is so young, yet his martial arts has already reached such a stage. Who is his master, I wonder?”*

Upon seeing Wang Chao's tiger stance become a snake, Zhang Wei had felt his heart shake as well. Both of his fists began to shake the joints in his elbows began to rub together and then letting out a cry that resembled the urgent cry of a crane.

As his elbow joint rubbed together, the entire fist began to shake violently. His fist had shook so much that it resembled the movements of a woodpecker.

Wang Chao's fist was like the head of a snake that was swaying in preparation to bite. His entire body began to sway along with the fists as he stepped forward in a circular fashion.

The two fists met each other with a peck and a bite. Within 10 seconds of

collision, they had exchanged another three or four blows.

The Jin had been transmitted down to their legs, and so with every step, the wooden planks beneath them cracked loudly.

10 seconds later, the entire floor had been a splintered mess.

Chapter 73: Into the Ocean!

Chapter 73: Into the Ocean!

Pa pa pa pa! A series of cracks could be heard as the wooden planks snapped and splintered upwards from the force.

Wang Chao and Zhang Wei had been fighting each other for less than 3 minutes by now, but the two had already exchanged 9 fists that had forced the platform to be in ruins and in danger of collapsing.

Such a fierce exchange like this had caused everyone to feel goosebumps begin to appear over their bodies.

The two were fighting in a match for their lives and not just to compare notes. From the very start, they had put their hearts into their fists and brought their potential and bodies to their limits.

No matter if it was Wang Chao or Zhang Wei, their martial arts had both form and spirit where the sound followed the fist. A single strike from their arm or leg had more than 500 kilograms worth of weight behind it. And in a match of life or death, they could bring out the full might of their skills.

Wang Chao had begun with the Chopping Jin of the tiger stance to fight against Zhang Wei's spiralling White Crane style Wing Chun. In the first strike, both sides had realized how strong the other was. Not only were their arms extremely strong, they were also able to support the force transmitted through them like an arch bridge would. Their skill at this had reached a perfected stage and proved to be extremely beneficial.

The arm acts like a bridge, this was what the scriptures of Wingchun call 'Bridging'. When pressing arms against someone, their palms would grab the other and snap their arms. With a single strike, a practitioner of Wingchun could break the enemy's arm.

Wang Chao's Chopping Jin of the tiger stance involved a wide arm swing similar to when a tiger attacks an antelope. With several smooth swings, it would normally kill any enemy.

When Wu Song from the *Water Margin* killed a tiger with his bare hands, the author, Shi Nai'an, said that a "tiger only has three methods to kill. A pounce, a swipe, and a bite. When all three failed, the tiger would lose all courage to fight."

The tiger stance was this same method. By issuing power through a pounce and then focus on the sharp Qi within the body. But this could not go on forever, in the case that the pounce failed, the power would subside like a tide and trickle away.

Ever since the start of his career, Wang Chao never met such a strong opponent like Zhang Wei before. Wang Chao didn't believe that he would be able to kill Zhang Wei in one single smooth motion either.

In the case that the tiger stance's pounce had failed, the power would recede and would be quickly met with the lightning fast counterattack of Zhang Wei. By that point, losing was only a matter of time.

Wang Chao could easily understand this.

Because of that first blow, Wang Chao's stance had switched from the tiger stance to the snake stance. Both arms had remained in a "hidden" stance before lashing out with a soft yet hard strike and a hissing sound. It was like an actual snake drilling forward in an attempt to bite down on the enemy in a single fierce and sudden strike.

But Zhang Wei hadn't treated Wang Chao lightly at all. Despite his age, he had already fought many battles and knew that Wang Chao was no ordinary person.

"Fear the young, bully the old". This ideology was something Zhang Wei understood. Even more than a month ago when Zhang Wei had pressed palms with Wang Chao back at the dojo, he didn't even need to use Hidden Jin in order to know that Wang Chao was a formidable opponent.

Either way, any opponent capable of Hidden Jin was a worthy opponent.

Qin Maojiao's death was something he believed Wang Chao was capable of doing.

Qin Maojiao's ape style movements was already extremely nimble, and an ape in the trees was far too nimble to believe. For Wang Chao to kill such a person, that spoke miles of his talent.

Before the battle, Zhang Wei had done his own reconnaissance of Wang Chao.

Just like Xue Lianxin has said, this battle was between the mighty dragon and the fierce tiger! The spoils of victory went to whomever side the deer falls upon, but no one would be able to predict just who would win.

Huuu, huuuu! Another plank had snapped in half as Wang Chao and Zhang Wei were forced seven or eight meters apart. Their arms and legs came to a stop as they began to breath heavily. At the same time, their breaths had begun to circulate with the Jin inside their bodies, relieving the numbness they were feeling in their arms and clearing their veins of any blockage.

While their fists were many times stronger than a regular person, but it wasn't made of steel. After so many fierce hits, an injury was to be expected by now.

Despite fighting for only a few minutes, both men had already lost a decent sum of energy and took the opportunity to recover their energy as they stood apart.

In the moment they were away from each other, both men had swept their legs across the wooden planks, swiping away all of the splinters and clearing a path for them.

Because the platform was constructed on top of the steel deck, there had been several nails that broke away from the planks with the pointy ends shining brightly under the sun.

Naturally, both combatants would be afraid to leap in such conditions, otherwise, the nails would have pierced through their shoes and victory would go to the other side.

Because of the splinters and scattered nails of the platform, the situation was far more perilous than before.

From a competition with both martial artists at equal strengths, the outcome would now be dictated by 50% strength and 50% luck.

Afterwards, Zhang Wei had let out three long breaths as blood began to seep back into his face. Puffing out his chest, his arm dropped down to his waist while the other bent at the elbow before bounding forward.

When Zhang Wei moved, Wang Chao's eyes widened as the enemy quickly closed the distance and brought his hand towards Wang Chao's chest.

"Fast!" Wang Chao barely had any time to think as the enemy attacked. Crossing his arms, he had fortunately clamped down onto Zhang Wei's fist.

This was the "Cross beam" of the Crossing Fist Jin. In Taichi, this move was also called the "Cross Hands". By catching the enemy's fist in between, with a circulation of one's Jin, one would be able to twist and break the enemy's arm.

When Wang Chao grabbed onto Zhang Wei's fist, Wang Chao had immediately started to twist.

Giving out a large shout, Zhang Wei's other arm by his waist immediately flared up like the tail of a horse flicking upwards.

Immediately, Zhang Wei's knee came bending down as his arms began pull backwards from the shoulder joints. Almost as if shooting like a bullet, his fist had suddenly flew forward with an even stronger momentum!

Horse stance pricking fist, Rising Tail Charge! The Clinching Yin of the Wingchun style!

As Wang Chao twisted, Zhang Wei shouted and issued force once more for one more strike. Wang Chao could only feel it difficult to try and twist Zhang Wei's fist as it pressed forward with the force of a firetruck.

Already his legs were starting to leave the ground, meaning that he was on the verge of being sent flying into the air.

"What a strong fist!" Before Zhang Wei's horse stance to issue power, Wang Chao didn't even have time to circulate his Jin to protect himself. Slightly shaken, his left leg had tried to disperse the Jin flowing into him to divert the force.

Who would have known that at that moment, Zhang Wei would unleash another strike.

Due to Wang Chao's sensitive skin, he could detect that Zhang Wei was about to unleash another strike.

He hadn't used his eyes to look, but rather his hair and pores.

In that moment where he felt the blow, Wang Chao had already seen Zhang

Wei fold his thumb into his palm while sticking the four fingers together in a parallel motion. As it exploded forwards, it looked as if four different bamboo stalks were flying towards him like bullets.

As the four fingers shot towards him, the sounds of beans popping could be heard, bi pa pa pa!

With this single action, Zhang Wei's entire arm looked as if it had grown longer as it shot past Wang Chao's defenses. Forming a knife, the four fingers prepared to jab into Wang Chao's chest!

"One Inch Finger!"

This was the highest pinnacle of Wingchun martial arts. Bending just the front knuckle, there could be an explosive amount of energy from the blow!

In an instant, the knuckles had made contact and broke through Wang Chao's defenses.

This strike was unbelievably fierce and was fully deserving of being called one of the classics of Wingchun. Even Bruce Lee wouldn't have been able to pull off such a strong strike!

TL Note: Bruce Lee was famous for his One Inch Punch.

Zhang Wei's four finger stab had already been the equivalent to a single jab with a steel rod.

If this jab had continued any farther, then Wang Chao would surely die!

In this life or death situation, Wang Chao had no time to jump back!

But even jumping back was useless. Zhang Wei had already forced him far too much to give him any room to fall back on.

Before Wang Chao could even breathe, Zhang Wei had already exploded towards him with a force like the surging tides of the Qiangtang River in an attempt to stab Wang Chao dead!

To defend was a musn't, but to retreat was impossible!

As far as the competition went, it seemed as if Wang Chao had finally reached a dead end!

On the other side, every single spectator were watching with bated breaths as if they had forgotten how to breathe!

Even Xue Lianxin and Chen Aiyang had closed their eyes.

In this moment before death, Wang Chao had suddenly given up all of the energy within him. Without retreating or putting up any resistance, Wang Chao began to focus completely on his lungs. Issuing Jin through his lungs, he began to let out a long powerful breath of air!

Hshhhhhhhhhh! Hshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

This breath had shaken the world itself as everyone could distinctly hear the loud breathing of Wang Chao.

With Chen Aiyang's eyes closed and his ears listening, the sounds of Wang Chao's breathing could be heard. In his mind, he could suddenly make out an image of the battle.

Wang Chao had originally been a python, but then he had immediately transformed to become a giant dragon that filled the skies! The dragon had opened its gaping maw and sucked the water from the oceans. Spinning around the skies, the coiling dragon had begun to darken the skies as it hid both the sun and the moon. Then, the water within its mouth had burst outwards to form a giant whirlpool that engulfed even Chen Aiyang.

Chen Aiyang immediately opened his eyes from the sudden irregular beating of his heart, dispelling the illusion.

The sky was still blue with the white clouds, and the weather was still normal.

And the fight right in front of him was still between Wang Chao and Zhang Wei in that moment of life and death.

"The snake has transformed into a mighty dragon!" Chen Aiyang sighed in admiration.

As it turns out, Wang Chao had completely driven out all of the breath within his lungs, caving in his own chest! With the muscles and bones in his chest sucked in by the lungs, he had been able to cut down half an inch on his chest width.

But in this half inch of distance, it was more than enough for Zhang Wei's One Inch Finger to reach the limits of its maximum power.

Zhang Wei's One Inch Jin had only managed to break out with Hidden Jin onto Wang Chao's clothes.

Tsssssss! The cloth at Wang Chao's chest had immediately tore apart from the Hidden Jin.

When Hidden Jin was unleashed, its power was massive!

Unfortunately, Zhang Wei's Hidden Jin had only hit cloth and did not touch the skin at all.

In a fight between experts, a hair could be the only thing diving a person from life and death. Zhang Wei had only missed it by a hair, allowing Wang Chao to pull himself up from the line he had been clinging onto!

"Eh?!" Confident at first, Zhang Wei had already released his hidden Jin only to feel that it missed. Despite the sinking feeling in his heart, Zhang Wei proved himself to be worthy of being a master and immediately leapt backwards with his guard up.

In his last fist, he had used the Clinching Yin to put more force in his blow before using the One Inch Finger to release Hidden Jin.

In this chain of movements where he had shifted from his old strike to the new strike, he had exhausted his strength. With no other options, he could only leap back for now.

Needless to say, when Zhang Wei flew back, he had been startled. For his opponent to teeter totter on the brink of life and death, that was fitting to be called the act of a master amongst masters.

Wang Chao had let out a large breath of air from his lungs to evade. But because of this maneuver, his lungs were in a fragile state that wouldn't be able to take in any damage. Before Zhang Wei could move back, Wang Chao's vision had already started to blur and hurt his lungs. Each new breath he took after that had been especially sweet.

This was one of the most crucial moves of the Assault of Dragon and Snake

style. In the ancient records, the scriptures had spoke that “The snake will swallow the essence of the moon and sun to transform into a dragon!”

Wang Chao sucked in a deep breath as if trying to fit the entire world in his mouth. But a myth was a myth in the end and had only managed to hurt his lungs a little.

Author note: Dear readers, please do not attempt to try this. Taking in such a deep breath like this will surely hurt your lungs.

But even though he had dodged the killing blow, the enemy had managed to retreat backwards. Wang Chao naturally didn’t wish to give up this windfall of an opportunity!

In that moment, he could only think back to when sis Chen had shot out a single breath like an arrow back in the park.

His entire body had adapted to that moment and tried to emulate the same exhale.

Concentrating on his breath, when he exhaled, several splurts of blood had flown out and flew for Zhang Wei’s face.

The blood had been from when Wang Chao injured his lungs. After passing through his throat, he had immediately spat it out from his mouth.

In that moment when Zhang Wei had fallen back, he didn’t think this would be how Wang Chao would respond. The blood that had came out from Wang Chao’s mouth had been both fast and high-pressured. In a flash, the blood had caught up with him and landed on Zhang Wei’s eyes.

“Ah!” Zhang Wei could only see red and smell blood. Despite the minor amount of blood, it had landed on his unprotected eyes, causing a burning sensation to be felt and forced him to close his eyes.

“Now’s my chance!” Wang Chao immediately felt his body loosen from the result of spitting out the blood in such a fashion. Because of the sharp inhale he made, his lungs had taken the damage from it.

But in the end, he was an expert, and an expert would not miss such an opportunity. Pouncing forward, he let out a roar! Crossing four meters, he

crossed over to the right side of Zhang Wei and immediately began to strike at Zhang Wei's rib.

Unable to open his eyes, Zhang Wei felt flustered. With his flustered movements, he hadn't been able to stabilize himself and could hurriedly move to the left in an attempt to dodge Wang Chao.

But Wang Chao's tiger stance had not fully started just yet. With a lightning quick speed that gave no time to rest, Wang Chao utilize the footwork of Bagua and stepped to the left of Zhang Wei. Utilizing the Chopping Jin, both of his arms immediately came crashing down like a whip like hail falling from the sky.

Zhang Wei's eyes were still burning and could not see at all. Constantly trying to dodge, Zhang Wei moved his arms and legs with an erratic step to them. With each strike he blocked, Zhang Wei was forced closer and closer to the edge of the platform.

Unfortunately, one of the planks had a nail that glinted another Zhang Wei's foot. When he pressed down, pcht! The steel nail ripped straight through his cloth shoe and pierced through the soles of his feet completely.

At last, Zhang Wei had been thrown off guard and stumbled.

Taking hold of the opportunity, Wang Chao's fist immediately punched onto the clavicle of Zhang Wei with a resounding crack as the Hidden Jin stabbed into his muscles.

Unable to endure it any longer, Zhang Wei fell to the floor.

Knowing that Zhang Wei had lost his fighting strength, Wang Chao fell back.

"A competition is 50% luck and 50% skill. Today I've lost to you, that is the will of the Heavens..." Zhang Wei spoke from the ground. "In this world, one cannot always do as one likes. Martial artists who die on the stage...is a death that is not unjustified..."

As he spoke, he struggled to stand up with all his energy. "I've a wife, a 5 year old son, and a 7 year old daughter. I...I hope that you can take care of them for me. In my life of martial arts, I've many enemies..."

As soon as he spoke, Zhang Wei shifted to the side of the ring. Exerting his

arm, he threw himself off the boat!

For a master of Guoshu to be defeated, that was tantamount to losing his life. Although Zhang Wei did not die, he had chose to throw himself into the ocean!

In this world, one cannot always do as one likes.

Even if one reached the peak of martial arts, it was useless.

Wang Chao strode for the side of the tanker and saw a splash just in time. Instead of being happy over his victory however, all he could feel was anguish.

Chapter 74: The Battle Had Only Just Begun

Chapter 74: The battle had only just begun

“Quick, fish him out right now!”

The battle between Zhang Wei and Wang Chao had shocked everywhere out of their breaths. It was only after Zhang Wei had his clavicle broken and jumped into the sea that everyone regained their senses.

At the same time, they knew the result of the battle.

The illustrious Zhang Wei of the Three Tigers of Guangdong had lost to a youth.

Zhao Jun’s face had twisted into a nasty look without any blood to be seen in his pale face. Sitting in his chair, the hand that was gripping his ice cold water had turned white from the pressure of trying to break the cup.

Needless to say, this loss of Zhang Wei had caused him to suffer a tremendous blow.

First of all, 100 million RMB had practically been thrown away into the waters along with his other bets. In total, he had lost 300 million RMB from the entirety of this competition.

Even as a princeling with a huge family and company, this was more than enough for his heart to burst. 300 million RMB was not a small sum.

He had invited so many martial artists here and had the combatants sign an agreement. The check for all the money had been on the table as well, no matter how much Zhao Jun wanted, there was no chance for him to renege on the deal.

The most important fact was that Zhao Jun had plants to make use of Zhang Wei’s name to enter the martial arts world to do business. This way, there would be very little chance of having any clashes with anyone, and if he couldn’t kill them, then he would make use of mercenaries. But such a danger was something to be avoided in the first place.

Disputes in the criminal world would only resort to firearms when the

animosity between the two was so bad that one of them had to die no matter what.

After all, guns would kill many people and requires the government's interference. Then when the time came, both sides would eat up heavy losses. Life insurance needed money, ammunition needed money, everything needed money....

Aside from that, there still needed to be a mediator for most disputes. If things could not be resolved, then experts were called in for a competition. Whichever side lost, then that side must abide by the ancient rules that everyone still followed today.

The Wushu, the Wulin, the underworld and the Jianghu were all connected. No matter which circle, they all intersected.

Zhang Wei's death would lead to Zhao Jun's hopes of entering the Southeast Asian martial art world being crushed.

He had lost both power and 300 million RMB.

An expert wasn't all that easy to find and invite.

Zhang Wei had long since withdrawn from the Jianghu. The only reason he had reappeared was because his business had not been doing well and was on the verge of bankruptcy. Because of this, Zhao Jun had seized an opportunity and quickly paid him money to start up once more and pulled him back into the Jianghu.

A master of martial arts that had already washed his hands free of the martial arts life had been pulled back into the Wulin for the sake of his life. But in the end, he had died on stage.

When in the Jianghu, one cannot move about freely.

This was the sorrow of Chinese Boxing.

This was the sorrow of the entire era.

Wang Chao had understood that idiom well, so when Zhang Wei had leapt into the ocean, he could not feel happy at all.

Zhao Jun's dreams had been shattered and his mind had whited out. On the

side, Wu Yingda had been doing all of the work instead of him. Calling out for people, he ordered them to don on some wetsuits and dive into the ocean to fish out Zhang Wei.

After all, Zhang Wei was still a master of martial arts. If he died by sea and people were to hear about this, who would be brave enough to work with the Ike Corporation in the future?

Wu Yingda may have been a princeling, but he was no idea. He was extraordinarily smart and while he did not have a complete and totalitarian control over Guangdong, even someone like Xu Zhen would have second thoughts on facing him.

“Ai!” Seeing Zhang Wei jump into the ocean, Chen Aiyang and Xue Lianxin both sighed from their seated positions.

They hadn’t moved to stop him since it was Zhang Wei’s own decision.

At the final moment, Wang Chao had broken Zhang Wei’s clavicle. Even if it healed, it would not be the same. Zhang Wei’s prowess at martial arts would be worse than before, and for a martial artist like him, this was not acceptable.

Rather than living in disgrace, he would rather die cleanly.

When Chen Bin looked at Wang Chao, there was a complicated look to her eyes.

Xu Zhen had also realized the outcome of the battle and shared a similar expression to Zhao Jun.

Wang Chao had not only killed his disciple Qin Maojiao, but he had also defeated Zhang Wei and forced him to leap into the ocean. This was a major humiliation for him.

Xu Zhen and Zhang Wei had never any friendship between them, but they were still both the Three Tigers of Guangdong. Now that Wang Chao had beaten Zhang Wei, it was a blow to the Three Tigers of Guangdong in reputation.

It was only if Xu Zhen or Dai Jun beat Wang Chao that they would reclaim their reputation.

To be called one of the Three Tigers of Guangdong was a prestigious name, but

at the same time, it was also an easily damaged name.

However, after seeing Wang Chao fight, Xu Zhen found himself thinking there might not be a way to win.

His mind had whirled with thought as he tried to find a way to deal with Wang Chao. After killing his disciple, there could be no vengeance.

After 10 minutes, a group of divers had finally pulled Zhang Wei from the oceans. At this moment, Zhang Wei could not be seen breathing. Just like this, a master art master of Wingchun had left the world of the living.

After having Wang Chao strike at him with the tiger stance, his clavicle had been broken. After stepping onto the nail, his foot had been pierced through. Both injuries had lead him to be very injured, and after falling several meters down into the ocean and staying there for 10 minutes, death was a sure thing.

After Zhang Wei was placed back on the center of the deck, several of the masters gathered nearby. When they saw his bruising, they all sighed while at the same time reevaluating Wang Chao.

After all, a person who was able to defeat Zhang Wei of the Three Tigers would most definitely become a famous martial artist.

Wang Chao's name would echo throughout the Wulin!

Killing Qin Maojiao had given him some reputation, but defeating Zhang Wei in a competition would send his name soaring through the air.

Wang Chao remained by Zhang Wei side and looked at the master who had threw himself into the ocean after his loss in silence. Taking off his outer shirt, he covered Zhang Wei's face.

The chest area of his clothes had already been ripped apart by Zhang Wei's Hidden Jin attack. So when he tore it off to cover Zhang Wei's face, all of the bystanders could see that Wang Chao had respected and felt sorry for Zhang Wei.

Zhang Wei's Wingchun was truly at a realm of perfection, a realm that very few people could step into. That sudden but fierce One Inch Finger had been extremely deadly. If it were not for Wang Chao's quick thinking and made use of

the “Snake Transforming into Dragon” move of the Assault of Dragon and Snake to cave in his chest, he would not have been able to survive.

When a snake inhaled, it raised its head in preparation to strike. Its own neck would strike out, leaving its most vital part exposed. This move of Wang Chao was the most dangerous out of the snake stance.

This victory of Wang Chao had been halfway reliant on luck. If it were not for the blood he spat it hitting Zhang Wei’s eyes to blur his vision, then Wang Chao wouldn’t have been able to capitalize on the opportunity.

Even then, when Wang Chao was trying his best to attack, Zhang Wei had been surprisingly nimble as he blocked and dodged him.

If time went on for that battle, then Wang Chao’s tiger stance would be noticeably weaker. Zhang Wei would have capitalized on this opportunity to wipe away the blood and recover his strength by then.

By that point, the outcome of the battle would be up in the air once more.

But because of an act of God, Zhang Wei’s eyes had been affected and he inadvertently stepped onto a nail.

That had been Zhang Wei’s death sentence. Even an extremely strong expert wouldn’t be able to keep his composure after such an injury. So how would an expert in such a battle between equally strong fighters be affected?

After covering Zhang Wei’s face, Wang Chao had discovered that the needle that had secured his victory was still stuck in Zhang Wei’s foot. Grabbing onto it, Wang Chao pulled it out from his foot.

The nail had been longer than his middle finger and the point had shined brightly under the light.

By now, Chen Aiyang and Xue Lianxin saw the needle and shook their heads before standing up.

“Wang Chao is the victor of this competition!” After everyone had recollected themselves, everyone had conceded to this fact. Zhang Wei had died, and so the announcer who killed the chicken at the start of the match called out the match’s verdict.

Wang Chao changed into a new pair of clothings and looked to the stunned Yao Xiaoxue and Zhao Xinglong. It was only until the announcer had called out the result that they had regained their wits. Yao Xiaoxue had numbly walked up to the stage and started to manage the financial side of the bet with the official.

In such a big competition, there was undoubtedly many fair and just martial art masters. So those that had put in money to make their bets would definitely not try to default on their dues.

Zhao Jun had also used a cash check that was within a suitcase. After inspecting it, Yao Xiaoxue had no problems with it.

100 million RMB was not a small amount of money at all. So even after 2 years of dabbling in the business world, she had never seen so much money in her hands before. To her, this feeling was especially good.

The previous 100 million RMB that they had borrowed from the bank would sooner or later have interest owed to it. Such a feeling like that was not good. It was like having a mountain press down on her and suffocate her.

After all, 100 million RMB would have a monthly interest that would amount to a decent sum of money.

But having this extra 100 million RMB was a completely different feeling that caused her to feel extremely happier.

By the time Wang Chao had changed his clothes and returned, his face was quite pale. Even his steps had a wobbly feel to it as an indicator to his state of health.

After his fight with Zhang Wei, Wang Chao may not have been physically hurt by Zhang Wei's blows, but because of that sharp inhale and exhale, he had injured his lungs. This internal injury had not been so bad during the battle due to adrenaline, but afterwards where his fight or flight response had dimmed, Wang Chao suddenly felt it harder to breathe. Both his chest and lungs were hurting, but his throat felt as if there was someone burning wood within it.

"This is bad, an internal wound isn't like an external wound. An external wound can heal with time, but an internal wound can last for an entire lifetime." Wang Chao's hands pressed against his chest and began to regulate his

breath in an attempt to get a feel for his condition.

If it were Tang Zichen by his side, then she would have easily healed his wounds. But Tang Zichen had long since left Wang Chao. So now it was up to Wang Chao to deal with his own injuries.

The Assault of Dragon and Snake style was comprised of the dragon, snake, and horse stances along with the essence of the Smashing, Drilling, and Pounding Fists. Wang Chao had naturally learned each one of these to proficiency at the very least. The other stances had not yet reached such a level.

The Assault of Dragon and Snake style required to have both form and spirit in its stances and then temper the organs, pores, and bones. The inner and outer body must be tempered completely so that the inner organs would be tempered, especially the heart, kidney, spleen, liver, lung, intestines, and stomach. Only after this would there be a harmony of form and intent that would lead to the realm of perfection.

Although Wang Chao had been able to temper his body with the Tiger's Thunder, it had not yet fully strengthened his marrow and his inner organs.

Without a perfected skill at it, trying to forcefully breathe like he did in the match would naturally lead to an injury.

Tang Zichen's martial art had already reached the epitome of perfection. With just a compression of her shoulders, she could push out a bullet that was shot into it. Her skin, muscles, and inner organs had been tempered completely with Clear and Hidden Jin running through every single pore in rapid succession.

Wang Chao was not yet at such a stage.

"Let's go."

After seeing Yao Xiaoxue finish up her tasks, he nodded to the others and left the ship. With his current injuries, he wouldn't be able to fight anyone. It was fortunate that there were no enemies as of right now to fight him, so leaving straight away was the best option.

Zhao Jun had taken up a major loss so there was no way he would let things lie as they were. With Xu Zhen around, there was a chance for him to decide to fight him straight away for the sake of his disciple's justice.

In Wang Chao's current strength, the "Little Arm Saint" would easily defeat him in less than 10 moves.

"Don't leave yet, stand your ground!"

Just as Wang Chao was about to leave, a sudden voice could be heard from the east where Xu Zhen was. However, the voice did not belong to Xu Zhen and instead belonged to the woman standing by his side.

This woman was clearly a disciple of Xu Zhen. She was obviously not an ordinary disciple, otherwise, she would not have been able to watch this competition today.

All of the people seated here were all extraordinary people.

At the very least, any wealthy person had the rights to watch this match.

All those martial artists seated here today were all very high positioned people and reputable figures in the Wulin. The disciples they brought with them were generally the favored disciples that would one day take up the mantle to take on challenges for their masters and protect their name.

Wang Chao and Zhang Wei's competition had been a superb opportunity to study from. Those martial art masters would naturally want to bring their disciples to learn from this.

Although all of the disciples that were here were all older than Wang Chao, he had already made a name for himself after this battle. His ascent up as a master of martial arts would naturally have many masters not wishing to be an enemy to him, so what disciple would dare try?

But there had been a single disciple that did, forcing Wang Chao to look at the person who called out to him.

"Eh?!" Wang Chao immediately stood still as the woman who called out to him strode over. She was about 25 years old in age and wore a pure white uniform. Her black bangs hung over her forehead and covered a part of her face, revealing only her bright eyes and delicate facial features.

"You killed our elder disciple, do you think you could walk away from this before the debt is settled?" The woman's eyes had glared straight at Wang Chao.

Wang Chao hadn't looked at the woman and instead towards Xu Zhen.

With his current reputation, Wang Chao would be treated as a senior of the Wulin instead of being grouped with the younger generation. The rules to this competition today had been made especially clear to all those who participated. Thus, when Xu Zhen's disciple had strode forward without any warning, it had spoke volumes to everyone on just how lax Xu Zhen's discipline was towards his disciples.

"Director Xu, your disciple was indeed killed by me, but that was during a competition of life and death. If you wish to take revenge, then I will naturally be open to receiving a challenge from you. However, by calling your disciple after my competition with Zhang Fei, do you think that I will not be able to win against her?"

Wang Chao's words had been calm and composed.

"Haruko, come back!" Xu Zhen's eyes closed as he slammed his hand onto the armrest of his chair with a loud smack! Kacha, the armrest had immediately splintered away after his use of the Hidden Jin.

"Master Wang, this is not my disciple, but the daughter of my friend. I will not interfere after your match with master Zhang, but soon enough the debt I have with you will be settled. When that time comes, I will naturally send you a written challenge. But today will not due, otherwise the other seniors here will take me as one who only fights when there is an advantage."

With that, Xu Zhen stood up and gave Haruko a hard stare, "We're leaving!"

Seeing Xu Zhen leave the tanker, Chen Bin came walking forward to whisper to Wang Chao, "That girl is the daughter of a Japanese martial artist. If she tries to cause trouble for you again, treat her without mercy. Her challenge right now was just an attempt to take advantage of your injuries to defeat you."

Chapter 75: Chen Aiyang's Skill

Chapter 75: Chen Aiyang's skill

When it came to the history of Guoshu, there had always been an unavoidable dispute with the Japanese.

Wang Chao had studied up on the history of Guoshu and thus had a clear understanding of it.

That was not mention the fact that “Karate” had originated from the “Chinese Hand”.

Not to mention that “Aikido” had been formed shortly after Morihei Ueshiba fought in Manchuria against Russia for Japan and learned Taichi during his time there.

“Kyokushin Karate” master Mas Oyama had lived in Manchuria during 1932 to 1938. During that time, he had learned southern Chinese martial arts “18 Fists”.

Three years into the Republic of China, Xingyi and Taichi master Hao Enguang from the Chinese Warrior Society had crossed over to Japan and taught Chinese martial arts to the Chinese in Japan. In the end, a Japanese Kendo master pretended to be Chinese and learned under him. In the end, he had challenged and beaten Hao Enguang who later died in grief.

In Shanghai, Huo Yunjia's Chin Woo Athletes Association had a dispute with the Japanese dojo in the Hongkou district. This dispute had later been transformed into the movie *Fist of Fury*, along with several other novels and legends that had been seen by many people.

No matter if it was an adult or child, everyone had heard of the famous saying, “The Great Wall will never fall, and the Thousand mile Yellow River will flow continuously...”

The series of disputes within the recent history between China and Japan was enough to fill several volumes of history textbooks.

When Wang Chao had heard from Chen Bin's mouth that the disciple next to

Xu Zhen was from Japan, the question he originally had had suddenly made sense.

“So that’s the reason, no wonder she jumped out like that then. Despite the anger Xu Zhen has towards me, as a martial art master, just how would he have a disciple that knows nothing of the rules?”

It could be said that after this victory, Wang Chao’s name would spread throughout the southeast Chinese martial arts world.

If he were to lose to anyone even in his injured state, then that person would immediately become famous. This was a temptation that wasn’t small by any normal means even though he was very injured.

“That ‘Little Arm Saint’ is a man with the air of a master. But why has he brought a Japanese girl with him to watch this fight?” Wang Chao spoke with confusion.

“Xu Zhen’s Tianle Corporation has many business deals with the Japanese industries. The girl’s name is Yagyu Haruko. Her father is Yagyu Suimei, a board member of Mitsubishi. She herself is an expert of the Goju-ryu Karate and came to Xu Zhen to exchange notes. But in the end, the vengeance for the death of a disciple is something for us Chinese to take care of, just how could we let a Japanese martial artist decide what to do? You beat Zhang Wei, but if you let that Japanese girl beat you, just where would the reputation of Xu Zhen go as one of the Three Tigers of Guangdong?”

The founder of the Goju-Ryu Karate could be traced back to Chojun Miyaji in 1906. After learning the Shaolin White Crane Fist, he went back to Japan had founded the Goju-ryu Karate.

The Goju-ryu Karate name had originated from the secretly passed down book Wubei Zhi from the White Crane Fist where it mentioned to “Take in hardness and softness and change at any time.”.

Chen Bin smiled and her eyebrows crinkled to form the shape of the crescent moon. Looking at Wang Chao, she spoke, “Your stunt back there with your lungs had caused it to tear apart. If it weren’t for your health and martial arts, then you would have gone into shock. At the very least, you would have been unable to fight anyone for half a year.”

Chen Bin was also an expert of martial arts. Although she was still far away from her brother Chen Aiyang, her perception was still very strong. She deeply understood the human body, and after talking with Wang Chao for a moment, she had already figured out how severe his injuries were.

The tearing of the lungs and bringing blood into the windpipe wasn't like any regular fracture of the bone. If one wasn't careful, then they could lose their life.

An internal injury was far more dangerous than an external wound. An external wound was only scary looking, but that could be healed with time.

But an internal injury wasn't the same. It was a warning sign of the body. If a person didn't know, then their inner organs could slowly degrade and slowly makes it way to the epidermis of the skin or any other part of the body.

So for the most part, when a person finally detected that they had an internal wound, it was far too late. With it flaring up, there was no hope of it being cured.

Although Wang Chao's martial art had not yet tempered his inner body and his organs, they were still somewhat stronger than the average person. He could feel the damage in his body and knew how serious it was.

The lung was involved in the breathing process, and martial artists would often breathe heavily. In fact, "the fist comes from the mouth" was a saying that explained at the moment of contact, a single breath would be given, just how much power would come from such a motion?

Wang Chao's damage in his lungs had essentially made him feel it hard to breathe. So just how much power did he lose?

After he was speaking with Chen Bin, all of the other martial art masters had already left on their own high speed motorboats.

"Zhao my friend, let's go."

Wu Yingda, the smartest of the three princelings was already thinking of a countermeasure for the things that had happened today and was unwilling to stay here for much longer.

This was the boat of the Chenshi Corporation. He didn't wish to be rude and plot on top of their boat. The Chenshi Corporation were business partners with

the Ike Corporation after all.

Seeing Chen Bin smile at Wang Chao, Wu Yingda had known that the Chenshi Corporation was willing to pull Wang Chao into their group.

Although the Ike Corporation had a deal with the Chenshi Corporation, the Chenshi Corporation were free to follow the ideology of “the enemy of my friend is my enemy” or not. In the end, both the Ike Corporation and the Chenshi Corporations were both major powers that would eventually cross paths. There was no such thing as an eternal enemy, just an eternal pursuit of profit.

Zhao Jun had already turned pale from the loss he had incurred this day. Wu Yingda was afraid that his anger may flare up and cause something despite the situation they were in. Quickly pulling aside Wang Xiaolei and speaking a few words to him, he ordered someone to carry Zhang Wei’s body and left.

No matter what anyone said, Zhang Wei was a martial artist for their corporation, burying his body was the right thing to do.

An hour later, the boat was completely devoid of people. Even Xue Lianxin and his disciples had boarded another boat off towards the direction of Fujian and Taiwan.

At that moment, the entire boat had only Wang Chao, Zhao Xinglong, Yao Xiaoxue, Chen Bin, Chen Aiyang and a few other bodyguards.

“I will be taking my leave as well.” Wang Chao had wanted to leave a long time ago, but Chen Bin had kept talking to him. Now that everyone was gone, he had wanted to leave too.

“Don’t be in such a rush, we’re friends aren’t we? Come sit down.” Chen Bin’s smile had been splendid, but no matter what angle he looked at her, Wang Chao felt like Little Red Riding Hood and she was the wolf.

“Master Wang.” A soft sounding voice could be heard as Chen Aiyang came walking forward. “You and I are both martial artists. I can see that your wounds are quite heavy, please allow me to call for some doctors to help treat you. Don’t see this as an act of courtesy, but rather an act of friendship. Being hurt in a competition is a common occurrence after all.”

When Wang Chao saw how insistent the brother and sister was, he couldn’t

argue any more.

The group had walked into the hold of the ship with Zhao Xinglong looking around everywhere in surprise. The boat had been superbly amazing and was even more superb than a five-star hotel. Even the floors were draped with a handmade purple and gold rugosa rose carpet.

From the perspective of an outsider, the Chenshi Corporation was grand, rich, and high-ranking. It definitely had well over a billion RMB in assets and could compare to the rich Shanxi Mining company that often had famous car shows.

“Master Wang, please sit.”

As they entered an expansive room, several interesting bookshelves could be seen with a yellow rosewood chair and mahogany table at the side. There was also several shelves and a diagram of all the meridian channels in the human body. On the table, there was an ink stone with a sword hanging overhead for everyone to see.

This had let Wang Chao feel as if he had entered the modern day room of a scholar.

“Master Chen, if you would please.”

Wang Chao nodded politely before sitting down.

“Your breathing rate isn’t smooth, allow me to take a look.” Sitting down, Chen Aiyang went straight to the main topic and began to look at him.

Seeing how Chen Aiyang would be helping him, Wang Chao nodded. Extending his arm, Wang Chao allowed for Chen Aiyang’s fingers to press against the meridian channels in his arms.

Wang Chao could only feel the two fingers of Chen Aiyang press against his finger before sending in energy through the pores in small waves.

Chen Aiyang was breaking out with Hidden Jin, but it had been extremely soft. Instead of it being the normal needle like sensation, this time was more like cotton.

“What a guy, he could force his Hidden Jin to become soft.” Wang Chao had been extremely shocked. Although he himself was at the Hidden Jin stage, he

was only able to break out with Hidden Jin in the form as a needle and could not make it as soft as Chen Aiyang was doing.

To be able to manipulate the Hidden Jin in this fashion, one must have their martial arts permeate their inner organs and be able to use their heart to break out with Jin precisely.

“It’s no wonder he is called the number one expert of the southeastern Chinese martial arts world. Compared to him, I’m far away from his level.”

“Master Chen is quite skilled I am quite ashamed of my inferiority.” Wang Chao sighed.

“This is nothing much. I’ve eight years more food than Master Wang, that’s all.” Chen Aiyang spoke, showing that he was older than Wang Chao by 8 years at the very least.

“Might I ask what level of martial arts Master Chen has reached when stepping in the water? Does it go past the knee?” Wang Chao suddenly asked.

“Ashamed as I am, the water reaches up to my thighs. There is still three inches above my knee.” Chen Aiyang replied. At first, he had been confused before realizing Wang Chao was also a Taichi practitioner.

“Ai, for the water to reach only my knee, that is considered the pinnacle of strength. I am still lacking three inches, but each inch will require another five years at the very least. Whether or not I can reach this pinnacle however is not something that time can make up for. It depends on one’s comprehension and degree of enthrallment. I can only dream of it for now.”

Wang Chao sighed, “This dream is something that any ordinary practitioner can only dream about even after a hundred years.”

Chen Aiyang’s fingers dropped as he smiled, “You have this dream too I see.”

“That is the realm of our predecessors. In our current world, such men cannot be seen so easily anymore. Xue Lianxin and Zhu Hongzhi had reached the Transforming Jin stage at the age of 45. Even those in the military in Beijing were close to this realm. But those of us still living on this stage like you and I, Xu Zhen, and Zhang Wei, we are only at the Hidden Jin stage.”

“Eh?! Could master Chen not yet fully mastered the Hidden Jin in his entire body?” Wang Chao asked.

“I am not yet at such a stage.” Chen Aiyang spoke before changing topics straight away. “You’ve indeed torn your lungs—it won’t be easy to heal. Fortunately, there is an ointment within our Taichi discipline that is meant to help such a state. It should help you nicely.”

Afterwards, Chen Aiyang grabbed a medicinal bottle from the shelves and began to pour it onto a small spoon.

The medicine had been dark in color and had the scent of a loquat.

“Pei Pa Koa?” Before Chen Aiyang had taken out the medicine, Yao Xiaoxue had been extremely excited. She had seen many movies where there had been magical herbs that could increase one’s strength. Pills made from alchemy that were unparalleled in efficacy, thousand year old ginseng, ten thousand year old Chinese knotweed, etcetera etcetera. Who knew that the medicine that Chen Aiyang was talking about was Pei Pa Koa, the syrup that she herself used when she had a cough?

TL Note: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nin_Jiom_Pei_Pa_Koa

“Almost. However there are a few more ingredients in this than the average Pei Pa Koa.” Chen Aiyang spoke, “This is how medicine works. To treat an injury, the right things must be absorbed. If it is not absorbed correctly, then the medicine will instead cause damage.”

“Sister, please take miss Yao on a tour.”

After Chen Bin took Yao Xiaoxue around, Wang Chao took off his shirt and allowed for Chen Aiyang to apply some of the ointment to several pieces of cloth to Wang Chao’s chest and back.

After applying them, his hand moved in a circle before suddenly breaking out with Hidden Jin!

Wang Chao could only feel the Pei Pa Koa enter through his pores and into his lungs.

Immediately his lungs felt refreshed and the burning sensation from before

had began to cool down.

Chen Aiyang patted the back of Wang Chao lightly. “The medicine must reach through all the way. As long as the Hidden Jin is applied for half an hour, the medicine will go all the way through. Recuperate for half a month, and you will recover.”

The ordinary person would take medicine orally with the majority of the medicine would be wastefully leaked out. One would need to eat everyday for months. Furthermore, the medicine would have to pass through the intestines and kidneys which would lead to harm after a while.

But Chen Aiyang had transmitted the medicine directly through the usage of the Hidden Jin and delivered the medicine to the lungs without any of it being wasted.

This was the difference between the two methods. The earth has its soil, but the heavens has its clouds.

Chapter 76: Fishing Toad Jin and Rash Bull Jin

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Huuu! Huuu! Chen Aiyang's hands moved gently across Wang Chao's back as he pressed and massaged it gently like a butterfly flapping its wings.

With each press, Wang Chao could feel the Pei Pa Koa moving through his pores and into his lungs, bringing a cooling sensation with it.

Chen Aiyang's hands never stopped moving for 10 entire minutes. Wang Chao could hear each inhale and exhale he made. Even his speeding up heart rate could be heard quite loudly, thump! Thump! Thump! Each heart beat had been clear sounding like a hammer pounding down on iron.

After using the Hidden Jin, it was only natural that the heart would feel fatigued.

Strands of sweat could be seen on Wang Chao's back.

This wasn't Wang Chao's sweat, but Chen Aiyang's after using Hidden Jin. With the consistent break out of it, his pores had begun to leak sweat.

"What a guy, he's already used the Hidden Jin for at least 30 strikes."

Using the Hidden Jin in such a soft matter had an extremely high consumption rate for energy since the manipulation of Hidden Jin had to be very precise.

The source of Hidden Jin came from the heart, and the heart rate could not be controlled so precisely by normal means.

The heart of any regular person would start to beat faster when anxious. If they began to calm down, then their heart would slow down as well.

When anxious, the heart would leap and increase in tempo! It would thump quickly and the person would start to sweat.

But that was the extent of what most people had control over.

A martial artist who practiced internal martial arts could control their hearts and harmonize it with their will for a far more accurate precision.

Each minute, they could ensure that their hearts would beat at a desired rate.

Slowing it down by restraining the pores, the heart could be slowed down by three or four times the regular heart rate.

But when breaking out with Jin, the heart rate would be start to beat even faster.

Heart serves as the source of power for the inner organs and the human body. For a martial artist, they tempered their marrow which in turn creates blood which then served as the source of power. If the heart was the engine of a human body, then the blood was oil for the engine.

Use martial arts to strengthen the body and inner organs. This way, one's organs would be stronger than the regular person's.

If one's martial art did not reach the inner organs, then the limit of the human body would never be able to be broken and raised.

Discover the potential from one's limit, and then increase the potential you could draw from it.

Wang Chao had already reached the limits of his body while also currently trying to temper his marrow. He was gradually changing his body for the better so that he would be able to break out with more power in the future.

But it went without question that on this road he was traveling, Chen Aiyang was farther ahead.

"Done! I've already used the Hidden Jin to apply the Pei Pa Koa into the afflicted areas in your lungs. You'll need to rest for half a month however. That means no fighting and do not get angry. It would be best if you don't take any deep breaths either. Be steady when you make any sudden movements and be relaxed. Otherwise, your lungs will tear a second time and cause an even bigger problem."

Half an hour later, Chen Aiyang had finally stopped.

"What skill! Practitioners capable of Hidden Jin are truly amazing!" Wang Chao had thought when he saw the previously Pei Pa Koa stained cloth back in its original white color as if it had never been stained!

Not a single speck of the Pei Pa Koa could be seen.

Any white piece of cloth with Pei Pa Koa wouldn't been clean even after being washed with water repeatedly. But Chen Aiyang's Hidden Jin had been able of doing such a feat without a trace of it!

A skill like this was not something that could be considered amateurish at all. Even to Wang Chao who was relatively new to the martial arts world could tell this was not ordinary by any means.

Chen Aiyang gave a small smile and had someone bring him a basin to wash his hands. After drying his hands, he called for two cups of tea to be brought over.

The room had only them two, Zhao Xinglong, and the three bodyguards. Yao Xiaoxue had already been sent away with Chen Bin on a tour.

“What is the situation like in the Japanese martial arts world?”

Wang Chao could see that Chen Aiyang was in a talkative mood. He who was a veteran and held a monopoly over the martial arts world here.

Sipping from the tea cup given to him, Wang Chao could sense that it was a rather fragrant tea and was obviously a high quality tea.

The entire tea set was red in color—it was the most precious “vermilion” chinaware.

“The Japanese martial arts world is similar to the Korean one, both have been commercialized and been transformed to be a performance. But compared to the Korean world, the Japanese martial arts world still has many experts that place importance on tradition. After all, the Japanese martial arts has far more detail on martial arts and its culture than the Korean one.”

Chen Aiyang had hit the nail on the head in regards to what Wang Chao was looking for.

“The Japanese Karate Association has been flourishing since the 1970s just like the Korean Taekwondo Union. Now that they have spread out throughout the world, even the Europeans have a strong market for them. In each year, both associations have an expected revenue of billions of RMB. This is a world we Chinese cannot compare to.”

Chen Aiyang sighed, “The warriors change the world through martial prowess, but even that is something that can no longer be done. Those of us in the Chinese martial arts world are not willing to become performers, thus, decline is inevitable.”

Wang Chao nodded his head, “We’ve already reached the middle layers of Chinese martial arts and are already at the step of making it into the next layer. For those like us, we truly do not wish to enter the public face and sell out our skills for amusement and performance. But in time, the art of Guoshu may become a relic of the past. If anyone wishes to know about it, they would only be able to consult the history books for it.”

Chen Aiyang’s finger stroked the vermilion chinaware with a happy expression as if he was a child playing with his favorite item.

“This is not something either of us can solve. With the current times progressing faster than our spread, it is no use no matter how strong you are. We can only maintain the foundation of martial arts in hopes that we can pass them down. After all, the soul of martial arts is on us Chinese to pass down no matter how often it is passed down.

“Well, that’s enough of that. Let us talk about the Japanese martial arts world. I’ve stayed in the S province in the mainlands, so I don’t know much. If it weren’t for the fact I offended Zhao Jun, then I would not have been here.

Despite the organization having plenty of information on the Japanese martial arts world, those were collected dozens of years ago. They were lacking modern day information.

Wang Chao was thinking about that Yagyu Haruko and had suddenly realized that there may be a chance that there would be conflict with the Japanese martial arts world. ‘Know thy enemy, and you will never lose in a hundred battles’. Wang Chao had wanted this information to nip any trouble before it could begin. Chen Aiyang was a lively figure within the southeast Asian martial arts world, so he must have some semblance of knowledge on the Japanese side.

“The Japanese martial arts, I’m sure you’re familiar with Karate, Kendo, Judo, and Aikido. There are many martial artist families, but the most prominent ones are the Yagyu family, the Miyamoto, the Funakoshi, the Oyama, the Miyagi, the

Iga and several other families. Japan hasn't experienced a cultural revolution recently, and so the aristocratic families are relics of the past. After generations of infiltrating China to learn our martial arts, they were able to build their own styles off of it. At the very least, the methods that have been lost in our Chinese martial arts world can be found in the Japanese world. By now, the Japanese martial arts world isn't all that much different than ours."

"That is true, the aristocratic families are created after time, but China no longer has such a long standing family line." Wang Chao nodded.

Chen Aiyang began to speak even more, "There are many Japanese experts, many of the leaders of clans were experts who have reached the Hidden Jin stage. For example, Haruko's father, Yangyu Suimei was an expert at Karate, Aikido, Judo, Jingshan Xingyi Fencing, and Yi Quan. His skill at martial art is even a little stronger than Xu Zhen."

"Jingshan Xingyi Fencing? Yangyu Suimei has learned even Jinshan Xingyi Fencing?" Wang Chao was surprised. He knew that understanding and doing were two different things.

And when Chen Aiyang said the word 'Jingshan', Wang Chao knew that this had to be a higher realm of perfection.

"Yes, 14 years after the reign of Qing emperor Guangxu ended, Xingyi grandmaster Che Yizhai defeated Japanese Kendo expert Taro Itayama and won the award of 'Fifth Order of the Flower Blossom'. Because of that, the Japanese martial arts world had coveted the sword style of Xingyi Quan. When the Republic of China had happened, they were able to secretly learn the method on how to from Hao Enguang. 70 to 80 years from then, the sword style had then been spread throughout the Japanese martial arts world. Xu Zhen and Yangyu Suimei are business partners halfly because of business, the other half is to both learn the essence of Xingyi Fencing. Yangyu Suimei would most likely want to learn Xu Zhen's White Ape style Tongbei I'm sure as well."

"En, so that's the reason."

Learning martial arts at first required absolute concentration and pureness of spirit. After learning, one must constantly experiment to increase one's level.

Wang Chao had naturally understood why Xu Zhen did the things he was

doing.

“In terms of Kendo, Miyamoto Itsuo comes to mind first. But he is already nearing 80 years old and his strength is already very lacking and is a shadow of his prime. His clan still has several outstanding figures however, such as Miyamoto Itsujo who is 30 years old and is at the Hidden Jin stage as well. He can mimic and copy his opponents with ease. Even that Yagyu Haruko is a well known figure in the Japanese martial arts world and is about Qin Maojiao’s level of expertise around.”

After that, Chen Aiyang began to speak of several things he knew about the Japanese martial arts world that Wang Chao didn’t know about.

“Right now in the Japanese martial arts world, aside from the prestigious elders from the previous generations that are unable to fight, there are 34 distinguished youths and middle aged persons. The most prominent one is Iga Minamoto who has never lost a battle. Since his childhood, he learned the Eight Extreme fists, Yi Quan, and many other disciplines. Right now, he is already 40 years old and there are rumors that he has already reached the Transforming Jin stage. He has spent his entire life on the path of martial arts with no wife or children. Martial arts is his only love.”

“Have you fought against him before?” Wang Chao subconsciously asked before realizing he had spoke an unnecessary question. Chen Aiyang had already made it clear that the two had never fought before.

Chen Aiyang shook his head, “I have not. He is currently the martial arts teacher for the family of the Emperor of Japan and does not come out often.”

Although the emperor of Japan held no real power, their prestige was still quite high and were quite wealthy. They were still similar to England and Denmark’s royal family.

When China had underwent its revolution, the emperor and aristocratic families had all disappeared into thin air.

“However I have fought with Ichiro Funakoshi of the Funakoshi clan. His martial arts has reached one of the higher levels of martial arts and is among the top 10 in the Japanese martial arts world.”

“What was the result?” Wang Chao asked curiously.

“I’m ashamed to say,” Chen Aiyang spoke with a faint smile, “After 10 minutes of fighting, he was killed after my fist struck and broke his skull.”

A 10 minute competition was already very long. An expert could kill in an instant just like how an antelope would be killed in an instant by a cheetah.

Taichi was extremely fierce. Pound! Hammer! Whip! Three different ways to issue Jin. Although Taichi had the soft style where one listened to Jin and borrowed power to fight, that was a supplementary skill. In a true battle, both would be used in the right situation.

A timely burst of Jin was after all timely. Just like in a large scale battle where there was a guerrilla group fighting, you used another guerrilla group instead of a full on army to combat it.

Chinese boxing’s essential point was hardness.

Chen Aiyang’s whip arm of his Taichi was something Wang Chao had never seen before, but he was convinced that it was able to issue power at an extremely high level.

To be able to split a man’s skull was almost guaranteed. Even Yang Luchan could split a giant boulder with a single whip of his steel like arm.

Wang Chao and Chen Aiyang both began to talk more about the Japanese martial arts world and then about their own martial arts. Wang Chao had even spoke of the Xingyi, Taichi, and Bagua he had learned along with the comprehension he had gained from grandfather Li. Even Chen Aiyang couldn’t help but admire that.

In the end, Wang Chao had mentioned the most abstruse method he had learned to temper the marrow, “Xingyi Quan’s Tiger’s Thunder and Bagua’s Hengha. Taichi must have some sort of method to temper the marrow as well, but there are far too many branches to know, which discipline are you from?”

Chen Aiyang spoke, “Wang Zongyue was a successor to the Wudang style martial arts. My Taichi was based off of that. The method of marrow tempering is the the Wudang Golden Toad style Fishing Toad Jin.”

As he spoke, Chen Aiyang began to demonstrate by having his entire body tremble before a “gugu”, “gugu”, “guuguu” sound could be heard. It sounded like a bull, but also like the croaking of a toad.

“Wudang Style’s marrow tempering secret has both the Fishing Toad Jin and the Rash Bull Jin. Both have their similarities.

Chapter 77: Six Doors to Good Practices

Chapter 77: Six doors to good practices

“The techniques of the scholarly disciplines are truly inconceivable.”

Seeing Chen Aiyang demonstrate the “Fishing Toad Jin” by vibrating his entire body and his chest puff up slightly as if sucking in the world, Wang Chao closed his eyes. In his mind, he could imagine a giant bull and a tiny toad that were both sucking in a large amount of air.

Chen Aiyang’s voice was much louder than the Tiger’s Thunder that Wang Chao knew.

When Wang Chao opened his eyes, Chen Aiyang’s entire body had shook with enough force that even his inner organs shook. A loud “Guu, guuguu” sound could be heard as Chen Aiyang’s throat vibrated with sound.

“My Tiger’s Thunder has only reached to my muscles, but yours has already reached your inner organs.” Wang Chao sighed in admiration.

If three men walk together, one of them will be a teacher to the others.

Even if one was lacking, they still had something worth learning from, what about a Taichi master then? Wang Chao knew that after removing the fickle and impatient side to him. So he knew when he was lacking and had naturally wished to ask for guidance.

All of the grandmasters and experts of the past had learned by asking.

It was only through this method that one would be able to reach the peak. No one entered the world stage without an equal.

Chen Aiyang was also a person who had trained his impurities away. When he had heard the heartfelt praise and admiration from Wang Chao, he naturally did not feel arrogant.

His entire body had loosened up and collected the energy and sound. Almost as if all of the frogs within a pond had disappeared, the sound before had completely disappeared.

“The methods to good health from the scholarly families have been past down since the ancient times. The *Yellow Emperor’s Internal Canon*, Zhuangzi, Laozi, and so forth, they have expounded upon the topics and passed down their teachings for thousands of years with many people adding to it. How is this not a miraculous thing?”

When Chen Aiyang heard Wang Chao refer to the “Fishing Toad Jin” as a method for good health rather than a technique for fighting, he had understood Wang Chao had understood the meaning and difference between the two.

And that was correct! No matter if it was the “Tiger’s Thunder”, or the “Hengha”, the “Fishin Toad Jin”, the “Rash Bull Jin”, the 12 stances of Xingyi, the greater and lesser stances to Taichi, they were all methods to improving the body and health. They were meant to prolong one’s life and not for use in a competition of martial arts.

Hua Tuo had created the “Five Animal Exercises”: the ape, bear, crane, tiger and deer. These five animal forms were the basis on which Xingyi Quan was founded upon.

In the past, Daoist priests were all doctors who concocted pills of immortality. As they observed the living beings of the world generation after generation, they were able to figure out the human body down to the finest details like it was the back of their hands. Countless men were able to develop many different ways to nourish and cultivate the body.

Later on, these methods to good health had coincided with ways to fight people on the battleground. That was how martial arts was formed.

To fight without this nourishment was to have a root with no water. To have this method of nourishment without being able to fight had simply meant one could not fight in actual combat.

The methods to cultivating a good health symbolized softness where all internal practitioners must learn slowly without impatience. The methods to fighting symbolize hardness, so each strike an expert did was mighty and strong, capable of destroying stone.

No matter the fighting techniques from any country or nationality, they were all the same in practicality. But when it came to cultivation methods for

nourishment, only the Chinese had such a thorough and extensive research. After so many years, who else but the Daoist priests tried so hard?

That was why Guoshu stood over all other nationalities in terms of fighting prowess.

The ways to killing were all the same. But nourishment methods varied against each other greatly.

Martial art's most important feature was to exercise and not to fight. That was why Tang Zichen had been so meticulous when she taught Wang Chao, clearly separating the training method, fighting method, and performance to him so as to avoid any confusion.

Having such an expert to talk to, Wang Chao did not want to miss this chance. Chen Aiyang had not been secretive at all and revealed his secret method. Wang Chao had done the same with his Bagua, Xingyi, and even Taichi by explaining what Tang Zichen spoke to him.

And through this, Wang Chao had spent the entire day and night talking. By the second day, the cruiser had finally arrived at the docks to Hong Kong.

The Chenshi Corporation had many assets in Hong Kong, and while Chen Aiyang and Chen Bin were not the leaders of the Chenshi Corporation, the amount of power they could exercise was still inconceivable to say the least.

Chen Aiyang himself had major sway over real estate.

The Chenshi Corporation was a major family that held major political power in the Singaporean circles. Singapore was originally managed by a single family. Lee Kuan Yew and Lee Hsien Loong had both lead the Singaporean world.

Although the Chen family was not as strong as the Lee family, it was within the top 10 in the Singapore. Of course, both families had fought against each other, and now the ones in charge was Chen Aiyang's great uncle, Chen Libo.

Chen Libo was already old, but he hadn't come to a decision on who the next successor should be. But Chen Aiyang and Chen Bin's parents had both passed away a long time ago. If it were not for Chen Aiyang's reputation, they would have no position in their own families. But now that Chen Aiyang was so strong, his name was like a golden business card, making him very likely to be the next

family leader.

Wang Chao was now at Chen Aiyang's villa in Hong Kong. For another dozen days, the two had spent the day investigating the mysteries of martial arts. They had also talked about several other things like what Chen Bin would sometimes say in regards to the Chen family.

After another ten days, Chen Aiyang had diagnosed Wang Chao once more only to realize that he was fully healed.

With his injuries gone, Wang Chao could use martial arts once more. The two would often compare notes, but Chen Aiyang's skill was always a level higher than Wang Chao's.

But Wang Chao had been able to detect the most exquisite fighting methods of Taichi from him. Whip, pound, and hammer.

Chen Aiyang's whip, pound and hammer Jin had been excruciatingly merciless and could deliver a shocking force of over a thousand kilograms.

Having discussed with Chen Aiyang everyday, Wang Chao had accumulated even more battle experience that increased his own comprehension by a deep amount.

Martial arts relied on exchange. Without exchange, then even a master who trained by himself for a hundred years in the mountains would not improve. Those that trained bitterly within the caves of a mountain for dozens of years and then having no equal was a thing of myths and did not truly exist.

At the same time, the things that had been passed down from Tang Zichen to Wang Chao had been learnt by Chen Aiyang.

Although Chen Aiyang focused primarily on Jingshan Taichi, he was proficient in Xingyi. Wang Chao's Xingyi was the real deal, and so Chen Aiyang would benefit from it as well.

As the two compared notes, Wang Chao had shown Chen Aiyang the Tiger's Thunder for him to learn while Chen Aiyang had shown him the "Fishing Toad Jin" and the "Rash Bull Jin". But the Assault of Dragon and Snake had been left out.

Wang Chao had already resided in Hong Kong for over 20 days, but he still felt that there was more to learn.

It wasn't until one day when Chen Aiyang had received an important phone call that forced him to go back home. Thus, the two had stopped their mutual exchange.

"Who would have known that I would stay in your care for 20 days, I am truly indebted to your kindness." Wang Chao had hastily spoken out to Chen Bin since Chen Aiyang had left for Singapore earlier.

Zhao Xinglong and Yao Xiaoxue had long since boarded a ferry back to S Province while Wang Chao was still being treated for on the ship.

"En, you came to Hong Kong without any papers, so I'll take you outside by sea." For some unknown reason, Chen Aiyang's phone call had made Chen Bin a little depressed.

After being immersed in martial arts for so long, he had grown keen and could see that something was bothering her.

"What's wrong, did something happen back at home?" Wang Chao asked.

"En, my great uncle has suddenly gone critical." Chen Bin sighed, "The brothers, sisters, cousins and other relatives have all gathered in large amounts. They are all outstanding people that have fought with each other for power since forever. Now that my great uncle has fallen ill and has even left behind a will that points out a successor, who knows what will happen next?"

"Even an honest official will find difficulty resolving a family problem. There will always be anxiety involved in such a matter, but with your brother's strength, he will be able to solve the problem." Wang Chao himself knew that even in the ancient past, a younger brother may kill for even more property. What would that say for the Chenshi Corporation which was so huge and powerful?

"My brother is the family's sign for business. Us siblings lost our parents early and had difficulty remaining even in our own family and were nearly pushed out. Chen Bin spoke within a luxurious car that headed for the docks. As she drove, she continued to speak with Wang Chao while remembering memories from the past.

“When we were younger, my older brother would always protect me. The entire family had looked down on us two and had wanted to drive us away. They had even taken all our money, and so for the sake of me being able to go to school, big brother had joined the underground fighting world. Sometimes, he would come home with a bloody nose and swollen face, many times, he had his arm broken. There was once a time where he had his liver nearly torn apart.

Wang Chao thought, *“So that’s why Chen Aiyang has such a history. When it comes to this, I was very fortunate in my circumstances. Each expert never has an ordinary life. But for those who did not polish their impurities away, how could they reach perfection in their fists?”*

Chen Bin had remembered some painful memories of her childhood with her brother, causing some tears to leak from her eyes.

“It was fortunate that when my brother fought, he knew of a traditional chinese medicine store whose owner knew Taichi. Everyday he would treat my brother’s wounds and teach him Taichi, helping us survive. Afterwards, my brother had made a name for himself even within the family, and I myself had finished my studies with results better than most. After four or five years, we were able to win some support in the family. Ai! If the wrong successor leads the family, then we will be bullied once more. I don’t wish to go back to such days, even remembering it is painful!” Chen Bin spoke up.

“The family has always pressured itself to the point of death even without remorse. They treat outsiders better than their own family.”

“Then why are you not going back to help your brother?”

“Brother and I have private property here in Hong Kong. I have to protect it so that if something happens, we can return here. Ah, your own company here in the mainland doesn’t seem to be doing that badly either if it was able to afford 100 million RMB.”

Chen Bin had changed the topic.

“It’s doing fine, the business is still quite decent.” Wang Chao had naturally hidden the fact that he had joined an organization which had allowed him to take out a loan for a 100 million.”

“You have some power, but compared to Zhao Jun, it’s still quite far away. His memory will be quite strong after losing 300 million. He will definitely not let you go for this, so you should watch out for yourself.”

“I know.” Wang Chao nodded.

“Do you have a connection with the mainland government?” Chen Bin suddenly asked.

Wang Chao’s heart suddenly skipped a beat, *“Are the eyes and ears of the Chenshi Corporation that strong? Impossible!”*

“En...there’s a little....when doesn’t the government get involved with business? They have their eyes in every aspect of the field.” Wang Chao spoke ambiguously.

“So you do, that’s good.” Chen Bin looked as if she hadn’t taken notice of Wang Chao’s words and continued to drive the car. “You need to have some sort of connection or join them. That way, Zhao Jun will have second thoughts going against you. Although our Chenshi Corporation is a gang of the underworld, even we have government ties.”

“I’ve another identity as a sinecure member of the Singaporean police force and my brother is an instructor for the military.

“Eh?” Wang Chao was surprised, “You two are high ranking officials?”

Chen Bin laughed, “This isn’t too rare. Ever since the past, there has been six doors to good practices. No matter if it is regarding business or martial arts, having a connection with an official is a good thing. A tiny connection influences the field, a decent connection influences the city, a major connection influences the court.”

“Six doors to good practices....” Wang Chao repeated those words.

The car had already arrived at the pier, “In the future if there is anything my brother and I need, can we count on you for your assistance?” Chen Bin spoke before dropping him off.

“Of course, if it is within my capabilities, I will do my best.” Wang Chao replied solemnly. A favor was not something that could not be returned.

As Wang Chao left Hong Kong, he had been able to ride an airplane from Shenzhen, Guangdong to the S Province. During that time, within the military district, Cao Yi and the lesser general Chang Zhouliang had been reading the report on the fight between Wang Chao and Zhang Wei.

“It’s time to implement the second plan!” Zhouliang spoke to Cao Yi.

Chapter 78: From Tiger to Eagle and Snake to Dragon

Chapter 78: From tiger to eagle and snake to dragon

“I only thought that he was a person with decent strength, but who would have known that...”

Wang Chao and Zhang Wei’s fight had already reached back to the S Province a long time ago. But the results had utterly shocked Cao Yi since he thought he knew Wang Chao the most.

Starting from the ruffian he had fought three years ago, Wang Chao had grown up faster than he had thought.

“Three years ago, he had only started to learn how to fight. He wasn’t even an opponent for me back then. But three years later, he has grown into a master of martial arts. What a transformation. Instead of beating the snake out of the grass, a dragon appeared, how shocking.”

Cao Yi himself had been in the underground boxing world for a decent amount of time so he knew how terrifying one of the Three Tigers of Guangdong was.

In truth, he had not really expected Wang Chao to win that fight.

But the situation in the southeast Asian martial arts world had grown more and more chaotic over the years. He had many plans, but those required a large amount of martial artists. Even though special commando soldiers were easy to train, the experts of the Wulin were not that easy to deal with either.

For the sake of cooperating with the plans of the organization, he had fed medicine to a dead horse by pulling Wang Chao. He had even pulled the strings for Wang Chao to be given a loan for 100 million RMB.

It had been a gamble. If Wang Chao were to lose that 100 million, then his political career would end there. But if Wang Chao were to win, then his prospects for the future would shine brightly.

Not only did the battle pit Wang Chao’s life against Zhang Wei, but Cao Yi’s political career was on the line. If he did not complete the mission given to him

by the organization, then his career was all but over.

When in the Jianghu, one cannot do as one pleases. On the inverse, when in the court, one cannot do as one pleases either.

“Congratulations, comrade!” At the same time, the general Chang Zhouliang had been extremely happy to see his friend win.

“But we’re not at the best part yet.” Cao Yi calmed down and shook his head.

“Right now the situation in southeast asia is getting more and more complex—it’s practically a game between nations. The United States have already fought with us for many years. Although on the surface our relationship seems quite well, it is an absolute mess underneath. There’s even new information from the European Union, they seem to be interested in sticking their leg into Asia. The southeast martial arts world may not be a decisive chess piece, but in regards to the politics of the government, they are quite crucial.”

“That’s right.” Chang Zhouliang spoke . “The martial arts world says it isn’t black, but it is black. It says it white, but it has countless of connections to the underground and may even be the source of it. If we don’t control it and is exploited by someone else, then that wouldn’t bode well for our plans.”

“The most worrisome part is the Japanese martial arts world. They’ve already commercialized their martial arts and made it an industry. With their assets, they were able to become a large chain in the west. Whatever actions we take will have serious repercussions. Our Chinese martial arts world has safeguarded its traditions strictly and thus has declined greatly. The Shaolin Temple will only burn incense and no longer has any martial arts. Whatever true martial arts China has left, it is hidden from the regular person from fear of everything. It’s almost at the point where they are so paranoid they’ll imprison a person for eating peanuts.” Cao Yi spoke.

“Ai, our nation seeks only the realistic things. Although that pursuit isn’t such a bad idea, we should still leave behind concrete information. It’s no wonder that we are a backwards country, we don’t even have the energy to gather together the ideas from the past. It’s a good thing our economy is established for the most part. As the proverbs say, warm clothes and a full meal begets a lustful heart’. With all these riches now, what use do we have for the old ideas?”

Zhouliang spoke accurately about the current situation of China as a whole.

“That’s true. Wang Chao’s report has already reached the superiors. Let’s see what the organization will do. If there are no other mishaps, then the application I sent for funds should be accepted. With the organization, it’ll take half a year before they’ll tell Wang Chao to open up several dojos by the coast to spread his name. However, I will only be able to support him in the dark. After all, the princelings are far too much of a hindrance.”

The second step to their plan had been for Wang Chao to open up a dojo at the coast to improve his reputation. With time, his reputation would grow to hold a major sway in the martial arts world to a large extent.

But this was a huge risk as well. Even if Wang Chao was able to open up a business there, it would be affected by the princelings. They would not take kindly to him, and even Japan, Korea, Thailand, and the other disciplines would start their attack. The future as is would be quite difficult.

The reputation of a master would only need to be hit once so that it would never rise again.

For those who walked by the river, how would their shoes stay dry? For those who floated in the Jianghu, how would they not be contested with a blade?

Even for the number one expert around, there was no guarantee that he would win day after day, month after month, and year after year.

Even if they didn’t lose, they would still earn many enemies. The weapons of today was far too strong. If one wasn’t careful, then even a random sniper would be able to shoot dead a master like Chen Aiyang.

Cao Yi’s plan could be said to be pushing Wang Chao straight into a sea of flames.

But there was no other choice for either him or Wang Chao.

The both of them were mere chess pieces to be used by their respectful nation against another.

“Ah, my comrade, what’s the market like in the underworld fighting ring now?” Zhouliang spoke.

“Although Wang Chao was in hiding for some time, the information we received from our other undercover agent was more than enough to figure it out. At the very least, the profits are extremely huge! It outstrips what the KTV, any bar, or any entertainment place could offer by at least ten times the amount. In the area of Guangdong controlled by Wu Yingda alone, there are 7 or 8 different venues to fight. Every night there are several fights to be seen. Each match is filled to the brim with spectators and the entry fee is quite high, but the betting prices are even higher. A single day could earn millions, sometimes, tens of millions could be won! This is far more luxurious than betting on an actual sport. The entire area of Guangdong must earn Wu Yingda a net profit of 2 to 4 billion RMB per year!”

“Net profit!” Zhouliang was shocked. What had to be made clear was that operating a venue like this may earn a lot of money, but the costs of managing it was also extremely high.

“Every single Chinese person reveres martial arts, but they are restrained by real life. Yet, this desire burns even stronger despite that. In a fighting ring, they are able to maintain their secrecy and enjoy the entertainment to a giant fervor.” Cao Yi spoke. “These fighting rings don’t even do any harm. At the very most, they make sure that slaughters between gangs die down in frequency.”

“Yea. When those princelings and the ones backing them fall, the organization will have to choose someone else to take control of this market.”

While Cao Yi and Chang Zhouliang were talking about their plans with each other, Wang Chao had already returned to the enchanting villa he owned in the Tianxing district.

This competition with Zhang Wei and the discussions he had with Chen Aiyang had given him plenty to think about. He could say that he had even reached a very important milestone in his martial arts.

Wang Chao’s victory over Zhang Wei had been partially due to his luck. Just thinking about it, if they were to fight again, Wang Chao would doubt that he had any chance to win.

“Zhang Wei’s Wingchun is far too perfect. His One Inch Finger was terrifying even.”

Just thinking about that ghastly fighting scene, Wang Chao could only admire Zhang Wei's Clinching Yin Horse stance and the One Inch Finger.

Pa pa! Pa pa! His thumb and forefinger flickered in and out with a crisp sound in the air.

He was testing out his own finger strength. With both his fingers closed together, Wang Chao stabbed in and out before trying to issue power through his knuckle joints.

Sure enough, his thumb and forefinger before had a large sound. But when he bent his knuckle joints, the energy and speed had fell drastically and there had been no sound either.

"With my fingers, that is a conflicting way to issue power. But to use my knuckles, that is what the martial art truly is. I will have to advance my tiger stance even more if I want to bring the martial arts to my fingers as well."

In the past, Wang Chao had learned the way of the sword and used his fingers to reenact the movements of a sword. After stabbing and slashing for half a month, he had been able to temper his fingers to become extremely flexible. Two of his fingers were strong enough to shatter a cup even. If he were to use the power of the eagle stance's claw form, then the hardness of his fingers would go up a notch.

He had initially thought that the skill in his fingers was quite decent. But after seeing Zhang Wei's One Inch Finger, he knew that past the clouds, there was still sky. And past a genius was still another genius.

Zhang Wei's knuckles were able to issue power with a loud crisp sound, that was the sign of true skill. With a large force and hidden strength, its destructive power was nearly fatal.

When Wang Chao learned the tiger stance's Chopping Fist, he had been able to reach the stage where the "sound follows the fist". However, there was one minute variation in his Chopping Fist. He had not the claws of a tiger in his fingertips.

A single chop should be like an axe splitting apart a mountain. Intent, vision, and spirit had to be focused upon the fingers. After that split moment, the

fingers should gather together and release all the power that was gathered in it.

This way, the tiger and eagle stance would be linked together.

At the same time, the Southern Fist's tiger and crane stance had this same variation. With a splitting motion, they would suddenly grab at the enemy. Naturally, their hand would form the beak of a crane to peck. This would require the Jin within the knuckles to change in order for a large destructive force to be had.

Although Xingyi had no crane stance, its eagle stance was quite similar to it. Within the world of Chinese boxing, those who reached the higher levels would begin to link together disciplines.

The "Splitting Grab" was something that would naturally form after changing from one stance to another. If one's finger strength was not enough, then the transition from one stance to the other would fall apart.

To the ordinary boxer, this wasn't anything special. But to a master of Chinese boxing, a weak point in one's strike could prove to be fatal.

Wang Chao knew how to fight with the tiger stance and also knew how to transition in the eagle stance. But this transition from a chop to a grab, his finger strength was not enough. His power would naturally drop in between the two if he tried.

That was because his proficiency with the Chopping Jin and the Grabbing Jin was not the same.

His Chopping Jin was enough to shatter boulders, but his Grabbing Jin was far away from such a level. His eagle stance hadn't yet reached a stage where the sound followed the fist either. All he had was the form, but not the spirit.

Fighting was something that should come smoothly and fiercely. The tiger and eagle stance had to change in such a fashion.

In the case the pouncing of a tiger failed, then one should transform into the diving of an eagle. When an eagle hawk came diving down from a thousand meters, it was far more fierce than a tiger.

So from a tiger to an eagle or a tiger to a crane, this was a transition that

would become even more deadly.

Wang Chao's tiger stance was good, but his eagle stance was not. If he tried, he would go from strong to weak. Against an expert, an attempt to make such a transition would cause him to die instead.

At the same time, when the snake stance became a dragon stance, it would also require a strong finger strength for its true form.

The fist of the snake stance was like a snake's head. It drills fiercely with the five fingers like its fangs!

When a snake struck out for its prey, it would open its mouth wide and send its venom into it.

So in the snake stance, the crucial moment of the killing move would require the five fingers to act like fangs to hiss and bite.

When the snake tore its preys apart, it would not hiss. Instead, the sound from its fangs moving would be a muffled cry. According to the legends, this was the sound of a dragon.

The "Chopping Grab" was the transition from the tiger to eagle stance. The "Tearing Bite" was the transition from the snake to the dragon.

Both of them required the skill in the fingers to be at their utmost limits!

When Wang Chao talked with Chen Aiyang, he had come to such a realization.

If he were to complete this transition, Wang Chao's martial arts would be elevated another step!

A true grandmaster of Xingyi would be able to flow from one stance to another like water in a raging river. There would be no stopping such a permutative flow of power and style.

As his mind thought about this realization, Wang Chao had quickly devised a way to increase the strength in each of his five fingers.

The days ahead of him was fraught with danger. In order to survive, he was forced to advance one step at a time.

Wang Chao walked towards the mercury filled balls and grabbed at it. As soon

as he clutched the sphere, he raised it up!

Chapter 79: Forge by Day, Learn by Night to Cultivate

Chapter 79: Forge by day, learn by night to cultivate

Huo! Wang Chao's hands clasped onto the mercury filled ball and raised it into the air. Buzzz! The mercury filled ball began to hum with a buzzing sound as it shook and flew into the air along with Wang Chao's hand.

Each one of these mercury filled balls were about 180 kilograms with a smooth and clean surface. If one wanted to pick one up, then it would require a super strong amount of finger strength.

Right now Wang Chao's strength was well over the necessary amount, so he was easily able to spin the ball with both hands.

But using his fingers to bring it up was a far more difficult task.

If it was a basketball, then anyone would be able to pick it up with their five fingers. Then what about a bright and shiny sphere that was heavier than a basketball?

"My God! This is more difficult than I thought!" Wang Chao thought as he tried grabbing the ball. He felt like a dragonfly trying to knock over a tower. All five of his fingers began to sound out with a crackling sound as he tried to budge the ball to no avail.

"With Chen Aiyang's finger strength, who knows how easily he would be able to pick this sphere up."

After a try, Wang Chao had realized how difficult it was. When he was in Hong Kong for 20 days, he talked with Chen Aiyang everyday. So he was very knowledgeable just how strong a senior of the martial arts world was.

But this ball was too hard to grip and pick up. Even Wang Chao had some doubts that Chen Aiyang would be able to do it.

"Slow and steady wins the race. Improving the finger strength won't take a single day and night to do. The finger strength must be stronger than the Chopping Jin before the transition between tiger to eagle stance can be done."

Wang Chao was in no rush.

Every transition from stance to stance in Xingyi required a strict practice. If one did not combine the movements smoothly enough, then an expert would exploit a hole in the movements and make the most out of that weak point.

During the fight with Zhang Wei, Wang Chao had started with the tiger stance before switching to the snake stance. During this time, there had been a pause in movements, and it was only by luck his own footsteps had saved him.

But even then, Zhang Wei had seen an opportunity and charged forward to strike at him. Breaking apart the platform, he had gone out for a fierce barrage, causing Wang Chao to be at a disadvantage. If it were not for his Assault of Dragon and Snake and then spitting out blood, then he would have lost his life.

At the time of the competition, Wang Chao wasn't aware of this fact. But after talking with Chen Aiyang, he had suddenly realized what a fragile spot his life was in. So he had to make up for this deficiency by training hard to improve himself.

The tiger stance was very fierce, but there was no follow up move. The snake stance was very agile, but there was no final strike to end the enemy's life for sure. A giant python would constrict its enemy, but in the end, it would use the venom in its fangs for a clean kill.

Facing the mercury filled ball, Wang Chao began to go through one of the motions of the Chopping Jin of the tiger stance with a gentle movement as if he was practicing one of the stances of Taichi.

The very instant his chopping movement was about to hit the ball, his eyes immediately shined with concentration as he changed from a chop to a claw.

A humming sound could be heard from the sphere, but Wang Chao wasn't able to grab it still.

Not discouraged, Wang Chao tried the same thing once more. Chopping down with a soft arm, he immediately brought his hair up and sealed his pores together.

This was the true essence of loosening the muscles and attacking with the pores.

One try, two tries! Three tries!

After over a hundred tries, Wang Chao's spirit, energy, and Qi were finally gathered at his fingertips. In his eyes, all of his energy had already disappeared, the remaining few amounts were gathered in his hand as he tried to chop and grab again and again.

As his arm came swinging down, his hand would transform to become a claw.

Committing himself to practicing, he was utterly engrossed in the Chopping Grab. Wang Chao had completely forgotten about the concept of time.

With each grab, he had ingrained the secrets of "Producing softness and receiving hardness".

"Taichi is like catching a fish, Bagua is like grinding a stone, and Xingyi is like grabbing shrimp."

Wang Chao's chop and grab had been utterly concentrated upon as if he was preparing to grab at a prawn in the waters.

After talking with Chen Aiyang, Wang Chao's understanding of Xingyi had improved by another layer. When it came to the Chopping Jin, his understanding of it was enough to learn something new with it.

Chen Aiyang's most skilled art in Taichi was the simple Whipping Arm. When both of his arms swung, it was like an iron mace that would shatter stone and dent steel. Any that tried to resist would be blown away.

Taichi's Whipping Hand, Xingyi's Chopping Arm, and Bagua's Whipping Jin, all of them were connected.

Cheng Tinghua of Bagua had once said, "Practicing is like pushing a mountain. Fighting is like swinging a whip." This whiplike idea of Bagua was shared by Taichi.

When Wang Chao exchanged notes with Chen Aiyang, both sides had benefitted.

Wang Chao knew how to listen to Jin because of Taichi, but he had never learned the hard style of Taichi's fighting style since Tang Zichen hadn't taught him anything else. The pursuit to martial arts required one to not be greedy and too give it their all.

But right now, his martial arts had many achievements such as reaching the Hidden Jin and having the sound follow the fist. This was enough to be considered a master. Right now, all he had to do was to get more fighting experience and get a stronger understanding. A truth within a lie and receiving coarseness for smoothness. The style of practicing was different than from fighting.

This was the way that Yang Luchan, Dong Haichuan and the other grandmasters had learned that way. Within the simple Jin of the Chopping Grab, it had contained the comprehension of many grandmasters.

He didn't know what attempt it was, but Wang Chao suddenly snapped out of his entrancement after bringing the Jin in his fingers to their limits.

The sky was already dark, it was night time.

Unknowingly to Wang Chao, he had already spent the entire day practicing.

The next day, Wang Chao had closed the doors and refused to go outside, choosing to stay within the villa to practice.

He didn't practice any movements or stances and spent the day practicing the chop to grab movement. At night, he studied the mercury ball and grabbed it. By night, he closed his eyes and envision the movements.

By day, practice the eyes and hands. By night, nourish the eyes and hands.

If one were to blindly practice, the the muscles and skin in the knuckles would be unable to take it.

But if he were to cultivate his health while practicing, then it would maintain the balance between Yin and Yang.

A soft chop and a hard grab. This was the Yin.

Softening the muscles and hardening the skin. That was the Yang.

Within this simple practice, he had already started to understand the mysterious concept of Yin and Yang.

"In the deepest and highest levels of learning martial arts, each and every movement contains the way of Yin and Yang. Each movement is natural and not

deliberate. This is what Confucius had once said after 70 years, 'Follow the heart without ever breaking the rules'."

In the midst of studying the "Chopping Grab", "Yin and Yang", "Movement and Sound", and "Nourishment of Health", Wang Chao had suddenly remembered the words from Tang Zichen's True Record of Guoshu.

Although he didn't know where sis Chen was at this moment, at her name, his heart had understood her teachings. Wang Chao once more felt an inseparably close relationship to her.

It was truly that simple. The higher levels of martial arts wasn't about the muscles, pores, or bones. But rather, it related to a human, animal, or thing in theory.

"One doesn't know what year, month, or day it is from within a cave."

Day by day, Wang Chao continued to practice without noticing the passage of time. Aside from eating and sleeping, he spent the days chopping and grabbing from sunrise to sunset.

He was a millionaire by now, so he had naturally hired a specialized chef for his meals and a servant to clean the house.

But the training rooms had been off limits to all but him, making it very peaceful.

Just like this, day after day, the sun rose as the moon fell and the sun fell as the moon rose. At the very end, his own practices had been like a rule of the day and night. Every day when the sun rises, he would practice breaking out with Jin with the Chopping Grab. Every night when the moon came up, he his muscles would loosen and he would cultivate his health.

Even if it was raining or the clouds covered the sun, it had no impact on him.

That was because the rhythm of the sun and moon had already blended in with his body. The clouds could not hide it from him.

"The Wudang Sword Style had placed emphasis on 'Forge by day, learn by night' to be one with the world. A person's Yin and Yang harmonized with the day cycle by working and sleeping. This is the most optimal way to cultivate

health.”

Then one day, Wang Chao suddenly felt a crackling sound break out from his knuckles midgrab, causing the ball he had just clamped onto to spring up from the trough!

His knuckles had suddenly bursted with noise and his finger strength had suddenly transformed to become as strong as Zhang Wei’s One Inch Finger.

Grabbing the mercury filled lead ball, Wang Chao began to treat it like a basketball and spin it around his body before throwing it back onto the trough.

As it fell back onto the trough, a loud vibrating sound could be heard as it smashed downwards.

“Ah! Have I finally reached the stage?” Wang Chao spoke with shock. Looking at the ball in the trough, he suddenly chopped down and then grabbed at it. Sure enough, he was able to grab the ball and bring it up into the air.

“Great!” Wang Chao was overjoyed. With a sudden movement, he used the Chopping Jin of the tiger stance, causing the entire room to echo with the roar of a tiger.

At the end of his Chopping Fist, he transformed his hand into the claw of an eagle. At the same time, his throat suddenly let out a sound that was as sharp as a sword almost as if an eagle was suddenly plunging downwards from a thousand meters up.

The roar of the tiger stance was fierce beyond belief, but when he had transitioned into the eagle stance, the power in his body and grown another step in ferocity.

Kacha! Wang Chao’s claw hand struck the ground with Hidden Jin, causing the terrazzo to suddenly break apart into five different one inch holes filled with sweat.

Upon striking the ground, Wang Chao suddenly thought about the killing move of the monkey stance. Without stopping, he immediately grabbed onto a broken piece of the ground and flew for the mercury balls.

As the stone slammed against the mercury balls, a dull metallic ring could be

heard.

“So that’s the answer. After the eagle stance comes the monkey. However, I can barely do the Grabbing Claw. The entire eagle stance isn’t something I’m proficient at, it’s not that easy to add another combination straight away.”

Wang Chao stopped his train of thought.

“What day is it? How long have I been practicing? Is this what they mean by ‘In the cave for 7 days is to be a thousand years away from the world’?”

These past few days, He had practiced martial arts in accordance to the sun and moon rhythm of nourishment and Yin and Yang. The highest most Daoist form of cultivation and refinement, the stage of being one with the universe. He had completely forgotten about the outside world.

Looking at the calendar, Wang Chao discovered that it was October, where the days were in a hot spell still. When he came back from Hong Kong, it was only June. That was to say, he had spent three or four months on training only.

Three months without communication from the outside world! Wang Chao suddenly remembered about the organization, after being away for so long, would there be a new mission for him?

“When was Cao Yi this obedient? He would have normally come to bother me before this point. Does he not know I’m here or something? No way, he already knows about this villa. That must mean there hasn’t been any missions lately otherwise, why would they let me practice in peace?”

Wang Chao had guessed correctly. Cao Yi had long since reported the results to the organization and re-evaluated his plans. Right now, Cao Yi and general Zhouliang were both waiting for the organization’s newest plan. There was half a year to wait.

Cao Yi knew that Wang Chao was behind closed doors to train, and so he knew that with Wang Chao’s strength getting stronger and stronger, he didn’t want to disturb Wang Chao. So after allocating several men to look out, he didn’t bother Wang Chao at all.

As soon as Wang Chao exited from his villa, he immediately texted Yao Xiaoxue. Straight away, he received a message back. “Zhao Xinglong fought with

a person in the dojo and was sent to the hospital, it's already been a month. Cao Yi didn't want anyone to disturb you, so we had no way to contact you."

"What? Zhao Xinglong was sent to the hospital?" Wang Chao sucked in a sharp breath at the news.

Chapter 80: Eagle Claw, Hidden Jin, Piss Blood

Chapter 80: Eagle Claw, Hidden Jin, Piss Blood

“I’m on my way to the hospital.”

As soon as Wang Chao received Yao Xiaoxue’s message, he was shocked.

When he had first entered the organization, Wang Chao had given up the position of overseer of the dojo. Zhao Xinglong had replaced him and taken up the salary, however, the contract between Wang Chao and the dojo was not yet absolved. At the same time, with Wang Chao’s current status, a small contract like that had no binding effect on him.

Lu Chengwen of Guangdong’s Daxing Corporation had him sign a contract with his fingerprint. However, not even a single day had gone by before Boulder had blown up his entire building with a rocket launcher.

After that matter, Wang Chao had stopped caring about the matters of a contract.

But Li Wanji had been extremely well to him and did not issue any strict stipulation.

Towards his inaction, Li Wanji had turned a blind eye and did not deduct any wages. She was after all a veteran of the business world and knew how the world worked.

While Zhao Xinglong was a decent ways away from Wang Chao’s strength, his martial arts was still quite exceptional. Combined with the fighting experience he had gained from the underground boxing rings, no recent challenger had been a match for him.

“Zhao Xinglong is an expert at the Eight Extreme Fists, although he hasn’t been able to use the ‘Hengha’ sounds to temper his marrow, he is still proficient in the major and minor stances, practicing and fighting methods. Not only that, but he knows Pigua and Tongbei. Unless it was an expert of internal martial arts, there shouldn’t be anyone that is able to beat him. How would he be sent

to the hospital for a month with serious wounds? As long as he isn't crippled by this, everything should be fine."

On the road, Wang Chao had thought to himself.

The person who beat Zhao Xinglong had to be an expert of internal martial arts. And since Zhao Xinglong was badly injured, his opponent must have been ruthless. One had to know, a challenge match in a dojo wasn't like the underground fighting grounds. Injuring someone was sometimes unavoidable, but trying to kill was not acceptable.

Rushing towards S Province's First People's Hospital's VIP Rooms, Wang Chao immediately saw Zhao Xinglong.

Zhao Xinglong was laying on the bed with his arms, legs, and chest all heavily bandaged. His entire body looked as if he was a mummy and his face had look unwell.

Seeing Wang Chao come in, Zhao Xinglong's eyes lit up before trying to move his body as if trying to climb up his bed.

"Don't move, you've multiple fractures. If those don't set right, then it'll be hard to heal." It had only taken one look for Wang Chao to know that there was at least three different fractures in total over his arm, leg, and chest.

"Just what in the world happened?" Wang Chao asked Zhao Xinglong with a hint of anger.

"Ai how humiliating of me and my honor." Zhao Xinglong squirmed as if he felt embarrassed before speaking at last, "Somehow, I lost to one of those Japanese devils."

"One of the Japanese martial artists? Can you explain?"

Wang Chao was surprised. He should have known that four months ago, Yangyu Haruko would act now. After being reprimanded by Xu Zhen, she would definitely cause trouble.

The reason he had accepted Chen Aiyang's favor was partially because he was afraid of his weakened condition then. If he had been challenged, then even a dog would be able to win against an injured tiger.

“Do you remember the one you beat before from the dojo, Li Feng?”

Just as Wang Chao was thinking about Yangyu Haruko, Zhao Xinglong had suddenly asked him a question.

“Li Feng....I do. It’s been almost two years since I beat him.” Wang Chao spoke after a while. Two years ago when Cao Yi had first introduced him to the dojo, he had beaten a young opponent for the position. Afterwards, it looked like Li Feng had lost all dignity and left the dojo.

By that point, he had already learned martial arts for two years. And after that fight, another two years had passed, so Wang Chao had completely forgotten about it.

“It has already been two years since sister Chen left.”

Thinking about, it had already been 4 years since he started learning martial arts. This was no small amount of time.

Time had gone by as if it was flying, would a person’s life be full of these four years?

“Don’t tell me it’s Li Feng who hurt you like this? Even two years ago, he was no match for you. Even after all this time, you weren’t doing nothing. How could he hurt you to this extent? But, wasn’t he a Korean, and not a Japanese?”

“Of course it wasn’t him. It was the Japanese people he brought with him. One of them was a 26 year old, some devil named Miyagi or something. He was fast and strong with plenty of internal Jin. Before we could even exchange three rounds, he already using some sort of rotational power to break my arm.”

Zhao Xinglong then suddenly remembered something and so his eyes bursted with rage.

“After he broke my arm, he used his leg to break my foot. And when I was on the ground, he stamped on my chest and broke my sternum! I...I..I’ll kill him! I’ll kill his entire group!”

Zhao Xinglong exploded with a furious snarl!

“When you were on the ground, he stepped on your chest?” Wang Chao’s eyes narrowed slightly.

“Are they gone now?”

“They shouldn’t be. They’re usually at the Karate dojo, but they often come to the Taekwondo dojo.” Zhao Xinglong knew that Wang Chao wanted to look for them, and so he had faith in him. “Spare their lives, I want to personally slaughter them bastards myself.”

Zhao Xinglong’s murderous intent had been fully revealed. He had once fought in the underground fighting rings and killed people. Right now after being beaten by that group, his fury had come out in droves.

“Those Japanese aren’t using martial arts for show. They’ve practiced internal martial arts, be careful.”

“I know that. Rest up for now, a fracture is just an external wound. Afterwards, you can cultivate your health. That way, you won’t be harmed by any medicine.” Wang Chao spoke before leaving.

“Nurse, can you come over for a moment?” Seeing a rather beautiful nurse come walking by, Wang Chao called out to her.

“What can I do for you sir?” The nurse looked at Wang Chao who was dressed in a purple Tang robe. He was dressed in a rather old way but didn’t look like any important person.

“Give him the best medicine and nursing you can. Why is there only one nurse working here? There should be two nurses working during one shift.” Wang Chao spoke.

“My apologies, but this is what our hospital stipulates. If there is any problems, please talk to our director.” The nurse’s eyes narrowed together in displeasure as she looked at Wang Chao up and down, “Who might you be?”

“Director Wang, you’re here?” Just at that moment, a voice called out. Turning back, the nurse could only see Yao Xiaoxue accompanied by the head of the orthopedic surgery department, deputy Hong.

“What’s the matter?” Deputy Hong had heard the nurse speak and then realized what Yao Xiaoxue had referred Wang Chao as. “Director Wang?”

“This is the director-general of our Tianxing Networking and my immediate-

superior.” Yao Xiaoxue explained.

“Aiyah, aiyah!” Deputy Hong had been stunned in disbelief before having a 180 degree change in regards of his opinion of Wang Chao.

Wang Chao had detested hospitals. Although Zhao Xinglong was in the most expensive VIP room, the nurses themselves weren’t anything special. The costs were both large and useless, they were practically taking his blood and then the marrow when they sucked the blood dry.

But he had cultivated his health quite well himself. Calmly shaking the hand of deputy Hong, Wang Chao walked to Yao Xiaoxue’s side and whispered, “In the future, we’ll build our own hospital. I’ll leave the planning to you.”

Afterwards, he left the hospital.

“Your director is quite young.” The nurse remarked with a little infatuation as she watched Wang Chao leave.

The moment when Wang Chao arrived at the dojo, several members and instructors had instantly recognized him. Each one pointed to the elevator and spoke, “The instructor’s here! There’s a fight going on at the top floors.”

“Have the instructor go up straight away.”

“This time there’ll be something good to watch.”

Ignoring the people around him, he began to ride the elevator up to the top floor.

Right behind him was a large group of excited students and instructors alike.

Wang Chao arrived at the fighting rooms for the VIP lounge only to see two people fighting. Aside from the two, there were four other people sitting by the sidelines.

These four people were sitting in the traditional Japanese seated position. Their butts rested upon the back of their legs with only a paper thin distance in between the two.

Just as Wang Chao arrived onto the room, all four people had instantly snapped to attention and stood up with the agility of an animal.

At the same time, the two people fighting had instantly stopped, resulting in six people looking at Wang Chao.

One of the two men fighting was Li Feng.

There was seemingly an unforgettable hatred for Wang Chao etched in Li Feng's bones.

"Watashi wa?" Aside from Li Feng, the other five people were all around 23 to 24 years old Japanese youths. One of them was clearly the leader with his matured face. Looking at Li Feng, he had obviously noticed the hatred he had towards Wang Chao and spoke in Japanese to confirm.

Li Feng had replied in Japanese as well before sneering at Wang Chao.

"Ah! So that's the story." The one who had initially spoke in Japanese nodded his head before swinging to look at Wang Chao with a cruel look and speaking in Chinese.

"I am Miyagi Hanshin, Goju-Ryu master of the Miyagi family. Are you the friend of Zhao Xinglong? Have you come to compare notes with us? We've been waiting for a long time for you."

Miyagi Hanshin let out a snort as he spoke in Chinese. His eyes looked to Wang Chao then to the center of the ring.

Moving into a stance, all the hair on his body had immediately spiked up. Even the one inch crew cut hair he had had spiked up to become like a hedgehog and his temple looked as if a mosquito had bitten it so that it puffed up half an inch.

"Is this the movements of the White Crane style? It looks like there's some other styles mixed in."

When Wang Chao saw Miyagi Hanshin's stance, he immediately knew that his internal martial arts had already reached a certain degree.

The Miyagi family and Goju-Ryu Karate. They had once taken the secrets from the Wubei Zhi and learned southern Shaolin and several other martial arts to help establish their own style.

Wang Chao said nothing and stepped onto the arena.

The surrounding area immediately grew quiet as if everyone had forgotten to

breathe.

Just as Wang Chao moved onto the arena and didn't even make a stance, Miyagi Hanshin had immediately let out a loud roar and charged towards him with several strong footsteps that shook everyone's hearts. His speed was comparable to a wild horse, reaching Wang Chao in half a second with the force of a raging whirlwind!

At this speed, he had grabbed hold of an opportunity to attack, revealing that Miyagi Hanshin had already reached the pinnacle of the Clear Jin and was thus very durable with his body.

"No wonder Zhao Xinglong wasn't a match for him!"

Miyagi Hanshin's charge had been as swift as a speeding horse. In his movements, they were actually similar to the horse stance of Xingyi Quan. When Wang Chao saw his way of issuing power, he had immediately knew that Miyagi Hanshin wasn't that far away from Xu Zhen's disciple Qin Maojiao in strength.

While Zhao Xinglong had suffered, it was not at the hand of a master.

In the moment where Wang Chao was in mid-stance, Miyagi Hanshin had already zipped closed to Wang Chao another two steps before he lashed out with both arms in a spiral like manner. One hand had bore into his face while the other for his chest.

This sight was more than enough for people watching by the sidelines to break out into cold sweat.

But, Miyagi Hanshin was not facing any newly promoted master of martial arts. He was facing Wang Chao, one who had understood the principle of Yin and Yang.

Pa! Wang Chao's right hand struck out with the firmness of an iron whip. In a single strike, he had forced the fist aside and then came chopping down with his other fist with a fierce sound.

When Miyagi Hanshin's fists had been thrown aside, he felt a deep pain in both arms. Hearing the explosive sound from Wang Chao's chop, he grew frightened and hurriedly brought up his leg to kick at Wang Chao's wrist.

Who would have known that Wang Chao's chopping movement would have transformed into a claw! Upon his naked leg being grabbed upon, Miyagi Hanshin had felt as if he was being gripped by five fingers made of iron.

Wang Chao stepped forward and used the Chopping Grab once more with his other arm to strike at Miyagi Hanshin's left kidney. With a sudden explosion of force, Miyagi Hanshin's large body had swung against the wall like a ragdoll.

"Baka!" Miyagi Hanshin's body had been extremely durable and had only felt a stinging pain, but that was it. Rolling back on his feet, he flew at Wang Chao once more.

Wang Chao did another Chopping Grab, all five of his iron fingers grabbing onto his opponent's hand while the other at the right side of his waist. With one more strike to the shoulder, Miyagi Hanshin slammed against the wall once more.

This time, he had been swung with even more force and so Miyagi didn't climb up afterwards.

"Go back and learn for another 10 years before challenging me." Wang Chao spoke before turning away to leave. Everyone else had been utterly stunned and didn't dare move forward.

"Miyagi! Are you alright?!" The other Japanese youths spoke after Wang Chao left, hoisting Miyagi Hanshin up.

"I'm fine, idiots! We're leaving!"

That day, Miyagi Hanshin left the S Province. Six days later, the five men all returned to Japan.

"Miyagi, what should we do?"

"Practice diligently and take revenge!" Back at the Japanese airport, Miyagi Hanshin's eyes glowed brightly with revenge.

Just at that moment, he suddenly felt the need to piss. Hurriedly running to the lavatory, he began to unfasten his pants.

"Eh? Why does it hurt?" He suddenly felt it difficult to take a piss. Forcing it a little, he immediately felt a sharp pain before looking down.

There should have been water, but instead, there was a dark red color that stinked coming out from his penis!

Wang Chao's Eagle Claw hidden Jin had struck at Miyagi Hanshin's waist and damaged his kidney! The internal wounds of a person wouldn't show itself so easily, and so it had been six days later when he finally felt the pain, but it was far too late!

Chapter 81: Lieutenant Commander

Chapter 81: Lieutenant Commander

“Ah!” When Miyagi Hanshin saw this sight, he had let out a shrill shout as if he was a woman that was about to be molested.

After losing to Wang Chao 6 days ago, he hadn't felt a single thing wrong in his body. There had only been a small tingling pain from where the fingers had left a mark.

Originally Wang Chao had learned from Chen Aiyang when they fought. He had seen just how smoothly Chen Aiyang was able to use the Hidden Jin in Taichi in a refined way. Originally, he was only able to watch, but now his understanding was a lot higher.

After the four months of intensive closed room practicing, his “Grabbing Claw” transition from tiger to eagle stance had happened from dawnbreak to sunset. In that time, he was able to understand the quiet philosophy of Yin and Yang. From this, he was able to learn how to “produce softness to receive hardness”. His Chopping Claw Jin was able to break out with Hidden Jin and was able to be both hard and soft in its attack.

However, Wang Chao had never been able to test this out on a human before. Miyagi Hanshin had unfortunately been Wang Chao's first experiment and victim.

When the Hidden Jin was manipulated to become soft, it was able to enter through a person's pores to strike at the inner organs without any scar on the surface.

When Wang Chao had struck with his claw hand, he had left behind a trace of his fingernails on Miyagi Hanshin's waist. That was because his Hidden Jin had not yet reached perfection and was not fully soft yet.

If one were to reach the pinnacle of softness with their Hidden Jin, then they would be able to strike at any part of the inner body. At this moment, the enemy would not feel any stinging pain or have a trace left behind on their skin. After

several days, the inner organs would finally to show signs of degrading and ultimately kill the person. Even if the person was saved, then their ability to live a healthy life would become significantly lower than before.

An expert acupuncture or moxibustion expert would be able to insert needles into someone's skin without them feeling anything.

The Hidden Jin entering the body like a needle followed the same concept.

Using the softness of Hidden Jin to attack without a mark. This was the most subtle way to leave them defenseless. The affected would not realize this until it was far too late. This method was the number one method assassins would use.

But against an expert opponent whose martial arts had affected even his inner organs, it would be useless to use the Hidden Jin in such a way. That was because such an expert's entire body was extremely sensitive.

But unfortunately, Miyagi Hanshin was not such a person.

If he were to understand the severity of Hidden Jin, then the very moment he saw the mark left on his waist, he would have ran to find someone to treat him. That way, his wound would not come to such a state.

But when it came to the point of pissing blood, that meant the kidneys were already starting to rot and the wound had already spread to the epidermis.

The inner organs were already originally weak. If one were to receive an internal wound, by the time they felt the pain, it was most likely far too late to do anything about it.

Miyagi Hanshin was a superb martial artist and master of Gobu-Ryu Karate. Although he had learned many internal martial arts and had reached the pinnacle of the Clear Jin, because of his fierce nature, he was not able to restrain all of his emotions and had naturally been unable to naturally break out with Hidden Jin from his heart.

Not being able to break out with Hidden Jin and not knowing the results of what the soft Hidden Jin could do. A combination like this would only end in tragedy.

Miyagi Hanshin was the descendant of the Japanese Miyagi family. Having

used the Hidden Jin to rot away his kidneys, Wang Chao had left behind an unforgettable hatred on him.

Wang Chao had most certainly known about this effect. After challenging him and fracturing Zhao Xinglong's body in three different places in such a manner, Wang Chao had naturally used a sinister move to deal with him.

"What's going on, why am I pissing blood?" Suddenly pissing blood was something no man would be able to withstand. Plus, Miyagi Hanshin had an excellent body since birth and never had suffered from illness before.

Both of his kidneys had a sharp pain along with his urinary tract which felt as if multiple needles were stabbing into it. Such a pain like this was more than enough for him to lose consciousness.

"Ah!" At his cry and tumble to the floor, several men within the airport had noticed him.

When the people rushed to him and saw the blood on his body and the stinky smell of blood, they were scared witless.

At the same time, his companions waiting outside had realized something strange had happened. Charging into the restroom, they immediately cried out in shock as they looked at Miyagi Hanshin.

"Quick, take him to the hospital!"

"My God, what happened to him? It's a good thing we got off the airplane just now!"

As they spoke in Japanese, Miyagi Hanshin was already on board of an ambulance.

Within a large scale hospital in Tokyo.

By the time Miyagi Hanshin woke, there as two tubes through his kidneys. By the left side of his bed was an ECG machine that beeped at times, showing that he was still alive.

"The kidneys have completely rotted. Even if we were to find a suitable donor to successfully transplant it, his original body functionality has already been

brought down. Moreover...he is now completely infertile.”

A spectacled wearing doctor carefully faced a serious looking Japanese man while slowly stating the status of Miyagi Hanshin’s medical condition.

The Japanese man’s face grew darker and darker with each word. But when he heard the words “completely infertile”, he immediately exploded with anger.

“Baka!” The Japanese man roared, slapping the doctor right in the face, knocking his glasses to the ground and the doctor himself to the ground. Fortunately, the doctor’s eyeglasses had been made from resin, and not glass, saving the doctor from having his eyes being stabbed with the shards.

“Mister Miyagi, we will do our best to treat your son, our very best....” Seeing the head doctor get slapped, the other departments immediately began to bow their heads in forgiveness.

There was no other choice. The Miyagi family was an extremely large family within Japan with plenty of business connections. Their assets were utterly inconceivable, and the power was most strongest with Miyagi Sawaki. He was the leader of the Yakuza group the Yamaguchi. With just a few words, these doctors could find themselves cut into diced meat and thrown into the sewers.

The Yakuza gangs in Japan could influence the political and military circles of Japan.

“Sawaki, don’t hit people.” At that moment, an elderly voice could be heard from behind. Turning his head to look, the angry look on Miyagi Sawaki’s face had instantly vanished.

Down came an elderly man with wooden clogs and walked with crutches. This elderly man had a grim look to his face without any light to it as if he was a dead man walking.

“Oji-san, how did you get here?”

This person was the currently leader of the Miyagi family, Miyagi Ryutaro. He was a 70 year old figure with a renowned reputation in the Japanese martial arts world.

“Sawaki, your martial arts has stagnated. Even your spiritual cultivation has

fallen behind, that is not a good thing.” Ryutaro sighed. “But this is the result of how you run the family business. Take me to see Hanshin.”

“Hai!” Miyagi Sawaki spoke with a slight amount of fear.

As the two men walked into the room, Ryutaro walked right up to where Miyagi Hanshin was. Looking at his waist, his eyes began to shine brightly before narrowing sharply at the sight of the faint traces of a finger.

After some time without any emotion on Ryutaro’s face, he finally spoke, “Hanshin this child, he was a talent even in our Miyagi clan. If he tempered his emotions, then he would have stepped into the world of experts by the age of 30. By then, he would have been able to support the family as a master. But now, he cannot. Even after he heals, he will never be.”

Ryutaro’s words had been very calm, but Miyagi Sawaki’s heart had shook with shock. From his childhood, he had never seen his uncle leak killing intent before.

“Our martial arts world had never once made contact with the Chinese martial arts world since four or five years ago. But now, trouble has been stirred up once more. Sawaki, go investigate it was that killed Hanshin. An expert like this should not be unknown.”

“Oji-san, Hanshin hasn’t died yet, the hospital can save him.”

“En!” Ryutaro turned around with both eyes staring at Miyagi Sawaki, showing him intense anxiety. “Our Miyagi family has only one path. To lose that path is to have no path at all.”

With that, Ryutaro’s hand clutched at Miyagi Hanshin’s neck and snapped it with a furious crunching sound. Instantly, the ECG machine stopped beeping.

“You are not the successor to the Miyagi family martial arts, so I will be lenient to you. The Miyagi family is a prideful clan who will not allow any loser to lay in a bed in defeat.” Ryutaro spoke after killing Hanshin and then walked out.

Although his usage of Hidden Jin to injure Miyagi Hanshin would create enemies for himself, Wang Chao was not afraid. As he improved his martial arts, he would want to test it out against even more people. People like Miyagi Hanshin were merely just warm ups to him.

The organization has made a decision, you will go to Shandong and open up a martial arts dojo.”

After Wang Chao had returned from his fight with Zhang Wei, he didn't just idle about for half a year. Before the winter could start, he returned to C city where his family was. Then, he bought a decently size 120 square meter house and fitted it for his parents to live in.

These recent years, his father and mother had slowly received the money he had earned with joy. After moving in, they had been given several hundred thousand RMB, allowing them to quit their jobs and live at home in retirement.

His parents had been very happy to move into the home. They had quickly became friends with their neighbors and often took strolls, played mahjong, planted flowers and raised goldfish in leisure.

Wang Chao had lived with them there with a relaxed heart. A sudden thought had came to him then, the life of a calm and carefree life wasn't all that bad.

But despite the improvement of quality in their life, there had been a single concern that weighed on Wang Chao's parents' mind.

That was the matter of having Wang Chao settle down. In their line of reasoning, now that Wang Chao was successful in his business, it was about time to find some nice lady friend and settle down and have a baby.

Wang Chao had never given it any thought before, so whenever his parents nagged him about it, he would smile and say nothing.

The New Year had quickly went past.

Wang Chao was already approaching 22 years old by now. It had been four years and three months since he had started martial arts. In these four years, whether it was him sitting or laying down, he was training. This amount of practice was two or three times the normal amount of a regular martial artist. In the words of a Wuxia novel, Wang Chao had well over 10 years worth of martial arts in skill.

In March, the flowers were slowly blooming.

Finally, the end of Wang Chao's leisure life came.

That day, he had received Cao Yi's phone number and immediately traveled to S Province.

Upon seeing Cao Yi, the representative had given him a mission from the organization.

"To Shandong?" Wang Chao was shocked.

"Correct, go to Shandong." Cao Yi nodded before explaining, "Shandong has a path with Korea and Shandong. Furthermore, the northeastern part of China is connected to Russia! The Russian criminal powers have many underground fighting places that have already gradually made their ways here. Their group is quite complex, so you should first make yourself known in the martial arts world there. First, you must confirm the trends of the criminal gangs, then you must make a name for yourself. I heard that the other day, you killed the Japanese martial artist Miyagi Hanshin from the Miyagi family, that brought about a decent amount of trouble. Other than that, you must be careful. Shandong and northeastern China is in the hands of several powers and even the princeling Liao Junhua who has connections with Russia, Japan, and Korea's criminal gangs. This time, Boulder and the others will go with you as your disciples as well as your secret support. In the case of the gangs using firepower, they will be prepared."

"Other than that, you are no expert in business at all. Sun Lei and his group specialize in warfare, destruction, and invasion. So, the organization has sent a specialized support to help you."

Just at that moment, the doors to the conference room opened up to reveal a military uniform wearing woman with two stars on her shoulder, symbolizing her status as a lieutenant commander.

"Hello, I'm Lin Yanan!"

Upon seeing this woman come in, Cao Yi had hurriedly stood up to greet her. Evidently, this woman was equal to him in ranking.

"Hello, comrade Cao Yi." The lieutenant commander shook Cao Yi's hand and then looked to Wang Chao.

"Allow me to introduce you two. This is the Bagua and Xingyi Quan master, master Wang Chao." Cao Yi explained in a hurry.

“Hello, I am navy lieutenant commander Lin Yanan.” Lin Yanan introduced herself, “I hope our future partnership will be pleasant.”

“The navy? Ah, it’s most likely that we will need to send and receive goods through the ocean.” Wang Chao suddenly thought when the word ‘navy’ was spoken.

Chapter 82: Be the Wu Qingyuan of the Martial Arts World!

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Seeing the confused look on Wang Chao's face, Lin Yanan had a look of doubt.

"Bagua and Xingyi master? Is being called a master such an easy thing? Why is it that I don't see any vigilance or sharpness from this one?"

Truly, Wang Chao being called a master was not undeserved. He had not just called himself a master, but it was a result of his martial arts which won his battles for him.

But because of his age, being called a Bagua and Xingyi master was not something that could so easily be accepted.

The slightly curving upward eyes of Lin Yanan's closed for a moment with just a small amount of danger appearing through the cracks.

Her movements had been very natural as she lifted her hand up to make an attempt for a handshake.

Wang Chao had been thinking about the navy and didn't think about Lin Yanan at all. But when the two hands met for a handshake, Lin Yanan's elbow suddenly bent inwards, pulling the entire inner arm away from Wang Chao like a pole.

Lin Yanan had suddenly issued power with her elbow, but from the outside, anyone that looked wouldn't have seen anything unnatural from the handshake.

But Wang Chao could feel the sudden clamping sensation of her hand as if it was an iron pincer. At the same time of her arm coming forward, her entire body followed with it. It was as if she had did a little movement, but her entire body had flown forward.

The power that had issued out of the fist had been subtle! Strong! And like a pole!

"What a strong application of the Eight Extreme Fists. How is such a young

person able of doing this? Didn't they say our government wasn't cultivating any martial artists? Even Boulder and the rest are only proficient in wrestling of the external martial arts kind. Just how is a female lieutenant commander capable of being so strong like this?"

Wang Chao had immediately sensed the spear like elbow pull and classified it as one of the techniques of the Eight Extreme Fists. This female lieutenant commander was capable of striking with the force of 250 kilograms, this was more than enough to send someone flying.

However, Lin Yanan's test of strength was only capable scaring any regular person and knocking them down. Against a martial art master like Wang Chao, she was like a child to him.

Lightly leaning backwards while bringing his waist, Wang Chao softened the muscles in his arm and shook it. His center of gravity had suddenly been like a floating petal on a pond or a cotton ball floating through the winds. Despite the immensity of Lin Yanan's strength, it had only ended up missing.

"Lin Yanan, please sit." Wang Chao spoke without any surprise being shown while continuing to shake her hand. Naturally dissolving the power in her attack, his finger pressed against a joint on Lin Yanan's body lightly.

Lin Yanan's face changed colors as she felt the joint on her arm get pressed. Immediately, as if a switch had been flicked, a course of electricity jolted through her entire body from her vertebrae to her waist.

Her entire body had suddenly turned into a marionette and involuntarily sat down on the chair behind her.

The part Wang Chao had pressed on was enough to control her body movements.

This was the Taichi's refined method of circulating Jin. When Wang Chao and Chen Aiyang had met, he was able to understand the art even more, slowly perfecting it.

But in this moment of shaking hands, Wang Chao had not embarrassed Lin Yanan at all.

At the very least in Cao Yi's eyes, the two had only shaken hands for a moment

before Wang Chao relinquished his grip and spoke. In the next moment, Lin Yanan had sat down.

Wang Chao had sat down as well.

“Could it be that Russia, Japan, South Korea, and North Korea’s criminal influences have grown to be a major problem to involve even the navy? Do we require the navy to combat such a pressure?” Wang Chao suddenly asked the question on his mind, simultaneously avoiding Lin Yanan from feeling embarrassed.

Lin Yanan had lost her balance and fell onto the table. Immediately feeling embarrassed, her face had turned slightly red.

But when Wang Chao suddenly asked her such a question as if nothing had happened at all, Lin Yanan had finally understood that this youth in front of her had truly deserved to be called a master.

“Masters of martial arts truly possess an unchanging temperament. I had no idea he was such an outstanding person. The organization has truly picked out an outstanding person this time. I heard last year that he won against master Zhang Wei of the Three Tigers of Guangdong. I’ve never seen Zhang Wei, but master has always said that the Three Tigers of Guangdong hold the essence of the martial arts world. They are the experts amongst experts....”

Lin Yanan thought to herself while also formulating a reply to Wang Chao.

“Right now in the Bohai Sea, Yellow Sea, and the Sea of Japan, several criminal powers have been running rampant; especially the Russians. Their guerilla mercenary squadrons from Chechnya have been sailing the Sea of Japan and killing left and right. The United States are currently in control of Japan, complicating southeast Asia’s situation. No matter if its Russia, the United States, or us, none of us can afford to be involved in a large scaled military movement. That’s why the criminal gangs are going crazy. Recently, I’ve heard that the European Union has been trying to stick a leg into the situation, creating an even more chaotic scene.”

“Ah, so that’s the situation. Lieutenant commander Lin, if the navy has to mobilize, then what can you help mobilize?” Wang Chao asked the most important question.

The last competition with Zhang Wei had been fortunate to have been on a tanker with so many reputable men from the martial arts world. Furthermore, it was a ship from the Chenshi Corporation, that had been an added benefit.

But the next time something like this happened, who knows what might happen.

In the vast and boundless oceans, unless one was an Immortal from Daoist beliefs and could fly, there would be no way of escape in any situation.

“I am to go to Shandong and open a school there. The scene there is quite complicated and there are many martial artists gathered there. The organization can only support me in secret and place my neck on the lime for the foreseeable future. Zhang Wei had once said, ‘When in the Jianghu, one cannot do as one pleases. But even in the court, I cannot move as I wish either.’”

“I’m able to dispatch five different military ships customized for combat. It’s firepower isn’t too bad and even has a small guided missile launcher, torpedoes, and twenty to thirty able bodied soldiers. Each one are specialized marines at my command.

Lin Yanan had immediately spoke of what she herself was capable of commanding.

“Nicely done!” Wang Chao spoke, his heart skipping a beat.

“Is the organization really giving me such a large amount of power to mobilize? Instead of going to develop the martial arts world, am I about to start a war?!”

“With so many boats and people, wouldn’t that cause a large disturbance? Something like this would be easy to find out.” Wang Chao spoke the most curious question on his mind.

“This is only a precaution for anything you might not know about. The Japanese martial arts world is already keeping an eye out on you. As long as you are in S province, they cannot get to you. But now that you are opening a school in Shandong, they will definitely watch you closely. A competition or an assassination plot, those cannot be discounted. You are right now an important figure for the organization to cultivate and so they cannot allow for anything to

happen to you.” Cao Yi stood up and spoke to Wang Chao, “I will give you my support from here!”

“Despite being so young, you’ve reached the realm of perfection in the martial arts world. I’ve watched you grow up for a short four years, but you’ve grown up quickly. I’ve already sent your information and growth to the organization!”

“For the past half year, the organization has researched you! They see you now as an important figure and thus gave you a difficult mission as well!”

Upon seeing the change of expression on Cao Yi’s face, Wang Chao was startled.

“What difficult mission?”

Cao Yi replied, “Do you know of the grandmaster of Go, Wu Qingyuan?”

“Go grandmaster, Go Seigen.” Wang Chao nodded in reply.

TL Note: Wu Qingyuan is was a Chinese born Japanese grandmaster of Go. He is better known as Go Seigen.

“Wu Qinyuan migrated to Japan in the past and swept the world of Japanese Go. No matter if they were the highest quality players or even the best players, they were all defeated by him!”

“The organization has thus given this mission for you. Starting from today, you will challenge the entire Japanese martial artist world to a competition. No matter if they are an expert, a high level master, or even a grandmaster, you will defeat them in an official battle! Even better, you strike them dead!”

“You will be the Wu Qingyuan of the martial arts world! This is the mission the organization has passed down onto you! Think about it, is this not a difficult but important mission?”

“Bring the winds of our nation across the entire world and sweep everyone else away! This is your task! This is no mere fight against any criminal gangs or princelings.”

“The organization has given you so much firepower and allocated so many people to you because they wish to guarantee your safety. You are worth that much of a price! Remember to remember your own worth!”

Cao Yi had spoken the entire speech in one breath almost before realizing he had been over excited. Sitting back down to calm himself, he drank a cup of tea.

“The organization has that high of an expectation for him?” Upon hearing Cao Yi speak, even the lieutenant commander Lin Yanan had been surprised.

But Lin Yanan wasn’t the only one, even Wang Chao didn’t know how to reply.

Although he had made great strides into the martial arts world towards the realm of perfection, he knew what the saying ‘Outside the heavens is another heaven, and beyond a man is another man.’. Chen Aiyang had first come to mind in fact. If he wished to reach the realm Chen Aiyang was, it would take a long time.

But to think the mission given to him by the organization was to have him be the strongest under the heavens!

Sweep across the Japanese martial arts world and kill all grandmasters, masters, high level experts, and others, this was what it meant to be the *Wu Qingyuan* of the martial arts world. After that would be to sweep across the entire world and be unparalleled. It was easier said than done, and in truth, this was the same as having a recently born infant try to climb Mt Everest barehanded.

Wang Chao had confidence, but not arrogance.

“I feel like a duck being forced to sit on top of a perch. If I had 10 or 20 more years, I’d be confident that I’d be able to do something, but right now...”

Wang Chao had a forced smile on his face.

Not being regarded as important by the organization was a painful thing. But being regarded as such was also a painful thing.

Wang Chao suddenly felt the pressure on him increase and transform into Mount Tai itself, pressing down on him harshly.

“Naturally, this is only just an expectation the organization sees in you. The only condition is that you cannot lose to a challenger even once in a competition.” Cao Yi sighed. “To be honest, when the organization made this plan, even I was shocked. But after thinking about it, it’s not a half bad idea. I’ve

seen you grow up every step of the way, and the progress is astounding. Four years ago, I could defeat you in a single blow, but today, you could kill me where I stand with just a finger.”

“Back when I used to fight, I too had the desire to be unparalleled under the heavens. But after the years went by, that ambition slowly whittled away. So, this mission isn’t just entrusted to you by the organization, I place my own dreams along with it in you. I have faith that you won’t fail to disappoint.”

“Come, starting from today, let Lin Yanan bear witness to the legend that will be born.”

Cao Yi raised his hand forward.

Needless to say, Cao Yi was the political commissar for the public safety bureau. With his long work in politics, he was able to move anyone with his words. The classics of Buddha had once said that the words of Buddha was extremely extravagant and could make all animals and humans flock to him.

While Cao Yi wasn’t at such a level like that, he could still make people burn bright with emotions.

This had let Wang Chao experience just how important a political commissar was for the organization. At the same time, it had allowed him to understand that there was a reason for this mission.

“To work in the world of politics as a political commissar is to lead the scene. I cannot compare to Cao Yi in this aspect. He has raised up so fast, even if he didn’t have the organization’s support, he would still end up being promoted.”

With a mental sigh, Wang Chao raised his hand forward.

Lin Yanan did the same.

Three people and six hands were joined together to bear witness to the creation of a legend of Guoshu.

When it came to the fickle affairs of the world, a man may wish for something, but only the heavens will accomplish it. Luck played a part in everything. Even in a competition between the strongest experts, a decent portion of the outcome could be related to luck.

Knowing that this legend may end up destroyed before even coming into existence, would anyone dare continue on that path?

But Wang Chao wouldn't know about that. And even God himself would not know.

But Wang Chao did know something. He was already forced to go to Shandong. In this path he was now walking, winning was the only constant to living.

Chapter 83: Dai Jun of the Three Tigers of Guangdong

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Although he was well aware of the fact that Cao Yi was trying to encourage and motivate him using his experience in politics, Wang Chao couldn't help but feel excited nonetheless.

After another three days, Wang Chao, Lin Yanan, Zhao Xinglong, Boulder, Axe, and Hammer had all gotten on an airplane to Shandong. The other 20 soldiers had already left for Shandong earlier in secret.

Originally, Boulder's squad of soldiers had a total of 25 men. But because of his first meeting with Wang Chao, Hammer had both of his arms broken by Wang Chao's Chopping Jin of the tiger stance. So, there was a total of 24 men in the squadron in the past operations.

But it had been a full year now, meaning Hammer's arms had fully healed. After that competition, even Hammer had come to respect Wang Chao. When this mission was handed down to him, he had immediately agreed to being Wang Chao's disciple.

Hammer hadn't been the only one. Zhao Xinglong had fully recovered his arm, leg and chest bones in less than half a year.

As a practitioner of inner martial arts, Zhao Xinglong's body was naturally stronger than the normal person's. Furthermore, Wang Chao was extremely rich and could afford to have the best orthopedic specialist to look after him. He had even used the Hidden Jin every so often to help strengthen Zhao Xinglong's bones.

Half a year ago, Chen Aiyang had treated Wang Chao's wounds with the use of the soft Hidden Jin to spread through his pores and gather within the lungs. However, the medicine that had circulated with it had been extremely effective to the point where even Wang Chao was amazed.

A martial artist would never not be injured. In the past, those of the Wulin had many healing techniques. Even Wong Feihung had been an expert doctor.

For those who only fought and didn't heal, their wounds would accumulate and would sooner or later become handicapped.

Treatment using Hidden Jin was similar to a needle in concept, but it was far more effective than one. Wang Chao looked as if he was carefreely applying the Hidden Jin to Zhao Xinglong, but he had actually been concentrating.

Zhao Xinglong's injuries had offered up a good opportunity to be his experiment.

Wang Chao hadn't any medicine and so he had to make do with other means. Buying several bottles of tiger bone wine, he applied them to his hand and gently used the Hidden Jin to treat the injured bones within the body.

This way, the results had been extraordinary. Zhao Xinglong's injuries had recovered at a lightning fast speed.

After this loss, Zhao Xinglong's hidden fierce willpower had been brought out. And since it was at the hands of a Japanese, it had been brought out with an explosive start.

With his wounds healed, Zhao Xinglong spent everyday training himself to the point where he only had four hours of sleep each day while the rest of the time was spent training. Even Wang Chao had been brought into his training.

In the past, Zhao Xinglong had escaped the underground fighting rings and returned to his education. Then, because of Wang Chao once more, he was able to find a job at the Tianxing Networking and joined the ranks of the upper class society. A life of pleasure with a car to and from wherever. This had already started to corrupt Zhao Xinglong's willpower.

Although he was at work training everyday, without being enthralled or engrossed with his martial arts, there was naturally no progression. It was with difficulty that he had managed to maintain his skill from atrophying.

In truth, Wang Chao had once been at such a stage like this. It was only after a long journey to baptize his heart and willpower that he was able to break away from the ostentatious deceptions of the mundane world and maintain his path towards the realm of martial arts.

"Perhaps his defeat will be the thing he needs to turn over a new leaf."

Wang Chao thought.

“Lina Yanan, Shandong is a large area, where will the dojo be, and how will we publicize it.”

On the airplane, Wang Chao and Lin Yanan sat together. Lin Yanan had long since changed her military uniform for a black business suit that did not hide her pale white skin, long slender legs, and ample breasts. Even her ice cold personality had accentuated her appearance along with the perfume she wore. Anyone that looked at her would instantly start to indulge in their inner fantasies a little.

But even when she sat with Wang Chao, Lin Yanan didn't sense any lecherous or indecent ideas towards her.

Wang Chao's eyes had sometimes wandered over to her and lingered for a moment, but Lin Yanan had never once seen any complex emotion in them. Instead, his pupils were as pure as running water.

Needless to say, after practicing martial arts, Wang Chao had cultivated his mind and body to a state of tranquility.

“Right here!” Lin Yanan folded the table down in front of her and placed a map right onto it. Pointing, her finger landed upon a rather beautiful city by the coast side.

“Qingdao?”

“Correct, our dojo will be located in the Laoshan district of Qingdao City!” Lin Yanan nodded her head. In that instant, Wang Chao felt the spirit of Zhang Tong.

They were both proficient business women.

“When the organization handed this mission down, I had already made the proper connections with the tourism department of Qingdao. Within the Laoshan district, I've enlarged the temple and formed a large scale martial arts school.

“Laoshan? I thought we would be establishing the school in the urban parts of the city like the Taekwondo and Karate dojos.” Seeing how Lin Yanan was so well prepared, Wang Chao had thought for a moment before asking his question, “If

the school is near the mountains, wouldn't that affect us?"

"That's where you're wrong!" Lin Yanan's finger rapped against Mount Song in Henan. "We Chinese must borrow support from the mountains, historical sites and scenic spots in order to grow. Have you seen the Shaolin Temple? Their stock will sooner be hitting the stock markets even! The CEO of Shaolin Temple, master Yong Xin, is far more impressive or famous than any chairman. He himself is a representative of China even! So how about it! Our model of Chinese martial arts will follow such awe-inspiring might and not follow in the footsteps of Japan and Korea."

After a moment of pause to breathe, Lin Yanan continued, "Laoshan was famous in the past for its scenery and being the holy lands for Daoism. Pu Songling had been a Daoist priest in Laoshan, need I say more? We will borrow from these famous things and mysteries; and combined with your martial arts and the media to promote the school, it will shake the martial arts world. Although it won't be comparable to the Shaolin Temple or the Wudang Mountains straight away, it'll beat the Karate and Taekwondo dojos by a decent amount. Plus, Qingdao is closeby to Korea and Japan. With the city is our fighting grounds, we will contend with the dojos of Taekwondo and Karate. With the organization, we will not be an easy target to bully around either."

"Fine, Laoshan it is!" Hearing Lin Yanan's explanation, Wang Chao had thought to the business model of the Shaolin Temple.

"Wushu is one thing. But to commercialize Wushu and earn money and fame is another." Lin Yanan spoke as she took back the map.

When Wang Chao heard this, he suddenly began to feel gloomy.

"Guoshu was created for the sake of killing, not for performance. But now, I've been forced to fall to such a state. Is this not a violation of the principles from what sis Chen taught me?"

As he thought, Wang Chao let out a sigh, *"I know that sis Chen's original intentions were to teach me and leave behind her knowledge. Now that I've stepped into the martial arts world, I know just how dangerous it is, but how is the world she walks in?"*

"What are you thinking about?" Lin Yanan had realized Wang Chao's face had

grown dark and quizzed him on it.

“Ah...it’s nothing.” Wang Chao closed his eyes to rest. “Whatever I don’t know, I will be relying on you. I will only be able to teach martial arts, the rest will be up to you to take charge.”

With Lin Yanan’s preparations, everything would go smoothly.

Four days later, Wang Chao’s group was at the southern side of the Laoshan mountains where a Daoist temple could be seen.

This was the domain where Daoist temples were in Laoshan. Three sides faced the mountains while one side overlooked to the sea. The trees added an air of mystery and was very spacious. Such a location like this was a prime spot for a cultivator.

When Wang Chao came to this place, he looked around and took in the spectacular sight.

These six temples had been combined into one giant building with over 30 buildings and had an ancient yet elegant appeal to it. It was on this mountain that the Laoshan Daoism Society was located.

This time, Lin Yanan had been able to get a part of the place due to the Qingdao government, the other part was due to the organization. Aside from this, they had also paid a wealthy sum to the Laoshan Daoism Society

The signboard had been raised above the school.

But it didn’t use “Tianxing” as the signboard, instead, an old school board had the words “Laoshan School of Internal Martial Arts”.

After the signboard, Lin Yanan had immediately made use of some money to call Shandong’s television station and spread news of it through the media.

In an hour, the name of “Laoshan School of Internal Martial Arts” had spread throughout the entire province like a tidal wave. Practically everyone within Shandong had heard about it and several people from outside the province even had heard about it.

It was similar to the 1990’s “Brotherhood Military School” whose fame had boomed throughout the news so everyone had heard about it.

Furthermore, the Daoist priests of Laoshan were originally very famous. So when Wang Chao had opened up his school, the advertisements had made him out to be a mysterious figure, making people to believe he was a mysterious Daoist priest that was imparting some sort of secret.

Not even a month later, the fame seekers had practically broken down the doors to get in.

But Wang Chao had never shown his face.

Lin Yanan had already prepared for this earlier and had a Daoist priest that knew martial arts from the Laoshan Daoism Society to serve as the intermediary for the public.

Although Wang Chao's skill at martial arts was enough for him to be a master, with his age, he was no means photogenic. As a master of martial arts, how would earn respect if they did not have the scholarly look and age of an elder man?

This Daoist priest representative was an expert of the Praying Mantis Boxing, Hong Datong. Originally he had been a master of the Seven Star Praying Mantis Boxing, but because of life troubles, he had been forced to leave his home to become a Daoist priest.

He had been fierce, swift, and unrelenting in his attacks, as expected as an expert.

But compared to Wang Chao, there was a huge contrast.

Wang Chao had estimated him to be a little ways off from Qin Maojiao, Yagyu Haruko, and Miyagi Hanshin. But compared to Zhao Xinglong, they were equally matched.

But this level of martial arts was more than enough to fool those who pointed the camera at them or martial art enthusiasts.

Originally, Hong Datong had been displeased in having Wang Chao as the head of the martial arts school. So when the Daoism Society had told him to help out, he did so unwillingly. On the very first day, he had fought against Wang Chao before being sent flying through the air five meters away by Wang Chao's Chopping Grab. He had even crashed through the wooden gates to the school,

breaking it apart.

After this amazing feat and hearing that Wang Chao had been the one last year to defeat one of the Three Tigers of Guangdong, Zhang Wei, he had been shocked. Convinced of Wang Chao's might, he had been delighted to act as the intermediary for the public and hoped that he would be allowed to learn from Wang Chao as well.

In just a single month after the school had opened, the news had circulated to practically everyone's ears.

Within Shandong's capital city, Ji'nan City.

Within the city on the top floor of a large building.

The floor had a giant transparent glass wall, allowing for one to oversee the entire Ji'nan City.

"Junior Liao, the martial arts world has been quite noisy lately! No matter if you're from Shandong, or a tyrant from Dongbei, everyone has heard about it! Perhaps you have not heard about it?"

Within the giant office space, a 30 year old man with eyebrows that were almost like unibrows could be seen sitting on a large leather sofa.

His hair was a short three inches that spiked up like a porcupine and energy seemed to burst out from him in an endless amount.

"Senior Dai, you ask me what I know about the martial arts world? I've only heard that last year, a youth was able to defeat and cause senior Zhang Wei to leap into the ocean to his death. But other than that? Is there anything else to know about?"

This unibrow man was infact one of the Three Tigers of Guangdong, Dai Jun, a master Xinyi Liuhe.

Sitting right in front of him was the princeling of Shandong, Liao Junhua.

But to think Liao Junhua was actually Dai Jun's fellow junior disciple! This was something even Wang Chao didn't have information on!

Dai Jun's master was currently retired Guoshu master Zhu Hongzhi in Hawaii. In the 1970s, he too had been just as renowned as Taiwanese master Xue

Lianxin.

Chapter 84: Martial Arts Improving by Leaps and Bounds

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Liao Junhua had been one of the rumored princelings, but compared to Zhao Jun, Wang Xiaolei, and Wu Yingda, he was a tad bit older than them.

He was about 32 years old with well fitted clothing. His eyebrows were sharp like swords and his eyes seemed to sparkle like a star. His forehead was rather plump and his facial appearances was well proportioned. It could be said that he was extremely handsome.

Sitting down, both of his hands were seated by his knee in a proper position. There had been no frivolous or lavish aura that was normally found in a princeling around him.

To the unknowing, Liao Junhua looked as if a strictly disciplined religious monk. There had been no hint of the regular signs of being a princeling.

Still, he was truly a princeling. In terms of family power, he was far stronger than Zhao Jun, Wang Xiaolei, and Wu Yingda.

But he was not like the Ike Corporation that dealt with criminal activities. Instead, he controlled the entire Shandong Peninsula electricity, gas, and other energy sources.

Whether it was the underworld of Dongbei or Shandong, Liao Junhua had no connections with either circles. He wasn't even interested in them, but his might was still frightening. With just a single word, he would be able to buy out anyone, be they legal or illegal groups.

Even the profitable but chaotic industry of underground fighting, he had a small dividend in it.

From the outside, he looked like an earnest working executive of an enterprise. Even after investigations, his roots would be deep as a young successor to his parents without any hints of criminal activities.

“Don’t tell me you haven’t heard? Impossible, this has made its way around to even Penglai City’s Internal Martial Arts School.” If Xu Zhen were to look at Liao Junhai, even he would know that neither person was worse than the other.

When it came to this disciple, even Xu Zhen was well aware of him.

When he was in his teens, Liao Junhua had been sent to the United States to study abroad. In this time period, he had come to know Zhu Hongzhi who had been desperate to find a disciple to impart his knowledge.

Liao Junhua had been well endowed and was both smart and hardworking. Immediately, Zhu Hongzhi had personally taught him for four years. His results had brought him so far that it had gotten a little out of control. Even within the New York Chinese Association, he had earned the nickname, “Twin Flower Red Pole”.

TL Note: In the Triad, Red Poles is a middle ranking leader.

In the ancient past, even during the Tang Dynasty, the spread of the Chinese had affected everywhere to extend the family! Hundreds of years has gone by, with an innumerable amount of Chinese people everywhere. Europe, Canada, Russia, Singapore, the list went on, the Chinese were everywhere.

Living abroad for a Chinese person wasn’t an easy thing to do since discrimination would happen. Without an association, life would often times be impossible to live down.

The Chinese Association in the United States was naturally very big, and their traditions for the martial arts world was naturally more developed than China.

One of the reasons for this was because of the Qing Dynasty and the Republic of China when China was in a state of disorder. Many martial artists had fled China, some of them had even left with the Nationalist Party during the initial stages of liberation.

The second reason was because the Chinese Associations outside of China was not like it was in China. Danger came from every side, and many children were often times given a knife or gun to kill with. Because of external pressure, they would often grow to become extremely patriotic.

The nickname of “Twin Flower Red Pole” had originated from the Green Gang

and the Hongmen. In their groups, being called this nickname had meant that they were able to fight extremely well. For Liao Junhai to obtain such a nickname overseas where the experts were as numerous as the clouds, it truly spoke much about his skill.

Zhu Hongzhi had seen the talent in him, and so in his later days, he had personally taught him.

Liao Junhai had studied for eight years before returning back to China. In those eight years, he had gotten into countless fights and tempered himself. He was no rookie when it came to actual combat experience, on the contrary, he had far more experience than even his senior Dai Jun.

A princeling like this could be considered to be a legendary figure. But because he had been abroad for so long, he was essentially an unknown figure back home. Combined with his family's power, the organization had been unable to dredge up any information on him, leading to Wang Chao knowing nothing about him either.

"The Laoshan School of Internal Martial Arts? Isn't that lead by the exiled priest of the Praying Mantis Fist? He and the Daoism Society wish to earn money it seems, don't tell me there's some sort of profound theory behind it?" Liao Junhai knew that Dai Jun wouldn't speak without thinking about the matter first.

"There is indeed such a thing. That priest is only a figurehead. The true master of the school is the one who defeated Zhang Wei, Wang Chao. Wang Chao is also the executive leader of the Tianxing Networking in S Province." Dai Jun coughed.

"He has burned bridges with many people. Firstly, he has killed elder Xu's most famed disciple, Qin Maojiao. Secondly, he has killed the outstanding talent of the Miyagi family in Japan, Miyagi Hanshin. I've heard that the Japanese martial arts world is now secretly wishing to start trouble with him."

"Eh?" Liao Junhai's eyebrows furrowed together, "Just what influence does he have?"

"I came here to Shandong today to find you. Earlier, I received a letter from the Ike Corporation. Wu Yingda and the others wished to offer friendship and see if I could compete with Wang Chao to regain the honor of the Three Tigers of Guangdong. However, just why would I be someone else's spear without a good

cause? After speaking with the three, I came to know about Wang Chao's history. According to their research, this Wang Chao is in fact a spy from the European Union."

"The Europeans have sent a Chinese spy!" Liao Junhai's calm face had finally some shock to it!

"Senior Dai! Tomorrow, let us go meet with that young martial artist master!" After a while, Liao Junhai spoke to Dai Jun.

"Junior's hands must be itching now I see. The situation in Shandong has become quite tense now. With the European Union sticking their hands in, then it will be far too troublesome." Dai Jun himself was a board member of Macau's Pujing Corporation. When it came to the matters of the coast of Asia, no one had as sensitive ears as he did.

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Zhao Xinglong stood chest deep in the sea, sending wave after wave back as he struck out without ever letting the water around him settle.

But despite the waves coming at him as well, he had met each wave head on with a hard fist. Upon contact, water splashed out everywhere.

The strength of the waves had been fierce, but Wang Chao's footing had been very stable with it being rooted deep on it.

The fierce sun had rose over the waters and shined brightly downwards. Zhao Xinglong's body had already been illuminated by the light and transformed his skin to be a copper bronze color.

While Zhao Xinglong was in the waters fighting with both arms, Wang Chao and Lin Yanan were walking around the beach.

Boulder, Axe, and Hammer were all strong soldiers and so were running across the beach barefooted. After taking in the fresh sea air, they immediately set about to doing pushups to toughen their bodies.

After training their bodies, the three men began to start their stance training.

These three men were very strong in their close-combat skills, but they had never learned to stand with their vertebrates. If they were to fight an expert

now, they would end up losing.

After being in Shandong for so long, almost everything had been managed by Lin Yanan. Wang Chao had had an extraordinarily carefree time. He would spend his days walking, taking in the sights, and stroll around in a manner far more peaceful than back home.

However, this was only the calm before the storm.

“Eh? Why haven’t I seen you practice at all recently?” Finally, Zhao Xinglong stopped his training and walked out from the ocean with a soaking wet body.

He hadn’t understood Wang Chao’s actions for the past few days.

Even Lin Yanan had her confusions.

According to reports, Wang Chao was a person that would train vigorously everyday.

Wang Chao was currently their main support and pillar. In the coming days, there would be many challengers and so everyone hoped that Wang Chao would train hard to be unparalleled under the heavens.

But unexpectedly, Wang Chao hadn’t even gone through any stance training and so worried everyone that knew him.

“Your main focus is on the Eight Extreme Fists, with some supplementary skills in Pigua and Tongbei. But the lessons you’ve learned from your family is incomplete and is missing some things. Unfortunately, I am not proficient in the Eight Extreme Fists and cannot teach you. And since you are learning the Eight Extreme Fists, you are unable to learn Xingyi from me. Jin is a hard thing to change, and doing so would make it impure.”

At the very beginning, one’s training had to be pure. After becoming a master and understanding the theory of the fist, then they would be able to go into another style. Zhao Xinglong’s martial arts had not yet reached such a stage and could not learn another style of martial arts.

“However. Lin Yanan is also a practitioner of the Eight Extreme Fists, so you two can learn from each other. Although her master has forbidden her to teach others, what you can learn by seeing should not be considered breaking the

rules.

Lin Yanan had studied the traditional Eight Extreme Fists and had a better understanding than Zhao Xinglong. Unfortunately, she had her rules and cannot easily teach another.

“That much I understand, but even without guidance, I can still become top notch with my art.” Zhao Xinglong smiled with a confident look.

“Ah.” Wang Chao nodded. “Did you notice that I didn’t practice at all recently and are worried that I will lose my touch? Or perhaps my arms or legs will atrophy?”

“Although my martial arts is not as deep as yours, slowing down after a day of inactivity isn’t a truthless lie.” Lin Yanan spoke seriously.

She had the important mission from the organization on her shoulders and relied on Wang Chao heavily. So she had been very anxious about this matter.

Wang Chao shook his head, “That is in regards to the body. I am practicing within my mind. My every movement must be in accordance with the intent of martial arts. This much is training as well. Cultivate for a thousand days to use for a single moment. For martial arts to improve by leaps and bounds, one must focus on the cultivation.

“In the past, in order to cultivate, Daoist priests would take the best from the sun and moon and cultivate their Neidan for longevity. Although this was said to be a myth, we practitioners are the same. We must gather the essence of the sun and moon in order to improve our martial arts.

Lin Yanan’s had a look of doubt that deepened with each word from Wang Chao, “You’ve been hoodwinked by the priests of Laoshan. Gathering the essence of the sun and moon? It’s too farfetched, far too farfetched. If one’s feet is not planted firmly within the ground of reality, they will never improve.”

“It isn’t farfetched at all. Take a look at the rising sun with its healthful vigor. Man must follow its example and raise their mind and will along with it. Be full of vigor, broaden the spirit, raise the mind and will. At midday, the sun hangs motionlessly at the very top, but that is when its rays are at its strongest. Man needs to learn from this and bring their mind and will to become an immovable

object. But at the same time, when it moves, it strikes like lightning and is just as hard. This is the way to daytime cultivation. At dusk when the sun falls beneath the mountains with only a few rays of sun left, man must learn from this too and bring the heart's blood around the entire body before calming down to a still."

"When it is night and the moon rises, all is quiet. The mind and will must be like the moon and be serene and tranquil without movement. Like the darkness of the night, the intent of a person must be empty. It is only when the sun of the second day rises that the intent is rekindle. That is the cycle of the sun and moon."

"The mind and will combines with the sun and moon in its rhythm. This is what it means to gather the essence of the sun and moon. It is not about the light they bring, but the ideology of the rules contained within their movements. Once one comprehends these rhythms, then no matter what they do, they will find essence in it."

"Morning vigor and afternoon vigilance and ferocity. At dusk, the vigor must descend into silence. At night, become tranquil before going to sleep with selflessness. To follow the will and intent in such a rhythm, is this still farfetched to you?"

Wang Chao smiled, "Understanding this ideology and following this rhythm will lead your mind and will not require one to meticulously try to attain a higher level. Even an ordinary person would be able to become as strong of an ox and increase their lifespan."

"If you don't believe me, then there is a good chance I will be able to show you soon enough."

Just as Wang Chao spoke, da! Da! Da! Da! Da! Da! In the next moment, a high speed motorboat could be seen coming across the ocean.

Before Wang Chao could do anything, the boats had already reached the edge of the coast. Two figures jumped out from the boat as if they were lobsters. With an arched back, they flew forward six meters, completely skipping the rest of the waters and landed on the dry beach.

These two men were Dai Jun and Liao Junhai.

Chapter 85: Headbutting the Face

Chapter 85: Headbutting the Face

“A good form of the dragon stance leap.”

When Wang Chao saw the two figures leap seven meters onto the beach, Wang Chao couldn't help but sigh in admiration.

This was an application of the jumping dragon stance. At the posture of these two men, they looked like lobsters flying out from the waters or possibly like a carp leaping over the dragon's gate.

A dragon was originally an amalgamation of face of a horse, the horns of a deer, the body of a snake, the claws of an eagle, and the scales of a fish to form a beast of myth. In martial arts, the dragon stance was likewise a combination of many different animals.

Wang Chao's sigh of admiration was due to when the two men leapt, the winds had begun to whistle as if there was truly a lobster ascending into the sky from the oceans. This was yet another example of where the sound follows the fist, which was then also another indication of becoming a master.

By the coast, experts of martial arts bred like flies. To Wang Chao's knowledge, there were already many experts in Shandong. Cha Quan, Plum Blossom Praying Mantis Boxing, Six Harmony Praying Mantis Boxing, Shaolin Arhat Boxing, the list went on.

The Guoshu Institute of Shandong was no longer like the one from before. After being open to the world after the reforms, a disciple of Shaolin was completely different. Now, the Shaolin disciples of today were arrogant celebrity masters that preferred acrobatic fighting.

However, while there were still many experts of Guoshu, they were stuck at the Clear Jin stage with not a single one reaching the Hidden Jin stage almost. But when Wang Chao looked at these two, they were definitely at such a stage.

As the two men came 30 meters closer step by step, Wang Chao's sharp eyes

were suddenly able to see just who these two were.

One had black eyebrows that seemed to connect together in a single line and had short hair. His doughty spirit radiated from his body without ever seeming to have a limit.

This man's appearance was someone he had seen before from the information from the organization. It was the greatest of the Three Tigers of Guangdong and board member of Macau's Pujing Corporation: Dai Jun.

The biggest casino in Macau was an industry under his name! Such a person was extremely powerful, and as a master of martial arts, not having information on him would be extremely odd.

But what made Dai Jun the greatest of the Three Tigers of Guangdong was because of another reason. He had a grandmaster as his teacher and master. The masters of Zhang Wei and Xu Zhen had to bring up their own reputations by themselves.

But the three men had never competed against each other in a competition. They had at the very least pressed hands together to see.

Furthermore, with the three men's reputation, there had been no animosity between them. So naturally, there was never a need for them to compete in a battle of life or death.

"Dai Jun and Liao Junhai? I didn't think that Liao Junhai would be an expert too! This is beyond what the reports had said. Seeing how far he leapt, he isn't below Dai Jun in strength either. What's going on? Why didn't the reports from the organization say such a thing and said that he was only a princeling?"

When Wang Chao saw Liao Junhai, he had instantly recognized him from the ID picture on the papers given to him by the organization, confirming his identity. Previously, the picture of Liao Junhai hadn't given off any indication that he was an expert. But now, Wang Chao couldn't help but curse the photographer under his breath.

However, the Liao Junhai from the pictures was completely different to the real him. This was something that everyone else could agree to.

Wang Chao immediately gave Lin Yanan a look, she had a look of be bewildered

as well. Leaning closely, her fragrant perfume could be smelled as she spoke with a tiny voice, “Liao Junhai has kept a secretive profile, we had no either he was actually an expert! However, now we know of this, we can report this to the organization and update his profile to a second class level.”

“Master Wang Chao, you seem spirited if you come take a stroll at the beach. If one is a master of martial arts, why haven’t you come to say hello to me? If master Wang had wanted to found a school of internal martial arts, then all master Wang had to do was to say the word and I would be able to help sort it out for you.”

Liao Junhai and Dai Jun got closer and were now 8-9 meters away.

Liao Junhai had been the first to speak and had instantly pinpointed Wang Chao’s identity.

“And you two are?” Wang Chao spoke with narrowed eyes.

“I am Dai Jun, and this is my fellow junior disciple Liao Junhai. We came here today to understand just how strong master Wang is. We wish to see just how strong the one who defeated Master Zhang Wei was in order for him to leap into the ocean to kill himself.

Dao Jun had been blunt and immediately spoken out the reason for their arrival.

The motorboats that had been spearing through the waves hadn’t stuck around and dispersed as if trying to redirect anyone from entering the nearby beach.

“Liao Junhai is a fellow disciple? Then does that mean the two are both disciples of Zhu Hongzhi?” Wang Chao thought. “Ah, Liao Junhai’s report did say he studied abroad in the United States and entered the Chinese Association there. Zhu Hongzhi is a senior figure of the American Chinese Association...”

“So chief Liao and Master Dai of the Three Tigers of Guangdong are together.”

Liao Junhai was an executive of a nationalized business in Shandong. The way he addressed both Liao Junhai and Dai Jun as a figure of the martial arts world was only natural.

“There’s no need to be so polite. We came here today as martial artists, not as chief Liao.” Liao Junhai waved his hand.

“Oh! You said one of you wanted to experience my martial arts, which one of you two wished to try?” Wang Chao walked forward a single step before giving a single look to Zhao Xinglong and Lin Yanan, telling them to leave wordlessly.

Zhao Xinglong and Lin Yanan had given each other a look before calling out to Boulder and the others. Using their phones to call out to the other soldiers, they had immediately cordoned the area.

“It is naturally the duty of the younger disciple. My fellow disciple has no name in the martial arts world, and so there is no burden. This time is merely a match of interest and friendly exchange, not a bet or a life or death fight. Master Wang, there is no need to be afraid. Furthermore, with someone of your stature and background, there shouldn’t be anything to worry about, so please enjoy this match.”

Dai Jun gave a small life that seemed to contain an ambiguous meaning to it.

Even Liao Junhai’s mouth had twitched, showing a mysterious smiling expression.

With a smile, his feet came striding forward gracefully before his vertebrae seemed to extend like a dragon. In an instant, his back arched and flew towards Wang Chao like a spear.

Liao Junhai’s palms came shooting from both sides with a barely restrained power hidden in them as he struck out at Wang Chao’s waist.

“What an amazing dragon stance fighting technique! It’s a bit different from my own dragon stance and has a slightly sinister yet soft Jin to it. There’s some old concepts to the way he moves, this is Xinyi Liuhe Boxing!”

In an instant, Wang Chao had been able to figure out what that deviation in Liao Junhai’s movements came from.

In Xingyi Quan, one fought by striking head on at the median of a person. To press forward and strike ferociously.

While Liao Junhai’s movements had brought him forward towards the median

of Wang Chao, both of his hands had struck out at the waists instead. His footsteps had been strong and his frontal attack had been an empty form of what the spear should have been like.

This style of fighting was to fake the frontal and strike the sides with a sinister Jin.

The regular practitioner would often bring up a guard to protect his front when they see a person charge at their front. But in the end, their ribs would end up being crushed.

Pretend to strike with a ferocious attack head on but in truth, strike with the intent to kill from the sides.

“Taichi is crafty, Bagua is cunning, but the most malicious is Xinyi.” This had been clear to see to Wang Chao.

Xinyi Liuhe was the predecessor to Xingyi. According to the ancient records, Cao Jiwu had learned this from Ji Jike who then passed it onto Dai Longbang. Dai Longbang then passed it onto Shandong’s Li Luoneng.

Author note: Readers, if one wishes to know more, then please refer to Cao Jiwu.

Li Luoneng had 8 great disciples, the most outstanding of them all had been Guo Yunshen, Che Yizhai, Liu Qilan and Song Shirong.

Li Luoneng had been nicknamed “Divine Fist Li” whos achievements in martial arts had reached great heights. After getting to know Xinyi’s usage of what was true and false, he had been able to strike with ferocity and variability while he pressed forward to attack. His Qi would surge and each form he made was beyond the one from before.

Xingyi’s way of attacking was to strike at the front like a spear with pure Jin and strength that was substantially large.

But Xinyi Liuhe used deceptions and truth to strike at where the opponent least expected. Frequently, there would be noticeable effects in a real combat situation.

The two disciplines had been the same in its practice, but different in its style

of attacking. Both had its strong points and different ways to circulate Jin, but the heart was at the center of both.

Liao Junhai's fist had been initialized with the secret of the dragon stance's leap. *"The dragon stance joins Yin in order to search for the bones and use soft Jin to be able to leap left and right. Both palms rise and fall as it pierces through while both legs cross over swiftly."*

In particular, this forward step had a grew gust of wind that caused a whistle to arise from Liao Junhai's throat. As it passed through his lips, the sound of a distant dragon's roar could be heard.

As he let out a breath, both of his hands came forward at Wang Chao's throat and chest.

In this imposing manner, the initial strike had been a facade. Instead, the true focus had been Wang Chao's throat and chest rather than his waist.

But Wang Chao was not fooled by this facade.

Taking a step back, both of his hands dropped to his waists. In an instant, they were like two boas striking out from their caves as if chasing their preys with a hissing sound.

The snake appears from the cave to devour even an elephant!

Wang Chao's snake stance had already been brought to the point of perfection while Liao Junhai's dragon stance's strike had struck at his own hands.

Bang! Bang! Both hands were only a short distance away from Wang Chao's underbelly.

Hiss! Roar!

Without even needing to think about it, Wang Chao's snake stance's fists had already opened wide. All of his fingers let out a snapping sound as the fangs of the snake began to bite down onto the bones of the water buffalo.

Wang Chao had learned the ways of the "Chopping Grab" from the tiger to eagle stance. At the same time, he had learned the "Tearing Bite" of the snake to dragon stance. This was the way to utilize the finger strength. With 180 kilograms worth of power, he was able to grab hold of even the mercury filled

lead balls. With a single swipe, he was able to spin it around his entire body, how much finger strength would that need?

Originally, in order for one's fingers to attain such a high level of strength, a brilliant practitioner would need to spend five years at the very least training rigorously. They couldn't use any drugs and could only use medicine to heal their hands while tempering it to increase their strength.

Zhang Wei was 30 years old at the very least. It was only after 20 years of Wingchun that he had been able to learn the One Inch Finger Jin.

But Wang Chao had learned the "Chopping Grab" to such efficiency to such a degree after realizing and following the rhythm of the sun and moon to cultivate. This was the most mysterious ideology of the theory that man and the universe were one.

Intent combines with the sun and moon. This was not to say that when the sun comes up, so does man. But instead, when the sun comes up, the intent and spirit of a man must be full of vigor like the sun and be full of mettle as well. The intent combines with the sun and moon was not to say that man should wake and sleep as the sun rises and the moon falls.

Martial arts followed the ways of life. It wasn't at all like the mysterious Dao that contained the mysteries of life like in the legends.

While in Laoshan, Wang Chao had understood these ideologies and incorporated it into his own life and thinking. Although he hadn't practiced, his skill hadn't degraded at all. On the contrary, they had improved. Like he said to Zhao Xinglong and Lin Yanan, his talks about his martial arts "Increasing by leaps and bounds" had not been full of hot air.

As the two hands struck together, Liao Junhai's face changed as his ears began to tremble.

That was because in his ears, he could clearly hear Wang Chao's fingers let out a bursting sound from his knuckles.

A distinguishable sound of Jin.

Liao Junhai was also a master of martial arts. He was an expert at Xinyi Liuhe and so when he heard this sound, he had instantly understood: the enemy's

fingers were extremely strong. To want to defend against this was to face difficulty.

“His five fingers are like the fangs of a snake. An instant burst, an instant kill. If his snake stance was able to reach such a stage like this, then Zhang Wei’s defeat at his hands is not unjustified!”

But, while Wang Chao’s snake stance strike had been fierce, when it transformed into the “Tearing Bite”, its strength had instantly escalated a level. Liao Junhai had instantly dodged this strike in order to avoid being restrained by Wang Chao’s arms!

Instantaneously, the two had fought each other. Liao Junhai had used his dragon stance to leap forward while Wang Chao used his snake stance to defend.

Wang Chao’s five fingers were like the fangs of a viper before Liao Junhai could dodge, but he could sense that the fingers were like iron! His fingers had been sharp like barbed wires with the Hidden Jin breaking out!

“His Hidden Jin has already broke out, there’s no chance for me to defend or risk my hands!” Liao Junhai had been through many battles and instantly knew the situation he was in.

His toe fingers dug into ground abruptly in the same style of the claws of a chicken! His neck stretched outwards like a chicken before suddenly bending his neck down as if staring at the ground like a chicken pecking at rice. In the next moment, his head flew towards Wang Chao.

Chicken stance head strike!

This one move was the move that could turn the tides of battle when both hands were full, the headbutt.

Even Dai Jun who was standing by the side had his heart in his throat as he watched.

He hadn’t thought that in a single exchange, it would already descend into a deathmatch.

According to this situation, Wang Chao could cripple Liao Junhai’s arms, and

Liao Junhai could break Wang Chao's face!

Victory would be decided in this instant.

Chapter 86: Attack from all sides!

Chapter 86: Attack From All Sides!

Liao Junhua's "Chicken stance headbutt" had meant both of his legs digging into the ground. One leg was in the center while the other pointed up in a similar fashion to a tonfa.

But this "tonfa" of his had been still and had no power radiating from it as it blocked Wang Chao's strike.

"With the head striking forwards while the hands are pushed away and the legs stepped on, even an Immortal would find it hard to defend against."

This method of attacking had essence to it as Liao Junhua had simulated the form of a golden pheasant pecking at a grain of rice.

A practitioner's leg ligaments were usually extremely hard and supple beyond belief. A single kick to the head wouldn't pose a problem to it.

Liao Junhua didn't wish to cause a fatal strike with his head and so made it so Wang Chao would send his leg at his head.

The headbutt of the chicken stance was a ferocious attack that struck at the center of the person with a series of interchangeable moves. It wasn't as simple of using both hands to move create an opening for the head to strike.

"What a strong Pheasant Pecking Rice!"

Wang Chao's Tearing Bite of the snake stance immediately grabbed onto Liao Junhua and broke out with Hidden Jin. In an instant, the sounds of a rooster could soon be heard. Both of his eyes couldn't see a thing as the head of his enemy covered his entire vision as it dropped down towards him.

This was like a meteor striking down onto the ground with a swift nimbleness. If this were to make contact, then a fracture was the least of Wang Chao's worries. His nose, mouth and eyes even would be smashed like a watermelon.

Furthermore, when Liao Junhua's head dropped, Wang Chao could faintly feel the sand underneath vibrating as his enemy was using Jin.

A brilliant practitioner could use his entire body to sense his surroundings.

A former practitioner of the past once said, "The art of the leg must reach to even the very soles of the feet. Only by then could it be considered to be mastered."

Wang Chao had reached such a level and so when he felt the faint tremors, he immediately gave up on the idea of kicking Liao Junhua.

It was fortunate that Wang Chao had felt and thought this through. Liao Junhua had planned for Wang Chao to use his leg to kick in the first place.

After Liao Junhua had used his legs to defend himself, Wang Chao felt himself powerless and vulnerable to having his face smashed in.

Although it was possible for him to cripple his enemy's hands, it went without saying that his face and head was far more important.

Having his own head smashed like a watermelon for the chance to cripple Liao Junhua's arms. This was a result Wang Chao did not want.

However now that Wang Chao had predicted the outcome, both of his hands loosened up and gave up the attack. Kicking backwards, his arms flew to his butt in the same manner of a monkey using his tail. As he leapt in the similar fashion to a monkey, Wang Chao's legs slid across the sandy beach, leaving behind a long trail.

"Now's my chance!" Liao Junhua's chicken stance headbutt had been enough for Wang Chao to leap backwards. After that, he had been open to Liao Junhua to seize the chance.

Still in the stance of a chicken, his leg kicked at the sand, spraying sand into Wang Chao's eyes.

At the same time, he borrowed the strength of his legs to burst with Jin and ascend like a dragon. His entire body seemed as if he was a lobster as he flew forward with both hands rising and falling sharply as if they were two pincers that were aimed at Wang Chao's temples.

He had originally used the chicken stance to kick sand up to obstruct Wang Chao's eyes. In that same instant, he transitioned to the dragon stance in order

to fly forward to use both hands to strike at the temples. With the wind streaming into his ears, it could be said that his Liuhe Xinyi had already reached the extreme points.

When attacking by the sides, if not the waists, then aim for the temples. Both were still positions that could kill.

Wang Chao had used the monkey's hop in order to fly six meters back. In the eyes of an ordinary person, this was a very long distance, but to the eyes of a practitioner, it was nothing significant. Liao Junhua was an expert and so he could easily charge the distance.

Such a display of transitioning like this had caused Dai Jun who was looking on from the side to feel extremely nervous.

"Junior disciple Junhua's attacks haven't degenerated at all even with his current status! That headbutt had transformed danger into safety and even gave him the advantage, how admirable! If it were me in Wang Chao's place, then I would have to avoid the sand and then the attack from the dragon stance's attack from the eardrums. How difficult!"

Dai Jun was a spectator, but he knew that he himself would find it hard to defend against. But moving against it was a different story. In a fight between experts, a spectator would not be able to see the entire fight, instead, the participants did.

When an expert entered a combative state, their mind was focused completely on it. Every single sensation, feeling and sensitivity would be at their limits, so often times when an outsider saw an impasse, there was often a coincidental move that could transform peril to safety that was discernable to only the fighters.

Liao Junhua and Wang Chao's fight had only gone through two exchanges like a fight between the eagle and the hare. In an instant, their hands had drilled at each other with a hidden potential to kill with a power that was absolutely terrifying.

Unfortunately, this was not an official competition. If it was, then the entrance fee to see such a fight between these two would have been a hundred million.

At the same time, this was a princeling. Liao Junhua was a princeling of Junhua that was far stronger than Zhao Jun, Wang Xiaolei and Wu Yingda of the Ike Corporation.

“What technique!” At Liao Junhua’s work, Wang Chao had been utterly astounded by him. In the instant he had used the monkey’s hope to leap away, he had sand kicked at him before a dark figure flew at him with both hands flying at his temples.

The temples throbbed as it began to sense the stinging sensation from the enemy’s Jin. The fist had not landed, but the wind did.

In the eyes of such a dangerous situation, Wang Chao closed his own eyes and let out a slow breath of air. At the same time of the release of his breath, he slashed out with the Chopping Jin of the tiger stance.

Liao Junhua had caused “wind to stream into both ears”. Instead of dodging or defending himself, Wang Chao adopted the strategy of “You do you, I do me.”. Bending his waist, his left hand folded behind himself while his right hand formed the tiger stance while letting out the roar of a tiger. Like a meteor chasing after the moon, his arm chopped straight down onto Liao Junhua’s face.

This was not an attempt of Wang Chao defending himself. Rather, it was an attempt to assure the destruction of both sides.

And so he could accurately feel and plan what to do. Liao Junhua could break out with Jin even from afar and would bide his time for an explosive strike. And when he arrived at the temples, that was when Wang Chao would use his Chopping Jin to cleave the enemy’s head.

Wang Chao’s Chopping Jin was ferocious and nearly unimaginable in power. Even the air whistled as the space around the strike seemed to shiver.

Seeing Wang Chao’s fist, there was nobody that could believe that a human was capable of exploding outwards with such extreme power.

“Eh?!” When Liao Junhua’s hands were seven inches away from Wang Chao’s temples, he could only see a single palm coming down on him. The wind it brought with the strike was almost enough to blow back the air he was expelling back into his throat.

Quickly retreating backwards, Liao Junhua's hands shook as he rotated them horizontally in front of him in order to defend himself from Wang Chao's Chopping Jin.

Bang! Wang Chao's strike had been firm, straight, and had about 750 kilograms backing up its power. On the other side, Liao Junhua's hands had only just moved to protect himself so the Jin within it wasn't pure and was weak.

When the arms from both sides made contact, Liao Junhua could only feel a sharp stinging pain before realizing that he couldn't withstand the Chopping Jin anymore.

"Hou!" A large shout exploded outwards from his chest as Liao Junhua as he brought both arms upwards and the hair on his skin spiked up. At the same time as his arms came up, his back had resembled a dragon ready to dive before sinking downwards with a cracking sound from his back.

Push the back and sink the waist like a horse.

Liao Junhua had diverted the force from Wang Chao's fist to his legs so as to avoid all the pressure from building up on his arms only. This way, his arms would not break.

Crash! Liao Junhua had forgotten that he was standing on soft sand. After diverting the force from the Chopping Jin to his legs, he had immediately sunk into the ground up to his knee almost.

His entire person had been like a tree trunk after Wang Chao had chopped him into the ground.

If he was on normal ground, then at the very most, the ground would have fractured. But now, he had plummeted into the ground, making it difficult for him to pull himself out.

Victory relied partially on luck and partially on skill.

The environment had also played a vital part in the outcome of a person's victory. Zhang Wei had stepped on a nail and had subsequently lost. Today, Liao Junhua had fell into the sandy ground, this was also another example of unfortunate luck.

After being sucked into the ground, he came to stop, but he was unable to leap out. Feeling a sort of shock, Liao Junhua felt as if he was stuck in a bottomless pit.

“Not good!”

In this moment of fear, he had lost sight of Wang Chao who used to be right in front of him. At the same time, a gust of wind slapped into his back.

Wang Chao was a master of martial arts and had naturally made sure to take this opportunistic chance. Liao Junhua’s legs were now stuck and so his body was immovable. Taking the chance, Wang Chao moved forward with the footwork of Bagua towards Liao Junhua’s back and pushed out with his palm.

The reason why he didn’t use the Chopping Grab was because he was afraid that Liao Junhua would be able to block it at that moment. However, using Bagua, he would definitely be able to see a clear result.

This move was the “Following Posture Palm” of Bagua. Taking advantage of the situation, he had naturally moved with swiftness to attack. Although its strength wasn’t as strong as the Chopping Fist or the Pounding Fist, if it were to make contact with someone, then they wouldn’t be able to endure it.

Even Liao Junhua would have his spine severed and be paralyzed if this attack hit him.

In a battle between experts where their sensitivity was at its highest, experts would naturally spread out their Jin to wherever needed unless it was against a similarly strong opponent. In that case, there was no holding back.

Because of a miscalculation on Liao Junhua’s part, he had experienced a burst of fear which bogged his mind.

He was high in status and wasn’t weak in martial arts. As one that didn’t take risks, Liao Junhua had already prepared a failsafe before the fight with Wang Chao.

That failsafe: Dai Jun as a sideline support!

“Halt!” Sure enough, Dai Jun had been prepared to ensure his younger fellow disciple didn’t come across any harm. If he didn’t have Dai Jun prepared, then

Liao Junhua wouldn't have fought him in the first place.

As Dai Jun spoke, he flew forward with power bursting out from him. In a single moment, he had already grabbed onto Wang Chao's arm accurately, preventing him from unleashing the fatal blow.

When Wang Chao saw Dai Jun interfere, his heart steeled itself. Taking back his fist and recollecting his breath, his foot shifted to the side and rotated to move around the left of Dai Jun.

"Could the two disciples want to fight me at the same time? No matter what happens, take advantage when you can. Man can be dangerous, and if the two of them come at me at the same time, then no matter how strong I am, I'll be finished!"

Although he knew Liao Junhua and Dai Jun were both masters of martial arts that wouldn't double team on anyone, but it was hard to predict a person's heart. Wang Chao didn't want to stop for even a moment just in case the two had already planned to fight him together.

Because of Dai Jun's interference, instead of slowing down, Wang Chao's attacks had gotten even more fierce.

His thought had been: *No matter what happens, take advantage when you can. Then afterwards there will be a chance to protect yourself when they strike at you together.*

Dai Jun had only just saved Liao Junhua from the fatal blow and so he had missed Wang Chao moving to his side, only hearing a brief gust of wind coming from the side. The wind fluttered at his clothes and caused him to feel a stinging sensation in his pores.

"What a person!" Sensing Wang Chao's strike was far too ferocious, Dai Jun didn't even have time to speak.

Dai Jun originally had no idea to attack him at all and had only wanted to break the fight up. Since the first strike from Wang Chao hadn't been strong, he had planned on letting it slide.

But now, it was clear that Wang Chao had misunderstood him, forcing Dai Jun to have a bitter smile on his face. Immediately turning around, his body flickered

as his hands pressed together to defend himself from Wang Chao's sneak attack on his left side.

Who would have known that Wang Chao would have changed his manner of attack from a chop to a claw! The knuckles in his hands let out a snapping sound as it penetrated through Dai Jun's defenses!

The knife hand of Bagua was comparable to the Chopping Fist. When Wang Chao had used the knife hand, he had naturally transitioned into the eagle claw of the "Chopping Grab".

This one grab had streaked towards Dai Jun's underbelly!

Dai Jun's heart shook for a moment before withdrawing his underbelly! His entire body seemed to have caved in from the attempt, allowing Wang Chao to miss completely.

But Wang Chao hadn't run out of moves just yet! With a squat, his other hand had came out towards Dai Jun like the tail of a monkey! With another snapping sound from his knuckles, his left hand grabbed below the underbelly and at Dai Jun's lower half of his body.

This second strike had been similar to Zhang Wei's usage of Wingchun. It was reliant on the knuckle joints and would break out with Jin throughout the entire arm.

One Inch Finger Jin.

"Not good!" Dai Jun had immediately realized the whistling sound coming from below. Wang Chao's claws had been like the wind and were undefendable. All he could do was retreat.

At that moment, Wang Chao's other hand that was behind his butt had pressed against the ground flew upwards. This time, he had thrown the sand that was carried in it.

This one combination of moves Wang Chao had accomplished had contained the move that had made Taichi grandmaster Yang Luchan famous within the Jianghu, "Crouch and Grab Sand" to throw into the enemy's face!

Chapter 87: Acupoint Hitting Hidden Jin

Chapter 87: Acupoint Hitting Hidden Jin

Dai Jun never would have thought that Wang Chao's would have become extremely sinister in his attacks. Even the eagle claw had been heavy with the fingers releasing a large amount of Jin. Wave after wave, the power had been short, fast, fierce, violent, and terrible.

When he drew himself back and dodged Wang Chao's fatal claw, he never would have thought that before he could tell him to stop, countless black spots would appear in his vision with a slight buzzing sound as if they were hornets.

Wang Chao had grabbed a handful of sand and threw it mercilessly. This strong throw had been comparable to the firing of pellets from a gun. If it were to make contact with the face of a person, then it would break apart.

"Not good!"

Dai Jun had instantly knew things were not looking good from the sounds. However, he was a veteran of the battlefield and came across many sinister attacks without ever panicking in the face of danger.

Ha! His left hand flew into the arm. With a popping sound, his arm shook as if he was waving a banner and completely slapped away the sand.

At the same time, Dai Jun took a step back and delivered a straight punch with his right hand at the heart level towards Wang Chao's chest.

As his heart pounded, so did his fist! An unbelievable amount of force came out from his fist; it was no longer a fist made with the power of the muscle, but rather with the power of the heart!

Wang Chao's move to grab the penis had been dodged. Wang Chao's handful of sand had also been deflected by the "banner waving" of Dai Jun.

Then after his dodge, Dai Jun had delivered a fist that had exploded with his intention.

Such a sudden act of skill was completely amazing and was enough to display

Dai Jun's ample experience of battle.

But he was still in the end, attacked by Wang Chao. At the look of things, his movements were getting erratic and his body actions uneven as if he was thrown into disorder.

If his opponent was any lesser person, then they would have tried to dodge after such a fierce blow. In that case, he would be able to take a breather and regain his energy to recover completely.

But was Wang Chao such a person to do so? His eyes were sharp and had naturally made sure not to allow Dai Jun to recover.

Against this fist of Dai Jun that carried his intent, Wang Chao didn't bother to dodge and instead trode forward. With a Chopping Fist, he clashed with it straight on.

Pa! Another sound of muscle hitting muscle could be heard as Wang Chao's knuckles began to crackle with sound.

Wang Chao's chopping Claw had already reached the state of perfection as well as his transition from the tiger to eagle stance.

As a man continues to attack, their strength continues to climb. As a man continues to defend, their energy continues to become more chaotic. This was the rule of relativity.

When Dai Jun struck out, he could already tell that his fist was no match for Wang Chao's claw.

"His tiger stance and eagle claw has already reached a level of perfection. How terrifying, a single bite and he has already devoured the heavens." Knowing that he couldn't endure the fist, he quickly brought it back, thus losing a chance to strike once more.

Wang Chao's eagle claw had forced Dai Jun to retreat, weakening his position even more!

This time, Wang Chao's strength was fully revealed. He was like a fierce tiger and brave eagle hunting their prey with power so strong that it overlooked everything and anything.

In these two exchanges, Dai Jun had been like a small sheep in front of a wolf. He continued to fall back and bring up a hasty defense as his left and right hand moved frantically. It was fortunate that they were fighting on the beach instead of the stage. If they were on the stage, then he would have lost room to back up on a long time ago and would be killed.

In a battle of experts, when one revealed his weak point, then the other side would immediately land a barrage of blows on him. There was simply no time to dilly dally, only time to give and receive.

Even despite the wide and open space for Dai Jun to fall back on, he wouldn't be able to handle this barrage for much longer.

That was because with Wang Chao's movements, Dai Jun was completely unable to catch his breath. As long as he could have a single moment of rest, he would be able to retaliate.

With Wang Chao's current Jin, even if he were to go against a heavyweight black boxer, that boxer would end up with fractured arms.

"This person is far too fierce! His martial arts is superb, his moves exquisite, but, I cannot accept this. I will not accept this! Ha!" Just at that moment, Liao Junhua had already pulled out his legs from the sand.

As he leapt out, Liao Junhua turned around to look at the fight only to be astonished at the sight.

His senior disciple Dai Jun was somehow being pushed back by Wang Chao. He was only capable of defending and nothing else. With another 10 seconds, there would inevitably a defeat, or even a death for Dai Jun.

He had no idea when Dai Jun had joined the fight when he was only supposed to act as a support. In Liao Junhua's mind, even with Wang Chao being a little bit stronger, there wasn't any doubt that he would win. But despite his plans, the heavens had spoken otherwise. The outcome of a match wasn't something man was supposed to dictate, Liao Junhua knew that in this battle, he had lost in every sense of the word.

Furthermore, even with two people, they had been subjugated by him. If news of this were to get out, then the martial world would laugh their heads off at

them.

Even their master Zhu Hongzhi wouldn't bear have them two.

"It is unfortunate this is a private match and is not public! However, even if this was a competition with a different setting, I would still be at a loss."

Liao Junhua was unwilling to accept a loss, but when he saw the peril Dai Jun was in, he didn't give it anymore thought and immediately brought his mind back into focus. In the next second, he sprung forward to bring demise to Wang Chao.

Wang Chao unfolded both arms, one was a chopping hand the other was a claw. At the same time, the tiger's roar and the eagle's screech could be heard, shaking the heavens and stirring the waves with it. On the other side, Dai Jun's face was extremely red as his veins began to bulge out and his breath grew labored.

"In another two exchanges, I will definitely be able to kill him! But should I do it?" Wang Chao began to feel some misgivings.

At that moment, a gust of wind blew from his left side, notifying him that Liao Junhua was attacking.

Hou! Without hesitation, he stepped forward and brought a single claw hand towards Dai Jun's abdomen with all his strength.

This break out of Jin had been enough for Wang Chao's soles to affect the surrounding sand so that it was as if he had stamped it until it had caved in.

Wang Chao's sleeves fluttered as the skin on his hands grew taut with a metallic swelling. His pores were like needles as it pointed upwards. His knuckles cracked with lightning as if there was a snake from within his bones twisting around.

Dai Jun had been completely spent and so he had no way to defend himself against Wang Chao's blow.

As he submitted himself to his fate and leapt backwards powerlessly, Dai Jun sucked in a deep breath and relaxed his body to rest.

In a battle, relaxing one's body was fatal and was more than enough to kill a person ten times overs. But Dai Jun had thrown caution to the wind; if he was a

broken jar before, he was now completely shattered.

“If I laxen my body, I die. If I don’t laxen my body, I die. I may as well die in comfort then.” In that instant, Dai Jun didn’t know what to think.

Wang Chao’s figure flickered as he flew forward. In the next moment, he flew forward due to the power of his leg with his shoulder slanted forward. Next, it extended an inch and touched upon the underbelly of Dai Jun.

His five fingers had already touched the cloth of Dai Jun and arrived at the skin.

The Hidden Jin instantly broke out with a soft touch to it.

The Clear Jin in this claw was already at its strongest, so only the Hidden Jin would be able to continue to break out.

When Wang Chao’s fingers brushed against Dai Jun’s skin, Dai Jun had immediately felt a stinging sensation that did not bode well.

With a puffing sound, Dai Jun dropped to the ground with both hands clutching at his underbelly without response. He was like a puppet with his strings cut.

At the same time, Wang Chao fell to the ground as well.

Pa! His hand continued to break out with Hidden Jin as it swung backwards like the movement of a horse’s tail and blocked Liao Junhua’s attack at his back.

Borrowing his forward momentum from before, Wang Chao leapt to the side before turning around 5 meters away. Assuming a fighting stance, he spoke, “Do you truly wish to attack me two on one?”

After taking care of Dai Jun, Wang Chao wasn’t afraid anymore. At last, he had a chance to speak.

Wang Chao had coincidentally touched upon an acupuncture point with his Hidden Jin. With that point pressed, Dai Jun had no longer the ability to fight.

Wang Chao’s eagle claw Hidden Jin had been very shallow. And so because of that, it did not fully pierce through into Dai Jun’s intestines.

However the Hidden Jin had already affected one of the acupuncture points to Dai Jun’s nervous system.

“We had no idea of attacking you at the same time, you misunderstand!” Liao Junhua immediately stopped when he saw Wang Chao stop as well. “It was just meant to be a friendly competition, not a life or death match. But because preventive measures, I could only ask upon my senior disciple to come help. No matter which side was in danger, he would be able to come in at anytime, but I never would have expected to see such a brilliant display of martial arts from you...today is a defeat that I will take...”

“I was afraid that your senior disciple would fight me as well so I had went all out. A match is in the end a ferocious one where no one could control the outcomes.” When Wang Chao saw how straightforward Liao Junhua was, he didn’t move to attack.

A competition was honestly quite dangerous and uncontrollable. After four years of martial arts, Wang Chao had came to realize that when Chen Wuyang kidnapped Cao Jingjing and fought Cao Yi.

Chen Wuyang had originally intended on using a hundred thousand RMB to buy Cao Yi’s services. But because of their nature, the two sides had fought with total annihilation being the result for the Chenshi side.

“Senior Dai, how are you feeling? Ah, your acupuncture point was hit with Hidden Jin!”

Liao Junhua had instantly gone silent when he saw Dai Jun holding his underbelly.

“What a...an amazing...skill....” Dai Jun began to speak with gritted teeth as sweat dripped down his forehead. With each word he spoke, he looked as if he was enduring a tremendous amount of pain.

When Hidden Jin struck an acupuncture point, the person would not move. It was not because he was rendered incapable of doing so, but because in doing so, he would experience a tremendous amount of pain.

It was like twisting the ankle. It was still possible to walk with one, but there would be an excruciating amount of pain from doing so.

The underbelly was linked with the ability to breathe and was connected to the nervous system in many ways. When Wang Chao used his Hidden Jin to strike it,

Dai Jun hadn't spoken a word and remained motionless. Each word he would make would cause a large amount of pain.

Using Hidden Jin to strike the points required chance and precision to feed the soft Hidden Jin into it. With these two conditions, then it would be able to bypass the pores.

Two experts within a match would fight ferociously like the eagle and the hare. Each exchange was fierce but brief. There hadn't been enough time for either person to stop the fight and so the Hidden Jin had been able to easily strike at the enemy's inner organs.

But when the Hidden Jin hits the acupuncture points, all it requires is a single touch and the Hidden Jin would be able to affect the nervous system and inflict pain.

Only the highest leveled practitioners would be able to accomplish such a trick.

"Even I don't know which point I hit. But if it hasn't injured the inner organs, then there is still a chance to save him." Wang Chao didn't wish to resolve matters with Liao Junhua that quickly.

He had only hit the point by chance and not deliberately during the course of battle. But when he came across the point, he had naturally broke out with Hidden Jin.

In a match, breaking out with Hidden Jin was not easy, but when there was a point to hit, what better time was there?

Wang Chao hadn't studied up on the meridian channels and acupuncture points at all since that was an intensive study. Even if one dedicated their entire life to it, they would never reach perfection with it, so that area of study was reserved to the doctors.

A practitioner had to keep his mind on the grand with simplicity and nimbleness! Wherever the Jin went was wherever the person would go.

If Wang Chao's martial arts were to reach the Transforming Jin, he would have to understand the complexity of the meridian channels and acupoints. Right now, he hadn't even attained the spirit and form of all 12 stances. If he were to chase after anything else right now, he would be neglecting the fundamentals

which would not bring about improvement.

“Master Wang, do you have any time today? Your skill is quite amazing, leaving the both of us disciples with an understanding of your strength.” Liao Junhua spoke to Wang Chao honestly, “I come today not as an executive of an enterprise, but as a martial artist who follows the same path of ideals. I wish to invite you to my home as a guest. With my senior disciple’s acupoint pressed, he is in a thorny situation. Let us both study to see what method could be used to treat him? Otherwise, I can only send him to see my master in the United States.”

Wang Chao thought for a moment before nodding his head, “Fine!”

Chapter 88: Seeing Zhu Jia Once More

Chapter 88: Seeing Zhu Jia Once Again

Throwing out Liao Junhua's status as a princeling, Wang Chao had now considered him to be another master of martial arts. So when Liao Junhua had invited him, Wang Chao had naturally accepted it with happiness.

Besides, the organization had told him to collect information on Liao Junhua for a definite profiling as his mission. Even if he wasn't invited, Wang Chao would find another opportunity to attract interest from the Shandong and Dongbei powers.

More importantly, Liao Junhua's master is the extremely illustrious master of martial arts Zhu Hongzhi who was currently residing outside of China.

Zhu Hongzhi was currently nearing his 70s and his prestige outside of the foreign Chinese martial arts world was nearly equivalent to Yang Luchan of the Qing Dynasty and Sun Lu-tang during the Republic of China.

Whether it was for business or for pleasure, Wang Chao had no reason to deny Liao Junhua's invitation.

"Chief Liao, are you alright!" At that moment, the group Liao Junhua had brought had seen the crisis they were in and circled around the three with their hands in their pockets.

His men had also drew in on Lin Yanan, Boulder, and his team. Several of the more burly men had even used their own bodies to protect Liao Junhua and Dai Jun.

Liao Junhua had brought a total of 30 men. Originally, their purpose was to prevent anyone from drawing close.

But when they saw the danger their boss had been in, they immediately began to bring out their trained instincts.

"Hmph!" Boulder and Lin Yanan had a little snort of disdain. Neither of them had heard what Liao Junhua had spoken to Wang Chao and had only watched

from afar. But from what Lin Yanan and Zhao Xinglong could see, Wang Chao had been able to win despite having the fight be one against two.

Zhao Xinglong's heart had been boiling with anger, *"Wang Chao's martial arts was only a little better than my own a few years back. Right now, he has really improved to the point where he's not even the same person anymore. I cannot let myself lose to him so much!"*

Lin Yanan had thought of something different, *"Although Cao Yi had made use of his experience in politics to motivate everyone when he said to the organization that Wang Chao would rule the world, but Wang Chao having strength is truly a fact. The possibility for him to sweep the Japanese martial arts world is not an impossibility. His strength is...truly terrifying. Even if my master were to fight with him, the chances of winning would not even exist."*

"Brother Dai, what's wrong?"

A single black windbreaker and hat wearing man came towards Dai Jun and stepped in front of him. Fishing out a miniature pistol from his windbreaker, he pointed the gun at Wang Chao and gave a sharp look to Dai Jun at the same time.

"He Yao, lay down your pistol!" Dai Jun spat out a few words despite the pain.

These two groups of bodyguards were clearly both Dai Jun and Liao Junhua's.

Liao Junhua were all dressed in various forms of training uniforms. As if they were military trained, the moment they heard the order, they immediately lined up behind Liao Junhua and Dai Jun.

The bodyguards of Dai Jun were all wearing black western suits and had valiant looks. Several of them had clear scars that spoke volumes of their experience in fighting and killing. These men had looked as if they hadn't heard Dai Jun's order, making it seem as though the windbreaker wearing man was their leader.

"Brother Dai, but...you...if news of this gets out...it would hurt the reputation of our Pujing Corporation..."

He Yao had given Dai Jun a look and spoke several vague words, but the meaning behind it was clear: "You are Dai Jun of the Three Tigers of Guangdong. Even though this was a private match, you cannot lose. Rather than letting the

news be circulated out, it would be better to kill everyone here.”

Dai Jun was a board member of the Pujing Corporation. However, the biggest stockholder within the group was He Hongshen, a person from Macau. Around 90% of the stocks had belonged to the He family.

“Stand down and put down your gun!” Liao Junhua hadn’t expected to see even his senior be unable to control his subordinates.

Liao Junhua’s voice had been extremely imposing and had instantly cowed He Yao for a moment before recovering just as quickly.

“My apologies, chief Liao. I have explained this before. No matter what, we must protect brother Dai’s reputation. Besides, you and Dai Jun are fellow disciples. If word of today’s events were to leak out, would you still have any face left? Would master Zhu Hongzhi have any face left? So, it would be best if you stay out of this and let us deal with it.”

He Yao laughed before cocking the hammer on his pistol with a click.

With this sudden development, even Wang Chao had no idea that Dai Jun would have no control over his own subordinates.

“Preposterous!” Liao Junhua had kept his anger better than expected, but it had still made his face go gray. Originally this had been a match to compare notes. He hadn’t expect that in the end, a nobody would dare stick their heads in.

But, He Yao had a gun and other people who had guns tucked away at their waists. Danger was imminent with them.

If things went south, then there would be a gun battle.

The gangsters from the Macau casinos were all accustomed to murder and death. Liao Junhua held a heavy importance, and so if there was any trouble from anyone else, it could be a disastrous event.

Just at that moment, a tiny red dot appeared on the top of He Yao’s temples. This red dot was tiny, but it was extremely noticeable.

“Brother Yao, crap!”

“Brother Yao! There’s a sniper aiming at you!”

Straight away, one of the more observant subordinates had cried out an alarm! Immediately following, the others had realized that they themselves had also an identical red dot on their foreheads.

There was a total of 10 bodyguards with Dai Jun, and another 10 with Liao Junhua. However, the only ones with red dots on their hands were those under Dai Jun's 'control'.

"You overestimate yourself!" Lin Yanan uttered out a command before raising her hand up into the sky with a finger pointing downwards.

Bang! Bang! Two gunshots could be heard just barely over the sounds of the ocean waves.

He Yao had a single bullet hole through his temple. With a clatter, He Yao fell to the ground.

As for his gun, it had been a bullet shot straight through the barrel and exploded right in front of his chest, causing his entire arm to be reduced to a pulp.

As it turns out, two snipers had already made their preparations. Even if He Yao had tried to fire, they would be able to accurately shoot a bullet straight in the direction of his bullet and intercept it. What type of marksman was this? A godly marksman! Even a sniper god wouldn't be able to do such an act.

The power of the organization was enough to kill any existence that didn't agree with them!

"If you all don't move, then I will guarantee your life. But if you move even a finger, then your temples will gain another hole like that guy over there."

Lin yanan stood right in front of Wang Chao and spoke with a calm composure.

Just as Lin Yanan spoke, eight people had leapt out from their hiding spots behind giant stones, trees and hills. Each one wore camouflage clothing with a helmeted face and crystal liquid lenses to aid their sights.

"Night vision devices?" Liao Junhua had immediately recognized their equipment. This was the newest modeled vision devices that used infrared scans to detect heat sources and were usually for night time battles. It also helped a

marksman lock onto a target, alert the others and many other functions.

In the battles in Iraq, only the most vanguard soldiers from the United States had access to this advanced weaponry.

These eight people held AKs and quickly charged forward to protect Wang Chao and Lin Yanan behind them.

Their movements had been swift and were clearly a class higher than Liao Junhua's bodyguards.

At the same time, the red dots on the bodyguards of Dai Jun had yet to disappear. Clearly, there were still several hidden snipers waiting in the forests.

"Chief Liao, please protect Master Dai and move away! The others, kneel down now!"

As if he was Death coming up from Hell to reap some souls, Boulder came forward with his AK pointing at several of Dai Jun's bodyguards.

With quaking legs, the men slowly knelt down onto the sandy beach.

With no other choice, even the most valiant of men would have their spirit crumble apart with a red dot trained on their temples.

After they had knelt down to the ground, Boulder, Axe, and Hammer had came forward to smash their heads with the butts of their guns and searching them for any guns.

"Master Dai, these are your men, how should we deal with them?"

Lin Yanan walked forward to look at Dai Jun.

At that moment, Dai Jun and Liao Junhua had already been stunned at the spectacle happening right in front of them. Giving each other a look, the two men had a clearly stunned expression on their faces.

They were men that had seen many things, but when they saw this, they were both shocked.

Since when was Wang Chao an experts of martial arts? He was simply a high class commanding officer of a military district!

"The European Union is truly very strong." Liao Junhua and Dai Jun both

thought to themselves in unision.

“That He Yao was the second son to the He family. Elder He Hongshen is getting it on with the years and so the entire family is vying for power. Even us outsiders find it difficult to escape this power struggle due to being a stockholder.”

Sweating profusely, Dai Jun spoke out some words with difficulty.

“Those men are just shadows, please do forgive them.”

“Thank you brother Dai, thank you....”

“I don’t know what overtook He Yao’s mind just then...”

“His commands as the second son was to make you an enemy, it’s fortunate we didn’t listen to him.”

Just at that moment, Liao Junhua had finally spoke out after recollecting himself, “Look after these men for a while, I’ll send a message to Elder He in Macau in a moment.”

Wang Chao had regarded this chain of events with a peaceful calm and handed it over to Lin Yanan to deal with.

Seeing that everything was settled, he couldn’t help but force a smile, “We call ourselves master of martial arts in vain. In the end, we ended up being pulled along by a clown.”

“Stuff his body in a burlap and weigh it with stones to feed the fishes in the sea!”

Liao Junhua commanded fiercely. The calm princeling had finally brought out the sharp claws and tooth he had hidden.

“Xinglong, you and the rest should return first. With so many people here now, let’s try to avoid any more trouble. Lin Yanan and I will be going to chief Liao’s place as guests.” Wang Chao looked back to Boulder and Zhao Xinglong. Boulder had only nodded his head before quickly disappearing into the forests without a trace.

Afterwards, the red dots on everyone’s temples had disappeared as well.

By a seaside villa in Qingdao City.

Dai Jun sat on a yellow rosewood chair as Wang Chao pressed on his abdomen with his hand and slowly moved about.

His hand was slowly circulating Hidden Jin around, causing Wang Chao's own heart to fluctuate with the effort.

Closing his eyes and slowly circulating the Jin, Wang Chao began to meld the Hidden Jin into a needle like form.

After doing this for a while, he finally took back his hand.

"Alright, I can sense the Hidden Jin entering your pores and cleared away the obstructions."

As Wang Chao raised his hand, a layer of sweat could be seen on it.

Dai Jun let out a breath in relief as he no longer felt any pain. Taking in a deep breath, he opened his eyes and spoke, "I never would have imagined that your Hidden Jin could be manipulated to turn soft. How remarkable. Zhang Wei losing at your hand is not a wrongful loss."

"That isn't true. This one trick was something I learned from Chen Aiyang." Wang Chao shook his head with a laugh. "Today's battle on the beach was just coincidental. I wasn't being modest, with your strengths, the both of you are my equal at the very least. If this was a true battle to the death, then victory would be unclear."

"Chen Aiyang!" Dai Jun shook his head. "He is a genius. He and I have fought several times, and I've lost seven times out of ten."

"Ah, Master Dai, what was that matter with He Yao?" Liao Junhua asked.

"Ah, you should know that once upon a time, I saved He Hongshen's life. As repayment, he gave me several stocks in the Pujing Corporation. Otherwise, I never would have had such a large property. As for the rest of the matters, you should be able to guess that there is a family conflict, and I am the fish that suffers when the firefighters drains the water to fight the fire."

Dai Jun was obviously not willing to talk more about it.

"And how may I call you?" Liao Junhua nodded without saying anything more

as he looked to the Lin Yanan who was sipping a cup of tea from the sidelines.

Lin Yanan had prepared to speak before suddenly, a single voice came calling out from outside the group.

“Brother Liao, brother Liao! Are you there? I asked your men and they all said you were in Qingdao City. Do you mind if I come on over?”

This voice was obviously a girl, and when Wang Chao heard this voice, he didn’t know why, but he felt that this voice was familiar to him.

“I want to make a large scale documentary about the true lifestyles of the Chinese who live abroad. Brother Liao, you were once in the American Chinese Association, help me by telling me some secrets, it’ll be a great help for my abroad trip to film later this year.”

The doors opened up to reveal a woman come running in.

Wang Chao’s eyes looked to the character, only to reveal that it was the woman he had not seen for a very long time, Zhu Jia.

Chapter 89: Tang Zichen Versus Chen Aiyang (One)

Chapter 89: Tang Zichen VS Chen Aiyang (First)

Wang Chao and Zhu Jia hadn't seen each other for nearly two years now.

But Wang Chao had still remembered that back in the military district in Beijing, Zhu Jia was preparing to introduce him to a princess princeling that was involved in both the military and higher class society worlds.

But because he had been influenced by elder Liu, he had no desire to catch any ill thoughts and declined the invitation.

A year ago when Wang Chao finished his long trek, he had wanted to find a time to come explain things. After all, Zhu Jia had been doing this out of the kindness of her heart, it was Wang Chao that had been impolite.

Even then when it came to his business, Yao Xiaoxue had used the connections of Zhu Jia to earn many benefits. Whether it was personal or business, Wang Chao had to explain his reasons for suddenly leaving.

Unfortunately, by the time Wang Chao had returned back to S province, Zhu Jia had already flown the coop and swapped her phone number as well. Wang Chao had another headache to take care of and didn't have any time to search for her, so communication between the two had been stopped.

Who would have known that two years after, they would cross paths once more at Liao Junhua's seaside villa.

Zhu Jia seemed to be very familiar with Liao Junhua and walked about his villa as she pleased in a way that was even more familiar than when she was in her own house. Without even a greeting, the doors to the villa opened.

Zhu Jia's temperament was even more mature than two years ago. She wore leisure clothes that emphasized her tender white skin in a clear manner.

Although it wasn't skintight, the clothes had still brought out the best of her curves and with her jet black hair covering her back, it made her look very refined and experienced.

Her eyes radiated with health and vigor and her entire Qi seemed to flow with energy.

The most revealing thing was the white and elaborate sunglasses perched on top of her nose, giving her a significant amount of mysterious charm.

When Zhu Jia came rushing in, Liao Junhua shrugged his shoulders and hands at Wang Chao with a helpless smile on his face.

“Eh, brother Liao, are all your friends at your place?”

When Zhu Jia came in, the eyeballs hidden behind her sunglasses swept around the place. They hovered onto Wang Chao’s face for a moment with a small furrowing of her eyebrows before looking past him after several seconds.

Even after scouring over the other people in an impolite fashion, she was a person born from a good family. Although Wang Chao had looked familiar to her and made her feel curious, she had managed to refrain from an even longer look.

After two years of training and nourishing his health, he had made unbelievable progress. Whether it was his health or his body, Wang Chao had undergone a complete transformation, plus, Zhu Jia had no idea that Wang Chao would be invited by Liao Junhua.

It was for these reasons that lead to Zhu Jia not recognizing Wang Chao.

“This is my martial arts friend. Ah, Zhu Jia, you’re planning to travel abroad to film a documentary, right? Let me tell you, you should give up on that thought. The foreign Chinese circle has a complicated power structure. It isn’t as easy as you think it is. If you want something deep, then you may as well inquire about the drug pushers in Myanmar, Vietnam, and the Golden Triangle.”

It seemed as if this hadn’t been the first time Liao Junhua had been annoyed by Zhu Jia and immediately went off to warn her.

“Could it really be as dangerous as Iraq?” Zhu Jia took off her sunglasses and smiled at Wang Chao, Dai Jun, and Lin Yanan in greeting. Then, with a pitiful expression, she spoke, “This will be my very first large scale documentary on the international level. I’ve already prepared for this subject for well over a year, so whether or not it creates a stir is up to itself. Think about it, countless of Chinese have traveled abroad and live all sorts of lifestyles and joined all sorts of secret

organizations, gangs, or governments. With all those traditions, martial arts, and so on, they're bound to be linked together. As long as they are put on film, it will be a huge profit for my career. Could it be that you don't want me to succeed in my career?"

"It's not that I don't wish for that, but you need to take your steps slowly. You don't want to make a single bite to become fat. I am disagreeing with your dangerous plan to film. I'll be talking with your parents in an attempt to stop you." Liao Junhua was grim as he looked at the beautiful woman in front of him and spoke with a monotonous voice.

"Hmph!" Zhu Jia seemed as if she had been angered. With a gentle snort, her expression changed to reveal a mysterious smile that would bring Liao Junhua under her control.

At this expression of Zhu Jia, Liao Junhua felt troubled.

He was very familiar with Zhu Jia, and so when she had such an expression, it was the expression she used to annoy someone to death.

Their two families were closely related, their ancestors had once eaten together from the same pot during the 1950s. Liao Junhua was older than Zhu Jia by four or five years, but when they were smaller, Zhu Jia was one of those little girls that followed around their older brothers like a tail.

"These are all brother Liao's martial art friends, huh. Brother Liao, no one else knows that you are a martial artist master, but I do. Ah, when I was in S province, there was a young expert that even elder Li couldn't stop praising over." Zhu Jia had prepared to pester Liao Junhua before changing the topic suddenly.

Wang Chao's heart skipped a beat, *"Is she talking about me?"*

"Oh? A young expert in S province? Someone that even elder Li can't stop praising? Elder Li's martial arts is something I am familiar with, as a disciple of the Wudang and inheritor of the Bagua style, his martial arts was said to have reached perfection in his prime. Even my master would not be above him in strength. Whomever he praised, that person is definitely a great expert."

Sure enough, this had caused Liao Junhua to be interested.

“I heard master once say that there was an expert in Beijing who had the surname of Li. Before the liberation, master and that man were both youths. They both fought each other, but the victory was inconclusive.”

Dai Jun nodded his head.

“Master Wang, you are a martial artist from S province. If there is truly a youth like this, you should be no stranger to them, correct?” Liao Junhua suddenly remembered that Wang Chao was from the same area as well.

A mountain didn’t house two tigers. In accordance to that logic, Liao Junhua had decided to ask.

“That is...there must be a mistake...” Wang Chao’s body began to hunch over a little as he laughed at Zhu Jia’s direction, “Zhu Jia, it’s been two years, I didn’t think I’d see you be working here.”

“You, you, you’re...Wang Chao?” Startled, Zhu Jia had nearly dropped the sunglasses in her hands onto the floor.

Opening her eyes up wide, she had made use of the concentrated vision to confirm the fact that the person in front of her was truly Wang Chao.

There was no other way, Wang Chao’s character had truly underwent a major change.

It went without saying that Liao Junhua was a high and mighty person. As a martial artist who cultivated in martial arts and was immersed in politics, his every actions could ripple with power. Any normal person would never be able to compare to him.

At the same time, Dai Jun was also a master of martial arts and had an unusual aura to him.

Nothing had to be said for Lin Yanan. She was a lieutenant commander in secret and an expert of Baji Quan.

These three people were all affiliated with high statuses. If any regular person were to sit amongst them, then they would clearly be the “chicken amongst the cranes”.

But when Wang Chao sat with them, he hadn’t that sensation. In Zhu Jia’s

mind, he was actually the backbone of the four and the most outspoken in presence.

But this wasn't strange to Wang Chao. He had only just finished a fight where it was two against one, and he was the one that came out in the end. Liao Junhua and Dai Jun had no reason to hold their heads up high, and Lin Yanan was Wang Chao's support.

To Zhu Jia, while Wang Chao wasn't the ordinary person, he definitely wasn't a person that would be extremely outspoken with his presence.

The Wang Chao of two years was when he had truly made himself known. He had only started to learn the elegant ways of the local wealthy men and upper class society. But the Wang Chao of today was equivalent to the high and mighty families that ruled for many years.

This difference was far too big. If Zhu Jia wasn't shocked, then that would be weird.

"Hmph, It really is you!" After she had made certain that it really was Wang Chao, Zhu Jia's face suddenly dropped down several degrees in warmth.

"Sorry everyone, can master Wang and I go outside to talk for a moment? Sorry to trouble you all."

"No problem, no problem at all. Go and acquaint yourselves." Dai Jun and Liao Junhua looked at each other for a moment as Lin Yanan had merely sipped at her tea cup without a word as if the entire ordeal hadn't interested her or that she had already the entire situation under control.

Lin Yanan's actions had led Liao Junhua and Dai Jun both feeling that she was an enigma.

After Zhu Jia saw Wang Chao, it seemed as if there was something weighing on her mind heavily. Walking down the decorated aiseways, they both ended up by a seaside balcony. Out of nowhere, Zhu Jia produced a gold colored filter cigarette. Lighting it on fire, she placed it in her mouth and took in a long whiff.

After Wang Chao arrived, Zhu Jia whirled around and blew a cloud of smoke into his face.

The acrid and pungent smell of smoke assaulted Wang Chao's nose and blinded his eyes, but he didn't get angry at her. Instead, he smiled, "When did you pick up smoking, it's not good for your body."

"Hmph, let's not talk about me, what was the meaning of that day? Leaving after you said so, and then never talking again for well over a year? You've twisted me to become a friend of yours, but is this how you treat your friends?"

That one day where Wang Chao suddenly left right in front of Zhu Jia's face had truly delivered a blow to her reputation. Plus for a year afterwards, Wang Chao had embarked on his long journey and cut off all contact with the outer world, this had nearly led Zhu Jia into going crazy.

"Cough...cough cough cough!"

Zhu Jia had taken in a deep breath of smoke in her anger and began to choke. Beginning to cough, her face grew extremely red and even tears could be seen in her eyes.

Wang Chao immediately knew that a person who wasn't accustomed to smoking would choke on smoke when it entered the lungs. When this happened, the coughing would be so severe that blood would easily be coughed out.

Striding forward, his arm extended out to pat Zhu Jia on the back slightly. At the same time, a soft amount of Hidden Jin entered through her skin.

"Hu!" A stream of smoke flew out her mouth before Zhu Jia could stop coughing. Throwing the cigarette in her hands onto the ground, she stamped and kneaded it with her foot.

"So now you care. You still haven't answered my question!"

When Zhu Jia was coughing so intensely, her anger seemed to have been coughed out as well. Even though she had given him an evil eye and spoke icily, she had already calmed down a bit.

Wang Chao played an instrumental part to her in her heart. This was no coincidence, ever since that one night of the drug trafficking case where she had killed someone for the first time with a gun, her mind had been addled and traumatized. It had been Wang Chao who had accompanied her that night, and to this day, Wang Chao had been an important character to her development.

Being comforted after her very first kill, that would forever be etched in her mind.

“My story can’t be explained clearly in half an hour. Take a rest for now and I’ll tell you in detail.”

Wang Chao had hidden nothing and explained his chat with elder Li and the laments of his friend to Zhu Jia with no hidden detail.

“At that time, I was repulsed by the actions of the others. And combined with my impatience to cultivate myself, I truly did not pay attention to your feelings.” Wang Chao apologized sincerely.

“Hmph!” Zhu Jia had an icy tone still, but her face had eased up from the tension a little. “The times are different. Man and business have changed, you can’t change that. You must adapt with the times. But, I can understand the feelings you had at that time. Fine then, I won’t blame you.”

With that, Zhu Jia had relaxed a bit.

“Ah, how did you come to meet with brother Liao? Did you have some sort of fortunate meeting?” After Zhu Jia had loosened up, her questions flowed forth while she took out her reporter’s notebook.

“Zhao Jun had arranged for a competition meant to be my deathbed, but I ended up winning both the competition and a million RMB. With that money, development for my company came quickly.” Wang Chao had naturally hidden the fact that he had joined an organization.

“Ah, I heard about that. Recently, work has become quite hard. With CCTV International, their men are plenty, and their connections are even harder to get....” Zhu Jia had a look of a vexation on her face as if she was recounting the memories of the night she had killed someone and prepared to unload it all off onto Wang Chao.

On the surface, people had treated Zhu Jia like a princess, but in the center where everyone was not of ordinary status, their treatment of her had naturally been lower. This was something Wang Chao could understand.

“Even with all these troubles, it’s best not to smoke.” Wang Chao’s presence seemed as if it had been influenced by personal experience and had a great deal

of influence itself.

As Wang Chao and Zhu Jia were chatting to each other, Liao Junhua was standing in the adjacent room and watched closely.

“I was afraid that Zhu Jia would annoy me later, but it seems that...someone that can control her has appeared. People say that a woman in love is a woman weakened. I must be quiet and remember to help this Wang Chao... The water Wang Chao treads is quite deep, I can take this chance to observe for any inside information for a chance to cooperate with him later.”

Liao Junhua’s mind was moving at high speeds while Lin Yanan continued to sit in her chair without displaying any emotion.

While Wang Chao listened to Zhu Jia speak, in the faraway headquarters of the Chenshi Corporation in Singapore, a great danger was brewing.

Chapter 90: Tang Zichen Versus Chen Aiyang (Two)

Chapter 91: Tang Zichen VS Chen Aiyang (Three)

Chapter 90: Tang Zichen Versus Chen Aiyang (Two)

Singapore City

Situated at the Strait of Malacca was the world's largest treaty port. Prosperous, flourishing, beautiful, a veritable garden city. Even words of praise and compliments would be no use to describe it.

This was considered to be the tropics since it was located near the equator. But because it was by the sea, the ocean wind had brought a humid air that made it feel as if it was spring all year long.

To the east was Myanmar, Vietnam, and Laos. To the west was the sea and Indonesia. It could even be said that they were at the center of Southeast Asia. Comprised of all the drug lords from these nations, mercenaries, pirates, and rebels of known name, Singapore City however, remained strong without faltering. They stood with a royal and lofty spirit and life for the citizens within the country was calm and peaceful.

By the seaside of Singapore City was a skyscraper in which the headquarters of the Chenshi Corporation was located in.

This corporation had started out as a family business and was now involved with both the white and black side of business. In addition to electronics, the Chenshi Corporation was involved in many industries like foreign exports, electricity, drugs, ammunition and many others.

The power of their corporation expanded throughout Singapore, Indonesia, and the Philippines. Even the Li family whom were in power right now had the backing of several rich American families, earning them little to no enemies. As of right now, the entire Southeast Asia had several large companies tied to them.

With such a leviathan of a family corporation worth billions of American USD, it was far more than enough to warrant a long battle to be the successor.

“The elder is getting on in the years, even if he persists through this, his energy isn’t what it used to be. His successor must be confirmed now.”

In a single conference room, several people could be seen talking in secret.

There were four males and three females within the conference room, each one of them were prospective hopefuls on being the successor to the Chenshi family.

“Chen Aiyang has returned. With his name and reputation as a promising Chinese martial artist, the elder has interest in seeing him be his successor.” A 30 year old beautiful woman spoke with narrowed eyes. Her name was Chen Li and was Chen Aiyang’s older cousin from his father’s side.

“That’s right. The elder’s word is as precious as gold and is equivalent to the law. As long as he speaks it, we have no chance of overturning it.” A single man spoke, “Li’er, do you have any ideas?”

This man was of a higher standing than Chen Li and was Chen Aiyang’s uncle named Chen Daquan.

The current leader of the Chenshi Corporation was Chen Libo, but because he was currently suffering from Parkinson’s Disease, he was sequestered in a hospital for the moment.

Chen Libo was a person of virtue and prestige. Each of his words carried their weight in gold, and he himself carried power entirely in his hands. He had plenty of men, and even more elders who would faithfully follow his command. As long as he gave the order, then even the edicts of an emperor wouldn’t be carried out as swiftly as him.

“I don’t think there’s anything wrong with the elder at all. We’re already in this, so we must carry through with it by hiring someone to poison the elder! I find it hard to believe that after the elder dies, this group of ours will not be able to defeat that bastard child Chen Aiyang.”

A single vicious sounding voice could be heard from one of the young men.

The youth who spoke was around the age of 25 and was named Chen Xin. As a student studying abroad in the United States as a doctor, he had immediately came rushing home to fight for a piece of the family property the very instant he

heard Chen Libo had fallen ill.

“Bullshit! How could the elder be rid of that easily? Especially at a time like this! The elder has many people who know the business and are extremely loyal to him. In the case our plan is leaked, then we are all finished. The elder has many skills at his disposal that none of you know about.”

Another middle aged man slapped his hand onto the table in annoyance, “How noisy!” He exclaimed.

“Hmph! Even a tiger has its time of rest. No matter the case, the elder is nothing more than an old and diseased tiger ready to die! The way I see it, you are all just timid little mice, it is no wonder the elder didn’t choose any of you to be his successor!”

Chen Xin sneered, “Even if killing the elder is a hard task, would dispatching a sniper to kill Chen Aiyang be as difficult? Could it be that without Chen Aiyang in the picture, the elder would hand over the spot to an outsider? Just how do you think think Li Shimin planned the [Xuanwu Gate Incident](#)?”

His had no qualms talking about murder and his face had been sinister with cruelty. With such an expression, it was no wonder why he had returned from his studies abroad.

“I think it unrealistic to kill the elder. Killing Chen Aiyang however, can be planned. Chen Xin has truly learned to be vicious in his studies abroad.” The other man from the Chenshi family agreed.

“I’m afraid this situation is out of the question.” The beautiful Chen Li shook her head. “The elder is not Li Yuan, and Chen Aiyang is not Li Jiancheng or Li Yuanji. As it is, the elder’s heart is like a mirror. Even if we kill his brother and sisters, do you think that the elder would not know it was us who did it? A’Xin, while you have learned to be vicious, there are some matters that cannot be plotted. You must learn to plot openly and be just and honorable!”

“Learn to plot openly? Be just and honorable? How do you plan on doing that?” Chen Xin seemed to have some misgivings about Chen Li, and instead of sneering in ridicule, he seemed to have withdrawn his earlier aggression.

“The very idea of getting rid of the elder isn’t something we need to think

about. Even Chen Aiyang isn't someone that can be easily killed! Chen Aiyang has learned the business for many years and has just as many subordinates under his thumb, Lin Liqiang and Lin Lijun for example are no ordinary brothers. It was because of Lin Lijun that drug market in the mainlands were opened up. But after being killed by the palace, Chen Aiyang was handicapped in the left hand and crippled on the right arm."

Lin Lijun was the Wingchun specialist that Zhu Jia had killed with a gun back in the corn field.

"This time, I've established a connection with a major person established in Africa at the moment. His name is Thomas Young, and is a leader of the European Union parliament." Chen Li smiled coldly. "With his promises to support me, does Chen Aiyang stand a chance? So he has a reputation within the martial arts world? I will be the one to break his reputation then. I will do it right in front of the elder in the form of a competition and defeat him honorably and completely. Just think about it, a defeated cripple, would the elder ever appoint such a person as his successor?"

"That's a good idea! But still, they say that Chen Aiyang's skill at martial arts has reached perfection itself. After so many years of fighting, he has defeated and killed countless experts. Where would we find such an expert to win over him?"

Chen Daquan asked with narrowed eyes.

"Mister Thomas Young will be secretly arriving by plane today. He has already invited an expert that will definitely complete our mission." Chen Li spoke.

"What's his price?" Chen Daquan asked in a hurry.

"20% equity in our Chenshi Corporation." Chen Li spoke emotionlessly. In an instant, a clamor could be heard all over the table.

"20% equity!"

"This isn't a deal worth several billion!"

"That is too large of a price!"

"Absolutely not, we cannot accept such a deal!"

“Hmph! How short-sighted!” Chen Li slapped the table angrily. “Do you remember how you treated Chen Aiyang and his sister the previous years? He has turned a new leaf, can you still live such a happy life like this? Think about what type of organization the European Union is! They are bigger than us ten thousand times over and could contend against the Americans even! Our Li family has relied upon the American’s secret support in order to hold our power, but in the future, we must have the support of the European Union so that we will not be stripped of our power by someone else! This is for the benefit of our future.”

After this argument, the surrounding people went silent as if agreeing to this deal.

Just at that moment, a giant private plane was quickly descending upon Singapore City’s Changji Airport.

Within the first class cabin of the airplane sat a purple Tang dress woman with no one else sitting with her. Standing next to her however was a single blonde white man.

The back of the cabin was entirely filled with blank-faced men who all looked machine-like with their lifeless stares.

“Instructor, we’ve arrived in Singapore.”

The caucasian man spoke respectfully.

The purple clothed woman opened her eyes and nodded, “Thomas, sit.”

Thomas gave an embarrassed smile and replied, “Truth be told, I am quite afraid of instructor, so I don’t dare sit.” He spoke in fluent Beijing Accent with perfect articulation and pronunciation.

“What are you afraid of?” The purple dressed woman began to drum her fingers on the table in front of her.

Thomas didn’t dare respond and instead changed the topic smartly, “Instructor, with your status, is there a need to care about such an insignificant Singaporean corporation like the Chenshi?”

“Thomas, Singapore is the heart of Southeast Asia. And the Chenshi

Corporation is an important chess piece of Singapore. If we wish to develop Southeast Asia, then we must lay out our chess pieces.”

“That I know, but surely there is no need for the instructor to personally come to Singapore?”

“No no no, that inheritor, Chen Aiyang, is a person of repute in our Chinese martial arts world. If one wants to defeat him in a honorable match, there is no one that has a good chance of success other than me.”

There was a rumbling sound as the airplane had successfully landed.

The airplane slid forward a little longer before coming to a stop. Straight away, six luxurious cars and three world-famous branded cars came forward to secretly and swiftly take away the people within the airplane away from the airport.

“Oh, Thomas Young, hello!”

Within a large scale hotel belonging to the Chenshi Corporation.

The people that were only just having a meeting secretly greeted Thomas Young.

“Hello, miss Chen, you look as beautiful as always.” Thomas kissed Chen Li’s hand.

“Mister Thomas, our plans...” Chen Li had given a greeting before hesitantly looking at the purple dressed woman standing next to him and the bodyguards who were giving death-stares. No matter how much she looked at them, she didn’t see in just what way they were able to contend with Chen Aiyang.

“Miss Chen, I promise you, we naturally have a plan. I just need to make our arrangements to stay, and when the time comes, we will naturally give you what you desire! The rest of the details you don’t need to worry about since it’ll be useless to say.” Thomas hadn’t bothered to introduce the purple dressed woman.

“That’s fine! As long as you made your preparations, I won’t ask about it.” Chen Li had some doubts in her eyes, but she didn’t dwell upon it. “If you please, we’ve already prepared a presidential suite for you.”

“The rest of you will not reveal our goals, listen to the host’s arrangements.”

Pa! Thomas nodded his head and gave out an order. Straight away, the bodyguards split apart and followed the attendants in a separate elevators to their assigned rooms.

“Instructor, if you please.” Thomas assumed a gentlemanly position.

The purple dressed woman nodded and walked into the elevator with Thomas following behind.

Just as Chen Li was about to follow them in, Thomas blocked her, “Miss Chen, you needn’t make any arrangements. Tomorrow when your leader convenes the family together, we will show up.”

With that, Thomas and the purple dressed woman disappeared into the elevator.

“How arrogant this Thomas is! Who is he? Hmph!” Chen Xin felt angry at this sight in front of him, but there was a mystery to be solved. *“That purple dressed woman, is she the expert to go against Chen Aiyang? She can’t be, could she? But that woman has grown to have quite the personality....haha....haha...but what type of woman is she....?”*

When he had first seen Thomas and the purple dressed women, Chen Xin’s mind was already thinking at rapid speeds.

The mystery and personality of the purple dressed woman was something he was suddenly interested in.

Just as Chen Li and the others had left, Chen Xin suddenly called out for one of the attendants.

“Where did Chen Li arrange for mister Thomas to stay in?” Chen Xin asked.

“At the highest most presidential suite.” The attendant responded.

“Is the purple dressed woman staying in her own room? Where are their bodyguards living in?”

“A single room, yes. Their bodyguards will be in the room underneath.”

“This will be easy then. Here, do me a favor.” Chen Xin laughed darkly before turning around and bringing the attendant with him to a secluded place.

From his inner pocket, Chen Xin took out a pink colored drug that was clearly

used as an aphrodisiac of sorts.

“Take this medicine and put it in the water of the purple dressed woman later tonight, or maybe even her food. After tonight when my business is concluded, I guarantee you will profit!” Chen Xin spoke with a fierce glare.

The attendant could only nod his head repeatedly.

“Thomas, did you notice the youth behind Chen Li?”

At the same time within the presidential suite, the purple dressed woman asked Thomas a question.

“That one?” Thomas thought for a moment. “I believe he is Chen Xin, a relative of hers who recently came back from his studies in America. He too is a legal participant for the role of the successor. Why, does instructor have some business with him?”

“Have him dropped into the Straits of Malacca in secret.” She tapped a finger on the table.

“Instructor! Whatever for?” Thomas exclaimed in surprise. “Does instructor’s motherlands not have the saying, ‘The strong dragon cannot repress a snake’? If we are to kill that youth, it would do us no good.”

“Thomas. You know of such an idiom like that? Impressive.” She smiled, “Perhaps you have heard of the other saying?”

“What saying would that be?” Thomas asked.

“The autumn wind moves not the cicada at first thought, but the dark brings death unknowingly.” The woman smiled, “No more questions, go do it.”

“Yes, instructor.” Thomas knew that the words of the instructor could not be disobeyed.

Chapter 92: Loosening the Muscles, Attacking With the Pores, And Having an Empty Intent

Chapter 92: Loosening the Muscles, Attacking With the Pores, And Having an Empty Intent

“Instructor, was there a reason why you didn’t kill Chen Aiyang?” Thomas asked in bewilderment as they walked out of the Chenshi Corporation.

“For a talent to die like that, it would be pitiful.” Tang Zichen stopped moving for a moment. “Thomas, you are not Chinese, you wouldn’t understand. Moreover, Chen Aiyang is the strongest within the Chen family. When he becomes the leader, he will gain the power to fight with the Li family for control over Singapore. If it were anyone else, then before ten years is up, the Chen family would be crushed by their surroundings. We do not have that many people available to help the Chen family.”

“Then instructor, what you are saying is...”

“You don’t need to ask, let’s go. I’ll hire some people to go do as I planned, you just need to do as I say.” A single car opened its door for Tang Zichen to sit in before speeding off.

“What a terrifying woman to hold all that power in her hands. She is truly the epitome of being a hidden dragon. Outside the heavens is another, and beyond a man is another. This is truly not fair to me.”

After Tang Zichen had left, Chen Aiyang remained standing right in the middle of all the rubble from their match. In the match, that woman’s movements had been eerily like a ghost and had a power that was formidable to even a mountain. No matter how much he prided himself on his whipping arm, movements, or technique, all had been useless within the scope of her power.

“Haaa...” A stinging pain could be felt in his chest that burned away at Chen Aiyang’s nerves. His clothes had been pierced and destroyed by Tang Zichen’s Hidden Jin. There were clearly two distinct finger sized holes where small drops of blood could be seen oozing through the skin.

“How fortunate that it was just an inch short from hitting any of my internal organs and was just a wound on the skin. If it were a true break out of Jin, then my entire body would have a hole through it.”

A single inch less could bring down the power of Hidden Jin by tenfold. If Chen Aiyang had time to cover his entire body with the Hidden Jin, then Tang Zichen would not have been able to jab him so easily.

Chen Aiyang had reached the Transforming Jin stage and could emit power from any part of his body. Even if someone were to hit him with a staff, then it would shatter and break away. But it hadn't been able to defend Chen Aiyang from Tang Zichen's Hidden Jin sword-like finger strike. In the end, she had been able to strike at an acupuncture point.

“Aiyang, are you well?” Chen Libo immediately called out for someone to meet Chen Aiyang as his white eyebrows were furrowed together in clear displeasure.

Clearly, Chen Aiyang had lost.

Seeing this sight, Chen Li and Chen Daquan had been extremely excited.

“No one will speak of what happened today.” Chen Libo suddenly declared, causing Chen Li and the others to be greatly disappointed. She had originally planned to talk of this matter straight away to deliver a crushing blow to Chen Aiyang's reputation.

“Did you hear me or not? If this is leaked and I catch wind of it, then you will bear the consequences. In a moment, I will personally make a call to Mr. Thomas and have him hold back the results of this match.” Chen Libo spoke loudly, causing everyone to remember just how much power he wielded before nodding their heads.

“The family reunion meeting will be done another day. You may all leave.” Chen Libo announced more as he looked around the badly damaged structure of the building with an unhappy look.

Tang Zichen and Chen Aiyang had barely fought for two to three minutes. But in the end, the damage to the headquarters had been astounding. The damage done was far more astounding than what a team of construction workers using

heavy machinery could cause.

Even the extremely experienced Chen Libo had been utterly astounded by the amount of power caused in front of him.

With the support of Lin Liqiang, Chen Aiyang returned back to his own home to nurse his wounds.

His injuries hadn't been heavy, but the Hidden Jin from Tang Zichen had served enough damage to his nerves. It hadn't been enough for him to be immobile, and with him being a master proficient at the art of healing, it had only taken him around half a month to fully heal.

From this loss, the physical pain had been secondary to the pain from the strike to his confidence.

Chen Aiyang was not like Wang Chao.

When Wang Chao made his first appearance, while it had been grand enough to put his name out, he was not yet at a stage where his reputation was almighty. Even if he lost, it wouldn't matter much. However, Chen Aiyang was already the number one expert within Southeast Asia, a loss was enough to signal a funeral for his name.

With a fame that preceded his name, a saint wouldn't equate to his status, let alone a regular person.

Furthermore, his fame would implicate his family's honor as well and not just him. The Chenshi Corporation had experienced a fast development these past few years, all of which was linked to his success.

Last year, the anti-Qing Party and the Chenshi Corporation had been in a dispute in regards to the foreign exports industry. As a result, both sides had hired mercenaries to act as pirates within the Southeast Asian oceans for a month, only for both sides to take up a heavy loss.

In the end, the Taiwanese martial arts world and the American Chinese Association had come in to intermediate with a proposal of a martial arts competition.

The result had been Chen Aiyang killing Zhang Guangming and scoring a victory

for the Chenshi Corporation.

This battle had also led to the Chenshi Corporation raking in another profit of several hundred million Singaporean Dollars. It had also been that same battle that brought him his current position and so for the sake of preserving his family's power and Chen Aiyang's chance at being a successor, Chen Libo had intervened.

Otherwise, since both Chen Aiyang's parents had died and he had no direct lineage, the family's line of succession would never land upon him.

When in the Jianghu, one cannot move freely. Even though there were the open-minded, even they could not defend themselves against the turmoil of the secular world.

“For the elder to suddenly stop the reunion, does that mean he has another reason? That Tang woman, who is she? How did Chen Li come across someone as amazing as her? That Tang woman clearly let me go, just what is she getting at? This fight for the role of successor is something I cannot lose, what would happen to my sister? If I were to lose, then she would suffer! Sigh, with the matters growing that bad, just what proper preparations should I make? That Tang woman's martial arts is too amazing, even if I were to become a hermit and dedicate myself to training for the next five years without a care in the world, I would still have no chance of beating her.”

“But even now, my heart is already a mess with the mundane events of the world. I cannot dedicate my heart to the pursuit of martial arts full-heartedly now.”

Chen Aiyang was very knowledgeable about his own situation and disturbances. Given some time for him to dedicate himself to the martial arts world, he would be able to catch up to the Tang woman in five years, not ten.

But the reality of the situation had been quite cruel and so there was simply no opportunity for him to pursue the pinnacle of strength.

Upon entering the Jianghu, he had been tied tightly to the secular world and so it had restricted his heart.

He couldn't let go and he didn't dare to let go.

When in the Jianghu, one cannot move freely. He still had his sister to take care of.

While Chen Aiyang had been worrying about everything incessantly, Wang Chao had been leisuring wandering about in Qingdao City. Like the sun and moon, he had took the best from the two and cultivated his health without anything bringing down his spirit.

Whatever troubles he had, the organization would take care of it.

Even when it came to communicating with the princeling Liao Junhua, Wang Chao had been able to establish a means of communication with him as a fellow martial artist instead of having to be burdened with a conspiracy plot.

Plus, after that one year of embarking on a long trek and having been influenced by elder Li's emotions, Wang Chao had felt a sense of fearlessness which had slowly affected him. At the same time, he had begun to feel even more brave and determined.

Of course during that year long trek, it had given him enough strength, but not enough for him to soar into the skies. Yet, it had tempered his mind and reinforced his will so that he was born anew spiritually.

When a man's heart was limited, they would be powerless against it and so their potential would be hindered.

As usual, Qingdao City was covered with a misty drizzle.

Hiss! Hiss! Wang Chao's arm were serpentine in motion as it twisted and turned along with the movements of his legs. His vertebrae had similarly been raised in a manner that complimented the snake stance.

Liao Junhua's body shrunk as he lowered in height to under 1.8 meters—roughly the size of a small child. His movements had been swift and used a combination of both his arms and legs. He occasionally struck out with a swipe to the face or sometimes a small kick of the leg similar in fashion to how a dog would raise its leg up to pass water.

Liao Junhua's stance was hard to look at, but it's potential to kill was unimaginable.

It was most especially hard to look at for the dog passing water stance. However, Liao Junhua's kick at Wang Chao's ankle had been especially fierce and was deceptively filled with Jin that forced Wang Chao to leap back.

This was the "Hidden Leg" of Xingyi Liuhe Boxing. It could break out with Jin at any given moment, and the center of gravity could be changed on a whim so that the leg could be thrown in any direction at ease.

Using the "Hidden Leg" to injure someone was a simple but pure process of changing the center of gravity and stance. But breaking out with Jin required a high mastery. Oftentimes when someone was hit with this kick, they would be crippled, but only the person who sent out the kick would know the power behind the kick.

When I hit you, only I will know that I hit you.

Liao Junhua hadn't made use of such a kick or movement on the beach. However, that couldn't be blamed on him. In a match to compare notes, he had used the dragon stance which was brought to an arrest by Wang Chao's Chopping Claw. In the end, he was forced to make use of the headbutt from the chicken stance to try and turn the tide. But Wang Chao's Chopping Jin had resulted in Liao Junhua being stuck in the sand and had nearly met a sticky end.

After three exchanges, he hadn't been able to display his full extent due to the defeat he had suffered at the hands of the environment, causing him to feel a little dissatisfied.

Within a spacious training room, Dai Jun, Liao Junhua, and Wang Chao were all fighting against each other.

Right now it was Wang Chao and Liao Junhua's turn to fight. Because of prior preparations, this was a match between friends and not enemies. They were only fighting using techniques and lessened the amount of Jin in each move.

But because Liao Junhua was quite unhappy with the first match's result, he had decided to bring out his specialty, the style of the 18 Swift Monkeys of Xinyi.

In accordance to the stance when used, one would leap up in a hurry and squat down like a ball with a short kick. Only a proper master would be able to make use of its true strength.

Against Liao Junhua's agile but sinister movements, Wang Chao still had an easy time dealing with it, but scoring a hit against his opponent was no longer as easy as before.

As the two continued to fight, Wang Chao began to make use of his Bagua training to move as if he stuck to the ground but was still able to change his direction of movement in an almost mystical manner. In a single moment, he had slid three meters away before rebounding back forward with a fierce step to his feet that brought out a resounding slap when it made contact with the ground. Sometimes, the faint traces of sweat could be seen where the soles of his feet had been. As he moved, the wind blew past his body and legs while the slightly damp carpet blew up after being struck by Wang Chao's Hidden Jin.

Wang Chao's usage of movement from Bagua had been completely identical to the style of movement Tang Zichen had used in her match against Chen Aiyang in Singapore.

But there was a clear difference in strength. Wang Chao had only caused slight damage to the carpet while Tang Zichen had completely shattered the marble and steel rebar of the corporate building. With a single kick off the ground, the rubble had been blasted away and could be shot towards Chen Aiyang in a single moment.

There was no trickery behind it, just a tyrannical amount of raw strength.

The movements taught in Bagua could be used to dodge a move in an instant, but when it came to Tang Zichen's feet, her strength was without equal and could shatter stones to pelt people with it. This was clearly an example of when the soft Jin became hard, in other words, when she went from dodging to attacking. No matter what way she moved in, it was able to kill someone.

Naturally, Chen Aiyang's fight with Tang Zichen was completely unknown to Wang Chao. If he had known, then he would have thrown aside everything else to run off to Singapore.

Suddenly, Wang Chao emptied his intentions and loosened his muscles before feeling a strong gust of wind approach his left.

At a single thought, his left hand moved from his ribs in a drill like motion to meet with the incoming leg. Then, with all five fingers, he grappled onto the leg

in an attempt to throw him aside. As Liao Junhua tumbled through the air, he finally brought his legs to the ground and stabilized himself after two steps with a startled expression.

“What’s going on, my monkey stance and Hidden Leg was a surprise, you were still able to grab it?”

“I don’t know either. After emptying my intent, I was able to realize just where you would attack. Some cicada’s don’t have the feeling of foresight after feeling the autumn wind, but in a match between us two, there is nothing to worry about and so I could relax.”

“I know, but loosening the muscles, attacking with the pores, and emptying the intent. Those are the three musts of the internal practitioner’s way of fighting.

Wang Chao had suddenly came to a realization.

Just as the three men were talking about this revelation, a single person came running in in a hurry with a letter. Liao Junhua turned it over to look at before suddenly narrowing his eyes.

Wang Chao’s eyes had narrowed as well as he realized that the letter was written in Japanese.

Chapter 93: The Organization Wants You to Kill Him!

Chapter 93: The Organization Wants You to Kill Him!

Liao Junhua sat by the side and looked at the letter in his hands. The letter was quite long and had something that Wang Chao didn't understand written on it. But as time went on, Liao Junhua's face grew more and more serious.

Wang Chao had no wish to disturb him and instead thought back to the movement and stances Dai Jun and Liao Junhua had shown him on the beach.

These two men were masters of repute and strength. Liuhe Xinyi and Xingyi Quan were branches to the same tree, and so if they could teach each other, both sides would profit greatly.

Liao Junhua's most proficient style of fighting had been with the monkey stance. A single squat to shrink his body into a ball was enough to take him to the size of a small child. And in this way, he would be able to pull off the "Miracle of Contortionism" as depicted in many Wuxia novels.

In the full usage of the monkey stance, the fighting style was incredibly nimble, fierce and could explode with force from little action. This contraction and then detracting process involved a large amount of power that was usually hidden, but its killing power was incredible nonetheless.

To be specific, Wang Chao had especially admired Liao Junhua's most amazing trump card, the "Hidden Leg" of the "Dog Passing Water".

While the "Dog Passing Water" was offensive to the eyes along with its stance, its practicality was enormous.

Squatting and contracting the body, the leg would be able to fly out at any direction without a sign. The abdomen and both legs would break out with Jin towards the bladder—marking another similarity to the natural movements of a dog passing water. With a power so tremendous and unpredictable, its accuracy was nearly a hundred percent.

When a dog passed water, it was because it needed to piss that it would swing

its leg away. This single movement had been practiced and refined a thousand times to get to the natural movement people used now.

“If there is a small crack in the transitioning of my opponent, my leg will change directions without a thought. If there is no crack, then I will naturally withhold. It will be my opponent’s movements that will direct my leg, I myself will play no part in it.” Liao Junhua had held this process of thinking for his Hidden Leg.

It was with this move that Liao Junhua had made a name for himself throughout the American Chinese Association. No matter how strong a person was, his “Dog Passing Water” and “Hidden Leg” had forced many people’s legs to fracture and break without mercy.

That was because of the power of his Hidden Leg exceeded over 750 kilograms. That was far more than enough for a wooden stake to be snapped in half and for a single large tree to have a good chunk kicked off.

Wang Chao was highly proficient in Xingyi, Bagua, and Taichi. But when it came to what he was best at, he had reached a level of mastery in was the “Chopping Jin of the Tiger Stance” and the “Drilling Jin of the Snake Stance”.

A single display was enough to devour the heavens.

Do not fear the one who knows a thousand moves, but the one who knows a single move to perfection.

Wang Chao had been very skilled at transitioning from the Chopping Jin to the Eagle’s Claw. This movement was simple and had only required a single chop to claw action. But this simplistic action wasn’t yet perfected since he had only practiced it for half a year. Even understanding the principle of taking the essence of the sun and moon had only been enough for a simple success.

After the “Tiger’s Chop” came the “Eagle’s Claw”, and after the “Eagle’s Claw” came the “Tearing”. After the eagle swoops down on a pig, both of its claws would tear apart its prey fiercely into several pieces!

Wang Chao’s practice of the tiger and eagle stance required the chop and claw to grab hold of the enemy before transitioning into a tear and pull motion. While this was a simple process, it’s cruelty was an absolute mess.

Basically, when an expert used his hands to chop and grab their enemy and then explode with the “Eagle’s Tear” and “Eagle’s Rip”, the entire arm would rip apart the body. At the very least, a good chunk of the flesh would be pulled away, leaving behind a bloody wound.

In the animal kingdom, the weak are prey to the strong. If you don’t die, then I will be the one dead. A fight was no different. However, a study of martial arts deviated from that.

In Chinese martial arts, the most important thing was not fighting, but maintaining a good health. It was because of this cultivation of the health that it was called “martial” in martial arts. Otherwise, it would simply be called a death battle.

For the next few days, Wang Chao had dedicated his mind to thinking of martial arts and his heart to cultivating his health. His body qualities had reached their limits due to Taichi, and so his martial arts had improved by leaps and bounds. Tiger’s Pounce, Tiger’s Chop, Eagle’s Claw, Eagle’s Tear, and Eagle’s Rip. The movements of these two stances had long since been linked together and practiced to the realm where the sound follows the fist.

But because of how brutally savage the moves after the Eagle’s Tear was, Wang Chao had made himself stop after reaching the Eagle’s Claw in practice.

The pouncing of the tiger stance brought the power high, but when transitioning to the eagle stance to come swooping down from the air, the power would skyrocket to its peak. If these two stances reached a balance, then the transitioning would be nimble, strong, and insidious.

For that reason, the monkey would come after the eagle stance. A monkey could hop, steal the peach, scratch the face, and grab sand. It was far more shrewd and hidden than the eagle stance. While the Eagle’s Tear and Rip were fierce, it was not hidden. A monkey carried secrets within its fierceness which combined to be vicious.

There was no such thing as cruelest, only more cruel.

Likewise, there was no such thing as most hidden, only even more hidden.

Liao Junhua’s monkey stance had reached the realm of a master and

perfection. During the matches between Wang Chao and him, his monkey stance had provided a guide for Wang Chao to slowly understand the stance and reach mastery as well.

At the same time, his Hidden Jin had reached his waists, chest, back, legs, and hands.

There existed a bottleneck in between the Clear Jin and Hidden Jin. Likewise, from the Clear Jin to the crisp Jin where the “sound follows the fist” was also a bottleneck where one would be able to reach another realm.

For every bottleneck, as long as it was crossed, then a boundless road would open up.

Wang Chao had already passed through these two bottlenecks and was now traveling on that wide open road. For his martial arts to improve by such a large amount was a natural process.

“When I blocked Liao Junhua’s the Hidden Leg of his ‘Dog Passing Water’, I felt as if I predicted it, so I was able to be ahead of him by a single step. Loosening the muscles, attacking with the pores, and emptying the intent....but, this is just a practice match. We have no hostilities between each other and so we can fight with a clear mind. If this was a battle to the death, just how would either of us be able to empty our intents?”

A battle between experts would naturally cause both sides to break out with a hostile aura.

As long as it was a true battle to the death, then there would be a hostile intent. And from that, Wang Chao’s mind, intent and eyes would be affected by this and his enemy.

This was completely due to reflexes. If there was hostility in the fist, then there would be hostility in the heart.

But if the intent was empty, then the heart would feel no hostility towards their opponent. When the heart felt no hostility, then they would be able to have foresight. Before the autumn wind can even blow, a cicada would already be aware of it.

“It seems that only when I am comparing notes or practicing that I am able to

empty my intent. In a true battle, I will not be able to reach such a state. The intent is where the Hidden Jin is created from, if I am able to empty my intent, then I will be able to break out with Hidden Jin with ease. That would also be where the Transforming Jin makes its distinction.”

It was at that moment that Wang Chao had realized something. When he had been practicing with Liao Junhua, he had felt what it was like to be at the Transforming Jin stage. It was only when two people fought without hostility that such a feeling could be replicated.

But in a real battle, it was no use. If one did not yet reach such a realm and tried to empty the intent by force, then the tiger would become a dog and would lead to an easy death.

“Eh? Master Wang? Master Wang?” After Liao Junhua had finished reading the letter, he had given it to Dai Jun to read over before noticing the state Wang Chao was in. He was sitting on a chair with his eyes glazed over and his foot rising up and down as if beating out a rhythm while in a trance.

Even as he called out to him, Wang Chao hadn’t take noticed of him as if he was asleep. He had simply been stuck in his own consciousness while he answered his own questions.

Seeing Wang Chao in such a state, Liao Junhua and Dai Jun exchanged a look before giving a nod and a smile.

Liao Junhua’s eyes narrowed as he contracted his body as he began to bring out a hostile intent towards Wang Chao. In his heart, he had already prepared himself to strike at Wang Chao.

At that moment, Wang Chao had suddenly snapped back awake. His hair began to stand on its end as if angered like a fighting cock.

His neck had bulged outwards while the rest of his hair spiked up like a porcupine. With a single movement of his body, the chair clattered behind him.

At the same time, a terrifying gleam reached his eyes as he stared down Liao Junhua.

This reaction had contained something hidden akin to that of a beast hidden within the underbrush. When the winds of danger blew across the grass, the

animal would explode into action.

Before Wang Chao sensed the hostile nature of Liao Junhua, Wang Chao had been deeply engrossed in his study of martial arts and so it was hard to rouse him.

But wherever there was hostility in the outside world, Wang Chao would be able to sense it. It was like a clap of lightning striking the ground or the wind blowing past the grass; the hostility of his enemies could be felt even from 5 meters away.

It was only in such a realm like this that a person would have the air of a master.

Wang Chao had naturally grasped the deepness of this mystery. It was like the Samadhi, easy to grasp, but hard to convey with words.

“Haha, hahahaha....” When Liao Junhua saw the reaction, he had immediately loosened his muscles and began to laugh with Dai Jun.

“To be able to be enthralled at any time and yet snap to awareness with the subtlety of the wind blowing. You’ve reached such a level with your intent? How amazing, with our everyday affairs, the two of us must rely on our basic training in order to maintain our level of skill. If we could fall into a trance like you at any time, that’d be great. To be able to rid any extraneous and complicated thoughts from your mind at any time is a skill we are envious of.”

As he spoke, Liao Junhua stopped smiling as his eyebrows narrowed together in puzzlement.

That was because he had a sudden doubt, *“This Wang Chao has an unordinary background that points to him being a spy for the European Union. So just why doesn’t he have any burdens or extraneous thoughts and able to enter a trance at any time?”*

To the knowledgeable Liao Junhua, he just couldn’t understand this despite his experienced life, *“Maybe he’s not a spy? Even if he isn’t, he should still have some sort of complication with the people supporting him. To be able to go into a trance at any time is what is expected from a Daoist monk who have separated themselves from the secular world like a child with no care in the*

world or men who are in the dusk of their lives.”

A heart like a newborn, crystal clear and clean. A trance where one was able to pursue the mind and spirit of the fist. Within today’s disorderly society and its complicated human affairs, if one was able to maintain even a little of their purity against the cultural tide of the century, then that would be a miracle. This rang especially true with Wang Chao having a mysterious backer.

Wang Chao had been contemplating Liao Junhua’s Xinyi Liuhe with an empty state of mind that was almost a paragon of what the Transforming Jin would be. It was only when he sensed danger that he came snapping back to awareness.

It was only when Liao Junhua began to laugh that Wang Chao’s Jin began to seep back into his body and start to laugh as well.

With his opponent playing a joke, there was no need for him to continue being so serious.

“What happened? Did something happen in the Japanese martial arts world?”

“It’s nothing too drastic, several talented youths from Japan have recently entered the area between Russia and Northeast China in order to hone their skills. Just last month in the underground fighting rings of Siberia, they were able to win round after round and amass a decent amount of funds. Furthermore, they’ve even killed several Russian boxers. Now that they’ve entered the borders of Northeast China, they’ve begun to sweep up the underground rings here as well. Even some of the public schools have been damaged in name after a spar to compare notes with them.”

Despite Liao Junhua speaking calmly, there was still a distinct tone of worry to be heard in it.

Dai Jun handed the letter over to Wang Chao to look at. On the letter, Wang Chao could see the pictures of several males and females with a brief introduction to each of them.

These 30 or so youths ranged from 15 at the youngest to 25 at the oldest.

“What is the Japanese martial arts world meaning for this? To have these talented youths come fight in the underground to hone their skills, they will definitely die. Would the death of these geniuses not be a waste?” Wang Chao

asked in confusion.

“A genius must go through self-discipline in order to succeed. If they die in the process, then that goes to show that they are not geniuses, and thus, their deaths are not worth crying over. In the Japanese martial arts world, their practices are quite harsh. Without this harshness, their potentials would not be drawn out. It is in this aspect that they beat us Chinese many times over. As for what the Japanese mean by this? It could be a sign, for one. Will there be a commotion caused between the martial arts world, I wonder.”

“One of my schools has already been swept up by one of these Japanese youths.”

Liao Junhua had pointed to the very first picture, “Ye Xuan, a Chinese-born Japanese. From young, he learned both Kendo and Chinese boxing after the royal family hired Iga Minamoto. After training under a waterfall for three years, Ye Xuan traveled to the icy mountains of Hokkaido to train under the model system of the ascetics there. Not only that, but he is the Japanese martial arts world’s most outstanding youth. By now, Ye Xuan is only 19, but rumors have it that when he was 17, Ye Xuan was able to make it to the Hidden Jin stage. A fight like this would not be easy to win.”

“True, Japan must have planned this, the backing behind Ye Xuan must be impressive. If it were any regular expert with no backing, then they would have been suppressed by gunfire. A person with backing is quite difficult to deal with. Furthermore, reaching the Hidden Jin stage by the age of 17? What a genius this Ye Xuan is.”

Wang Chao nodded his head as he thought back to Miyagi Hanshin who he had destroyed the bladder of.

“Ye Xuan has already reached the Jilin province, would you be interested in going to see the fight tomorrow?”

“I’d love to.”

That night, Lin Yanan spoke to Wang Chao, “There’s a new plan from the organization. They want you to fight that Ye Xuan in a match and kill him. This is a genius that the organization wishes to strangle before he develops any more.”

Chapter 94: Throttle the Talented Youth (First)

Chapter 94: Throttle the Talented Youth (First)

“Strangle a genius?”

Hearing Lin Yanan’s report, Wang Chao leafed through the sheaf of information he had before closing his eyes and exhaling slowly in thought, “According to the reports, Ye Xuan practiced began to practice how to use a sword under a waterfall for three years before studying under the guidance of many Japanese martial artist masters. After those three years, he returned to the snowy mountains of Hokkaido to undergo self-discipline to hone his will. By the age of 18, he challenged Aikido master Iwasaki Masa and won. A person like this is a fanatic that seeks the Martial Way and has a heart that longs for martial arts. Although he is 19, he will not be as easily defeated as Miyagi Hanshin was.”

“It is only because he cannot be easily defeated that the organization has asked you to.”

Shuffling the report together, Lin Yanan gave a smile with a large arc in it, “You are a genius as well. A genius against another genius is what makes a fight worth seeing. The organization wishes for you to secretly strike at the flame of the Japanese martial arts world. The reason why the Japanese have brought those youths to sweep our schools and fighting rings is because it is an attempt to test us. If they succeed, then there will be a large-scale operation against us in the future.”

“Although this isn’t like the previous century, the Japanese martial arts world can’t create too large of a wave. To be frank, we can only fight in secret and will be classified as behaviors from the private citizens. The government won’t get involved, and in fact, they will pretend to not know about it.”

“But if we were to let them go unimpeded, that would do no good for the face of China. Martial arts isn’t something that plays a definite role in this, but it is still something we have support in. The organization has plans for you to make yourself known within the martial arts world, so this is a very good opportunity

that you cannot miss. I am also a martial artist, so I know and believe in your skill.”

“You should stop flattering me, if the organization gives me a mission, I will complete it. If I don’t complete the mission, I won’t complete the mission.” Wang Chao closed his eyes, “I’m no genius, only that Ye Xuan can be considered to be a genius. When he was 17, he reached the stage of the Hidden Jin and joined the ranks of the upper levels. When I was 17, I was still learning the horse stance.”

“Do you really have no chance?” Lin Yanan looked to Wang Chao with her eyebrows narrowing together in concern.

“I haven’t even seen him, how would I come to any conclusion that easily? Am I an Immortal from Daoist beliefs? On the platform of a competition, there are many things that can change the outcome. Whomever has the better technique will be the winner.” Wang Chao smiled, but it did not quite reach his eyes. From his expression, it could be seen that he was neither nervous or surprised.

“That’s fine, I had thought that you had no confidence in yourself.” Lin Yanan studied Wang Chao’s expression for a moment before nodding her head. “You go and take a rest, I’ll go prepare some things. Since this is a matter between the people, then that means I’ll need to bring in some private help instead of the government. After the competition, there will definitely be fire; but that shouldn’t be too dangerous. With Liao Junhua making the arrangements, instead of fearing the ten thousands happening, we should be worrying about any one thing happening.”

Wang Chao knew that Lin Yanan would prepare a sniper, bodyguards, and several other covert ops. After all, their current statuses were currently that of an unknown gang and mercenaries. With them heading into the underground fighting rings, it would not follow any official rules.

To be an underground fighter was to be ready to be shot by a bullet at any time.

Just as Lin Yanan walked out, Wang Chao could hear someone approaching the door nearby.

“Zhu Jia, is that you? At this time, why aren’t you asleep?” Even before Zhu Jia

could get close to the door, Wang Chao could tell it was her from her distinctive footsteps.

“Was that your assistance just walking out? How pretty, she even has a decent physique.” Zhu Jia was wearing flower lattice pajamas and slippers. Her hair was wet and scattered behind her in a way that was easy to see that she had just finished showering.

“I didn’t think you’d fall to such a level where you’d hire a female secretary.” Zhu Jia sat down lazily and gave Wang Chao a flattering wink.

This second meeting with Wang Chao had been far more relaxed than before—there had been no apprehension in Zhu Jia’s face at all.

Wang Chao’s eyes began to observe Zhu Jia before finally stopping at her snowy white calves. At this, Zhu Jia began to grow a little uneasy before finally speaking with a deadpan face, “What are you looking at, never seen something like this before?”

Wang Chao looked away and spoke in rapid succession, “Of course I’ve never seen it before.”

“You.....” Zhu Jia snorted for a moment before her voice began to mellow out to grow concerned, “But I’m curious. You weren’t doing too badly for yourself with your company back in S province, why did you run off to Shandong to open a martial arts school? Oh, by the way, just what happened between you and Zhao Jun, were you forced to run away to Shandong because of him? That’s unfortunate, that day you left, I could have introduced you to several government officials. If you became good friends with them, then even Zhao Jun wouldn’t dare touch you. But now that you’re here in Shandong with brother Liao, then his word will protect you in the three provinces of Northeast China.”

“Your brother Liao and I are only just friends in the martial arts world. We only just became friends. However, your brother Liao is quite amazing. As a high ranking official, he is also a master of martial arts.”

“Don’t start talking about martial arts, give it a rest, okay?” Zhu Jia pouted, “I see how easy you are able to talk to brother Liao. Help me convince him to help me with my career. Plus, you have to help me too.”

“Fine then, who let me allow myself to owe you a favor anyways?” Wang Chao sigh helplessly.

In the capital of the Jilin province, Changchun City.

That night within a Karate dojo, a single male youth with a determined expression had his eyes closed as he sat in a kneeling position. His entire body was loose in his kimono while a wooden sword two-thirds of a meter long was placed in front of him.

At the same time, there were two Japanese youths fighting against each other with a fierce and swift movement.

But one of these youths had remained stationary. Even if there was a strong gust of wind blowing against him, his body did not seem to feel it almost as if the hairs on his body didn't feel it.

“Ye Zi, Ye Zi. You only just arrived in Changchun City today, and yet you're going to fight again at some place tomorrow? Aren't you going to rest at all?” Another girl with her bangs covering her forehead had spoken out from her seated position on the side. Despite the worry in her voice, her eyes had a look of admiration to it.

This was a familiar looking girl. If Wang Chao saw her, then he would immediately recognize her. That was because she was the very same Yagyu Haruko that had been on a tanker and demanded Wang Chao to fight her.

“Not tomorrow, but tonight.” This youth was a Chinese-born Japanese; the genius known throughout the Japanese martial arts world as Ye Xuan.

At the age of 18, he had been able to defeat the Aikido master Iwasaki Masa in Hokkaido. Being called a genius was not a title he had conferred to himself.

“You're going to go out tonight? This isn't the same China as the one before. A strong dragon can't control a snake hidden in the grass. Let us make the preparations; if something happens to you, then it would be a tremendous loss to our Japanese martial arts world.” Yagyu Haruko spoke up in a hurry.

“I've devoted my entire life to practicing the Martial Way. There won't be anything that will stop my walk forward.” Ye Xuan closed his eyes. “I came to China this time as a course to temper myself. I will definitely come across danger

here. If I cannot turn peril into safety or even have the courage to face it, then how would I become a grandmaster? Aikido grandmaster Morihei Ueshiba, Karate grandmaster Miyagi Chojun, and Mas Oyama, which one of them didn't experience any combat? It is only within the battlefield of life or death that one will be able to polish and hone their will and spirit. If one cowers away from danger, then they will be forever destined to never progress."

"I've learned a lot, Ye Xuan-kun." Yagyu Haruko bowed her head. "But, I believe that you don't need to waste your spirit on any pointless battles. You could go and challenge those Chinese boxing masters like the Three Tigers of Guangdong, Taichi master Chen Aiyang, Liu Jiajun of Taiwan, Hong Majun of Hong Kong, and the other important figures. With your spirit and Martial Way, you would definitely win against those so-called masters!"

Ye Xuan stood up with two fingers sticking together on his right hand. Almost as if the wooden sword had come across some glue, it instantly stuck to his fingers before being held to his hand.

"Those masters who love and cherish their reputations are like birds who cherish their own wing feathers, there is a chance they won't accept my challenge. As long as they cherish their reputation, they will have misgivings. If the strong have any misgivings, then there will be a weakness; that means I will definitely prevail. But! Yagyu Haruko, a challenge is like practicing; it must be done one step at a time."

"Hai!" Yagyu Haruko nodded her head, "That's right! Ye Xuan-kun! Are you going to go now?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll go with you for now. The most well known fighting rings in this area are on the outskirts of the city. There's about 25 kilometers, so I'll call a car and some other people to go with you."

"No need, the two of us will do. Whatever happens afterwards, our guild hall will take care of it."

One man and one woman walked out of the dojo and began to walk along the lamplit streets. Their bodies were like bows as they stalked forward like the ninjas in the movies. And not too long afterwards, they had finally arrived at the

urban district of Changjun City.

That night within the fighting rings of Changjun City, five boxers had been killed by a single Japanese youth. One had a finger hole stabbed into his temples, another had his sternum shattered, another had his eyes dug out, and the other two had their inner organs destroyed from a blast of Hidden Jin.

That entire venue had later awarded the Japanese youth a prize of ten million.

The same night, Liao Junhua had heard the news, but he had not ordered for a hit on him.

On the second day, Wang Chao, Liao Junhua, and Dai Jun arrived in Changjun City.

“How ruthless, that Ye Xuan. His skill is clearly far too high for these boxers, and yet he didn’t hold back at all. What a utterly ruthless character.”

Straight away, Wang Chao could see that Ye Xuan’s skill at martial arts was way stronger than the dead boxers laying on the ground. It was easily possible for him to fight without accidentally killing his opponents at all.

Wang Chao himself had been through many fights. But whenever he was in a fight with an extremely strong opponent in a life or death match, it was impossible to have mercy. There had been one time when he had killed Snake-head right in front of Lu Chengwen. But that had been because Snake-head had tried to kill him first and everyone around him had been eyeing him like prey; there was no way out other than that.

Following his doctrine on using martial arts to cultivate the health, Wang Chao had wished to practice this principle of mercy and to never kill a person on purpose.

It was these days especially that he had understood the way to cultivating his health and making the proper movements. It had relied on coming across any hostility and to break out with Jin instinctually without being affected by one’s own killing intent.

“Come, let’s go see who this guy is!” Liao Junhua had seen the markings on the chest. There had been a faint mark near the heart and lungs where they had been ruptured. From this, he had realized that Ye Xuan’s Hidden Jin had reached

the stage where he could manipulate the firmness or softness at will.

At the outskirts of Changjun, there was a machine processing factory with an underground fighting ring within it. A single shoddily made sign could be seen outside, but since no from public security, the police, inspectors, workers, or the court had any interest in it, so they hadn't bothered with appearances.

Liao Junhua had influence within this large-scaled fighting ring along with the ones in the Guizhou and Yunnan provinces. And in these rings, the security had all privately owned weapons.

This fighting ring was far larger than the one Wu Yingda had control of in Guangzhou; furthermore, it was far more luxurious and had more rules.

Northeast China shared a border with Russia, and within the training camps in Siberia, rumors had it the most vicious fighters of that training camp originated from the fighting rings. And when they were released onto the platform, they were killing machines.

The underground fighting rings had been influenced by Russia as well and was thus far more developed than its Southeastern China's counterpart. Some of these fighters had even been able to participate within the K-1 in Japan and earned premiums from it.

Both the Japanese and Russians had encroached into China in the past and influenced it violently.

The entire fighting ring had been constructed to replicate the coliseums of Rome so the spectators and participants were completely divided.

Just as Liao Junhua, Dai Jun, and Wang Chao entered the VIP terrace, Wang Chao had instantly noticed a motionless Ye Xuan and Yagyu Haruko sitting on the other side with several other western-suited Japanese businessmen.

Not too long later, Ye Xuan had walked up onto the platform to face off against a 150 kilogram and 2 meter tall Russian boxer.

The look in the Russian's eyes had been grim as he stalked forward with a swift foot; clearly, he had been in many life or death battles.

But in just a single move, he had been struck down by Ye Xuan's fist! Teetering

around for a moment as his chest was shattered, the man had fell down from the ring only to die on the ground.

“What a youth, he truly deserves to be called a genius. If it was me, I would stand no chance to win.” Liao Junhua gave a sigh before calling for the master of the place.

“Go talk with the Japanese guild hall. Offer them some money to stop their practices here. If they refuse our toast, then let them accept our gunfire.”

“No need, chief Liao.” Wang Chao suddenly spoke. “Let me handle him.”

Chapter 95: Throttle the Talented Youth (Second)

Chapter 95: Throttle the Talented Youth (Second)

“No need!”

Liao Junhua had been surprised to hear Wang Chao talk. “This is just a regular fighting ring and not an official match. Didn’t you see Ye Xuan send that Russian man flying? A skill like that clearly means that he has reached a stage where his muscles act like one. That’s the same realm where only the masters can tread. You and I have trained many years to reach such a stage, but Ye Xuan isn’t even 20 and has already become our equal. Who knows what type of grandmaster he will become in the future.”

“That Russian is called Bikrov, a man from the Siberian training camps who was rumored to kill a polar bear with his bare hands. His physique has an undoubtedly advantage over even us who have trained with Hidden Jin. His movements are especially fierce from his ample experience in killing. To be frank, I doubt I would be able to defeat him in three moves, but Ye Xuan was able to kill him in one...” Liao Junhua spoke in heavy surprise.

Russians, Africans, and Caucasians were naturally endowed with a physical build that Asians did not share. After training their bodies, they would be able to bring out a potential that was far stronger than what an Asian would be able to bring out. Even Liao Junhua would not be able to defeat one of these killing machines easily with just pure strength and neither technique or Hidden Jin.

Dai Jun had also watched Ye Xuan on the platform with a cold hard look. His face grew serious as well before slapping his leg, “Alas, the Japanese’s way of training is far more harsh than our own, and so there is no doubt the amount of talented youths breed like flies there. Even if he wasn’t considered a natural genius, the fact that he managed to survive such a training should make him a genius already. Brother Wang, there’s no need to get involved in needless dangers. In truth, those who stepped into the realm where martial arts is to place importance on the cultivation of health like us should not go into battle so easily. It is only when there is no other alternative that we do what we must, but

on the stage, there is only one victor, what is the point?”

“That youth was able to become so strong at such a young age. If left unchecked, he will be impossible to control later on. This is especially more worrisome given his ruthless approach. In the future, just how many Chinese martial artists will be killed by his hand? Is this the Martial Way of the Japanese, to kill any gods or even the Buddha himself if they obstruct their way? To slaughter whatever existence that blocks their path, what an invasion of ideals; completely different than our Martial Way where we are one with the universe and harmonize with the Yin and the Yang.”

Wang Chao let out a long breath, “Our Ways are different, but I don’t wish to scheme in secret. Our Chinese martial arts world has already withered away substantially. Given our current age, our Chinese boxing plays no practical part in the world and is only useful for us to help others kill. If these geniuses continue to challenge us one after another, then in two or three years, we won’t even have any masters left. In a hundred years, Chinese martial arts will cease to exist. Master Liao, master Dai, no more needs to be said, please make the arrangements.”

Wang Chao’s words were halfly spoken from his mind. The other half had been due to the organization’s mission, he could not fail to complete it.

Even if he wasn’t bound by the organization, this battle had to be done. It was unclear just how many martial artists had died by the hands of these youths. Wang Chao had injured Miyagi Hanshin with Hidden Jin, it was very possible that Ye Xuan would come to him to bear responsibility.

“Wang Chao, do you really plan to go down to fight?” Zhu Jia had asked. This time, she had followed them into the coliseum just in time to see Bikrov be struck by Ye Xuan and sent flying to the ground where he died on the spot. This had caused her to feel both extremely shocked and worried for Wang Chao.

“En, there is no way to not fight.” Wang Chao smiled.

“I support your decision!” Zhu Jia’s eyes shined as she grabbed Wang Chao’s hands and squeezed it hard. “You must win.”

Seeing the resolve in Wang Chao, Liao Junhua gave a sigh before patting his shoulder and saying only two words, “Be careful.”

Dai Jun and Liao Junhua could both tell that there was some intent to kill from Wang Chao's words. This battle had to have a single victor. No matter what, someone had to die, but the only question was which one of the two would be the one dying.

Liao Junhua's face grew serious as he gave a signal to everyone around. In an instant, the men cleared a path and allowed Wang Chao to travel on down.

This giant coliseum had been filled to the brim today because of Ye Xuan. Countless of figures with influence amongst the nearby provinces had long since heard of the Japanese youth that was extremely strong and had killed five boxers within a single night.

Such a figure had caused an explosion of hubbub and led to many figures being attracted to seeing just what such a figure could do in a fight.

When Ye Xuan had killed Bikrov in a single move, the entire audience had burst into surprise shock as they began to talk about the match.

"What an amazing Japanese youth. He clearly intends to dominate this ring, what will boss Liao do?"

"He'll definitely admit defeat and pay up some money. He'd probably hire a hit, but wouldn't that be absolutely shameful?"

"That can't be said for sure. Hey, take a look there, isn't that boss Liao?"

"Who are those by his side? Isn't that one of the Three Tigers of Guangdong, Dai Jun? Has he come to partake in this?"

At that moment, there were some people that had been familiar with Dai Jun who was standing by Liao Junhua's side. Each one of these people had thus been quite surprised and happy in anticipation of a good fight.

But then, Wang Chao was the one that climbed the platform.

The coliseum was about the size of a basketball court and was made of concrete. In the middle, there was a single meter high concrete platform without any barriers or carpeting, just cold-gray cement. There were also several dark red splotches of blood, clearly, the ring had seen its fair share of fighting.

This simple but crude fighting ground had looked especially different from the

luxurious spectator ring on the outside. But despite the differences, the effects of the two were completely different.

This arrangement could be easily seen as rough, barbaric, and a place for pure fighting, killing, and bloodlust.

Just as Wang Chao entered the fighting ring, Yagyu Haruko who was sitting on the opposite side had jolted with realization as she recognized him as the one who had defeated Zhang Wei.

“Ye Xuan-kun, that’s the expert that defeated Zhang Wei and killed Miyagi Hanshin. The party want you to challenge and him.”

Although Yagyu Haruko had shouted this out, it had been in rapid Japanese. So no one had heard of what she said and could only just see a single Japanese girl shouting out loud.

But Wang Chao had long since noticed her. Instead of trying to think of what she said, his eyes trained onto Ye Xuan.

Almost as if they were eagles watching their prey, the entire area around Wang Chao began to fade away in sound as Wang Chao honed his spirit, eyes, and ears all towards Ye Xuan.

“You are the one who defeated Zhang Wei and plotted against the martial artist Miyagi Hanshin?”

Before Wang Chao had even walked up, Ye Xuan had already trained his eyes onto him. It was only when Yagyu Haruko had cried out that the gleam in his eyes grew even colder.

Ye Xuan had a rather high nose and eyebrows as sharp as swords. His eyes shined as bright as stars, but other than, he had a regular appearance. Standing at 1.7 meters tall with a rather well balanced build and a calm demeanor, Ye Xuan’s posture had made the spectators feel as if he was some sort of perfect being.

He had not brought in the wooden sword that was normally seen around him. Instead, he came into the ring barehanded.

The pores on his arms had clearly felt the hostility Wang Chao was directing

towards him. And so in response, his pores began to protrude up like a small bean as expected of an internal practitioner.

Wang Chao's legs stopped for a moment as he let his vertebrae extend and arc like a dragon before jumping onto the platform. The ring was only about five or six ping pong tables in length.

Ye Xuan stood in the center while Wang Chao stood by the edge. There was only 5 meters separating the two.

Upon hearing Ye Xuan's question, Wang Chao had only gave a nod in response instead of a verbal one.

"As a dragon would rise, so did your posture. Judging from your movements, you are a Xingyi Quan practitioner. From birth, I studied Hokushin Ittō-ryū and used my sword to cut apart the waterfall. By the third year, I became an expert. It was with this sword style that I defeated Xingyi Sword Style master Hao Enguang of the Chinese Warrior Association. Even now when my sword became my fist, do you think you can block it?"

Ye Xuan had spoken calmly with his pores continuing to bulge, but his spirit had relaxed and his words seemed as if he was talking to a close friend with all of the calmness in his voice.

His Chinese was utterly fluent with clear pronunciation. When Wang Chao heard it, he found himself understanding perfectly clear.

In the Japanese martial arts world, there would be a clash of words before the competition. This was used to shake the resolve of the other person in the past and could help determine the outcome of a match. Even now, it remains a tradition.

When Ye Xuan mentioned that it was his Hokushin Ittō-ryū that had defeated Xingyi master Hao Enguang, that too was meant to shake Wang Chao's resolve.

"Make your move then!" Wang Chao had ignored Ye Xuan's words and without even waiting for his opponent's words to finish, Wang Chao had interrupted him mid-way.

First came Wang Chao's Chopping Jin of the tiger stance with a graceful arc and his muscles working in accordance with each other. Crash! With a single

burst, the fist came crashing down.

Wang Chao had struck out first without any mercy in his movements. With an imposing air that moved gracefully through the air, Wang Chao pounced towards Ye Xuan.

“Eh!?” Ye Xuan had been interrupted by Wang Chao and had been quite annoyed at that. But when he realized Wang Chao was like a starving tiger jumping towards a fat sheep. In his heart, he had been momentarily shaken realizing that the battle words had done nothing to Wang Chao. Instead, it had given him a crucial first strike.

But as a genius, he was more than capable enough to make apt decisions. Circulating Jin to his legs, he began to move as swiftly as a snake through grass. Shua! Scuttling back three meters, his legs stomped down to the cement ground below and down from the ring.

Wang Chao hadn't expected Ye Xuan to leap back so much. The distance Ye Xuan had traveled in order to dodge Wang Chao had been enough to bring him off the stage.

His first strike was to gain the first advantage by giving a roar to assault the enemy. Then, without rest, he would use the Chopping Jin of the tiger stance. And if his opponent tried to block, then he would switch to the Eagle Claw and then link that to the next two moves that would rip at the flesh.

But if his opponent fled backwards, then that would completely change his plans.

So in this pounce, Wang Chao had only managed to achieve reaching the other side of the ring with his arm hitting air. But just as he was about to chase Ye Xuan—

A sudden figure darted up from below the ring like a phantom.

It was Ye Xuan. In that instant when he withdrew from the ring, he had waited for Wang Chao to finish pouncing before suddenly jumping upwards with one hand at the head and another hand forming a fork like hand and stabbing it at Wang Chao's eyes accurately.

This was an especially dark move that slinked back like a snake and ascended

forward like a dragon. Borrowing the lower angle from the ring, Ye Xuan had made use of the force of his jump to the maximum.

Wang Chao could only feel a slight wind sting his eyes for a moment before he quickly closed them shut and moved to the side. Both his arms flashed out as he gave a mighty chop once more to crash against the hand that was coming up to poke his eyes out.

Ye Xuan's face took on an understanding look of what to do and instantly curved his fingers to instead target Wang Chao's joints in his elbow.

Wang Chao's arm twitched slightly at the amount of power Ye Xuan was exuding. He hadn't thought it inferior to his own strength at all. Even without Hidden Jin, if he was hit with this, then Wang Chao would definitely not be able to prevent his arm being injured or even destroyed.

His arm shook once as if shaking a pole. Loosening and then flexing his arm pores, the Hidden Jin in Wang Chao's arm began to break out before coming into contact with Ye Xuan's fingers.

Realizing that Wang Chao had broke out with Hidden Jin, Ye Xuan instantly froze his fingers and formed a snake-like fist with them instead. Flowing past Wang Chao's arm, Ye Xuan's new target was now his shoulder joint.

This backwards to forward propulsion to eye jabbing to finger curving to shoulder jabbing had been of the highest quality flow. There was a graceful wind and a dominatable amount of power hidden within it enough to kill a person; a strength like this truly deserved to belong to someone called a genius.

Bringing his shoulder out of the way, Wang Chao moved backwards in an attempt to further evade Ye Xuan's might.

This single exchange had led to Wang Chao's offensive maneuver being rendered useless despite him having the first strike. Even though Wang Chao had a tremendous amount of skill, his opponent's combination of strikes was more than enough to force even Wang Chao back. Even more so, Wang Chao wasn't even the one who emerged advantageous.

But why would Ye Xuan allow Wang Chao to strike again for another blow?

Forming a sword shape with his fingers, Ye Xuan began to move like a dragon

swimming through the waters towards Wang Chao without letting his opponent properly rest.

Ye Xuan's movements had been very permutable in the way he moved. His two long arms had taken on the same movements as a sword would. Rise, fall, chop, crush, stab, swipe, stir, or even thrash, his arms had simulated all the possible ways to strike with a sword.

With each thundering strike, Ye Xuan's muscles moved in a uniformed manner that allowed for a faint sound of thunder and wind to be heard.

As nimble as the wind and as violent as thunder, any opponent would be swept up by this.

Wang Chao let out a breath of air as he felt himself getting forced closer and closer to the edge of the ring. Despite losing his initial advantage, he was not yet ready to forfeit. Despite being at a disadvantage, his heart was ever so calm to an extreme.

In a flash of realization, Wang Chao suddenly made a half revolution so that his shoulder was facing Ye Xuan's front. His right arm drew back as his wrist was retreating to his sides. Circulating his own breath, Wang Chao began to collect all his energy so that he could feel his own heart beating. In a stance similar to the horse stance, his right arm shot out like a dragon flying out from its dwelling or a spear stabbing forward with grit. As he rose from his stance, his right arm blew past Ye Xuan's arm and towards his chest.

This was the "Sudden Thrust" technique that was a part of the "Assault of the Dragon and Snake."

The dragon was the horse, and the snake was the spear. In the battles of the ancient past, a single stampeding horse and the merciless gleam of a long spear was enough to cause the demons to cry out and for gods to beg mercy.

What other combination was as formidable and heroic as this!

Tang Zichen's Assault of the Dragon and Snake had been derived from the quintessence of the ancient battlegrounds and their way of killing.

Wang Chao was a master of martial arts. He had long since knew that he had miscalculated the very moment Ye Xuan had hopped down from the ring and

would lose against the fierce counterattack. So as he dodged Ye Xuan's string of moves, he had conserved his strength so that when he would move into formation for his own strike, it would be as strong as a swift horse and as deadly as a spear.

The hair-raising killing potential of a horse and spear of the ancient past was what Wang Chao had derived his "Sudden Thrust" strike from.

A horse and a spear, this was more than enough power to differentiate between the king and the marquis.

The very moment Ye Xuan had gained the upper hand, he calculated that Wang Chao would retreat away from him and down from the ring. As long as he got away, he would definitely conserve his energy up until the last moment.

If Wang Chao were to really jump down the ring, then Ye Xuan had planned on using his arms like a sword and leap high into the air to unleash one of the more terrifying classics of Japanese Kendo, the "Downwind Blade".

For three years, Ye Xuan had naturally practiced the sword at the waterfall. He would jump from the highest point to unleash one mighty strike after another to cleave the water or anywhere else his sword flowed to, making it practically impossible for him to miss.

The "Downwind Blade" would unleash a crackling sound like thunder at the most crucial and powerful moment of the blade. Normally, it would not be normally done since it required one to leap high into the air which would also leave them open to attack.

But, if Wang Chao were to leave the ring, then he would have the most optimal positioning.

In that instant, Ye Xuan could feel the radiance of victory fill up in his eyes.

But then, Wang Chao had exploded with Jin after using his "Sudden Thrust", causing the radiance of victory to shatter apart.

"How amazing!" Ye Xuan felt his skin began to prickle in anticipation. He could feel his arms already start to be pushed away, but because of his constant self-discipline, he did not feel disappointed after having the light of victory snatched away from him. Instead, he began to grow even more calm-headed and

immediately whipped his arms back to protect his chest.

Bang! Like a spear, Wang Chao’s arm smashed against Ye Xuan’s chest. With the explosive Jin of the “Sudden Thrust”, Ye Xuan’s “Downwind Blade” wouldn’t be able to manifest itself. Since he had to protect himself, Ye Xuan had been forced backwards and leapt back to the center of the ring.

Wang Chao had managed to gain the upper hand once more!

Leaping up, Wang Chao let out another roar reminiscent of a tiger! The entire ring began to tremble and even the ground beneath Wang Chao began to crack from where he trampled.

“Brother Liao...what’s happening?” Zhu Jia began to shake from her perch up above. Sweat had already started to appear over her face as she held her breath in worry. The amount of suspension she had felt watching the match had been far too much for her.

“Danger...even I don’t know...” Liao Junhua had answered nervously.

Dai Jun had been utterly speechless as well, but his mouth remained shut.

Zhu Jia’s heart had been completely nervous, just breathing was getting quite difficult for her. Her heart wouldn’t stop beating as she watched Ye Xuan fight Wang Chao. In her mind, she suddenly thought of a classic from long ago.

Unable to control herself, Zhu Jia began to gently hum to herself.

“The Great Wall will never fall,
The thousand mile Yellow River will always flow.

.....

Open your eyes and take a good look!
Just what sincere slave would give up?

.....

Open your mouth and give a loud shout!
We are the army for our nation!

.....

Cut open the path! Bring your hands up!

Work hard for the resurgence of the nation!

Never let anyone trample across our lands!

The sleeping lion has already awoken!”

Zhu Jia had initially wanted to hum only the first verse of the song written for Huo Yunjia to calm down her nerves, but for some reason, the match down below had caused her to sing a little louder. Even more so, in the next second, several people next to her had been entranced and some had found themselves singing along as well!

Translator Note: Huo Yunjia was a martial artist widely considered a hero in China for defeating foreign martial artists in a time where China was being heavily influenced by foreign countries.

Within the next several seconds, the song had made its way to around half the spectators! This fight of Wang Chao and the Japanese fighter Ye Xuan could be said to parallel the classics of Huo Yunjia!

One minute later, a single chorus could be heard ringing throughout the building.

“The Great Wall will never fall, the thousand mile Yellow River will always flow....”

“Open your mouth and give a loud shout! We are the army for our nation!”

What man didn’t revere the spirit of martial arts? More so, what person wasn’t inspired at this moment!

Yagyū Haruko and the other men she was with had no idea what was happening. All she knew was that there was a loud explosion of singing from all around her.

Despite the singing echoing everywhere, Wang Chao and Ye Xuan were still heavily locked in battle.

Although Wang Chao had used the “Sudden Thrust” and regained the upper hand, Ye Xuan’s spirit had remained unshaken. His arms would sometimes remain motionless, but sometimes it would seemingly float in the air as it gently

diverted the ferocious energy from Wang Chao's strikes.

At this moment, Ye Xuan was waiting for Wang Chao to let out in his barrage.

With all of the loud singing around him, it was only natural for Wang Chao to hear the song as well. In a flash, Wang Chao had felt himself surge with emotions.

"Hmph!" Wang Chao's chest rose and fell before giving another loud and tiger-like roar! Taking eight steps and fracturing the ground beneath him, Wang Chao struck.

When Wang Chao stalked forward, his arms had begun to chop and whip at the air. With each strike, there was a loud popping sound as if the tires of a car had just exploded.

Even Ye Xuan had a slightly different look to his face now. This fierce barrage had far exceeded what Wang Chao was doing before.

After blocking all eight of Wang Chao's strikes, Ye Xuan had finally found himself a little worse for breath. Just as he was about to hop off the ring, Wang Chao suddenly caught onto him with the Eagle Claw!

Bringing his hands out, Ye Xuan grappled onto Wang Chao as well.

With an eagle-like whistle, Wang Chao's strength began to well up within him and pulled with both arms!

Eagle Claw and Tear!

Ye Xuan could only both of his arms forced apart before a stinging pain hit his joints, muscles, and ligaments. Even his Hidden Jin had been blocked by Wang Chao's Hidden Jin.

With hands like iron, Wang Chao tore at Ye Xuan's arms. Then, with the "Bear Strikes the Tree", Wang Chao bashed Ye Xuan's chest with his shoulder. As a result, Ye Xuan fell down to the platform.

Wang Chao's "Bear Strikes the Tree" had lacked strength since he had not yet mastered the bear stance. It could strike down any regular person, but not against an expert.

Ye Xuan had already brought his Hidden Jin to his chest and so he had only

been sent flying instead of being injured.

Bang! He struck against the platform before preparing to roll back to his feet to fight.

But Wang Chao hadn't been willing to give Ye Xuan the chance to retaliate. Rising high into the air, his entire body had been like a galloping horse that trampled the ground beneath.

Wang Chao stomped down with a swift brutal foot that had managed to break past Ye Xuan's defenses. Just before Ye Xuan could climb back up, Wang Chao had crushed his right hand.

Crack! The violent sound of bones breaking could be heard. Even if Ye Xuan's hand was as hard as iron, it would not be able to withstand the stampeding horse that was Wang Chao.

Underneath, the wrist and hand had been utterly crushed into the cement ground.

"Good!" A fierce shout could be heard from the entire crowd outside.

"Ha!" Ye Xuan had a pained look on his face as he moved to his feet. With a swift kick upwards, he tried to deliver a kick with at least a force of 500 kilograms.

Ye Xuan hadn't lost his fighting spirit despite the pain. He could still manage to hold his spirit together and endure a pain that many people wouldn't be able to.

Unfortunately for him, Wang Chao hadn't let up despite the first successive strike. So the kick Ye Xuan had delivered was not able to turn the tides.

Suddenly crouching down, Wang Chao's body contracted to resemble that of a monkey. Dodging Ye Xuan's kick, Wang Chao released a left kick that struck Ye Xuan's calf. As it struck true, another bone-breaking snap could be heard.

This movement of Wang Chao had been a copy of Liao Junhua's monkey stance and Hidden Leg.

Following another two strikes, Ye Xuan finally fell to the ground. Instead of giving mercy, Wang Chao had been utterly ruthless. With another stomp, Wang Chao stepped onto Ye Xuan's chest.

A series of cracks could be heard from the youth's chest. His eyes began to dilate and his breath turn ragged as he lost his fighting strength.

Both of his hands clutched onto Wang Chao's leg, but there had been no strength to do anything to it.

"It seems...I was not a genius after all..." Ye Xuan spoke out. As his eyes began to close, his breathing stopped as well.

Chapter 96: Complete Enemies

Chapter 96: Complete Enemies

Seeing Ye Xuan finally cease his breathing and his eyes glossing over with the absence of life, Wang Chao finally let out a long sigh towards the sky. Feeling an icy-cold sensation in his arms and legs, Wang Chao loosened the pores and immediately felt his entire body grow wet with sweat.

In his battle with Ye Xuan, Wang Chao had used up the entirety of his spirit and strength to fight. Although the battle hadn't even been 10 minutes long, the exchanges they had had been instantaneous, numerous, and deadly.

It could even be said that in these scant few minutes, Wang Chao had traveled the road of life and death a hundred times.

This also had to be the most difficult battle he had ever faced in his entire life.

He hadn't felt such a pressure even when he fought Zhang Wei. In the competition between him and Zhang Wei, it had been a matter of personal business. When it came to his battle with Ye Xuan, not only did he have to fulfill the expectations the organization had for him, but he also had to represent the entire Chinese martial arts world.

Zhang Wei's return to the Jianghu had been unavoidable; from the very beginning, his drive had been whittled away. Although Wang Chao had showed his skill at the very end, the outcome of the match had been ultimately up to the heavens to judge.

Ye Xuan had been a youth with a power strong enough to engulf everything he touched. Despite being so young, his wisdom and perseverance had been terrifying. Even after his own hand had been reduced to a mangled flesh, Ye Xuan had been able to withstand the pain and retaliate with a swift whip kick.

Even more important, Ye Xuan's martial arts had been even stronger than Zhang Wei's.

"In the previous century, perhaps this is what Huo Yunjia had felt when he was

on the stage.”

When the moment came for the entire audience to start singing The Great Wall Will Never Fall, Wang Chao had felt some sort of power well up within him and inspired him.

It was this type of inspiration that allowed him to make use of the “Sudden Thrust” to take the upper hand. With the roar of a tiger, Wang Chao had been finally able to strike at Ye Xuan’s weak point and render him harmless until he died.

In the final chopping motion, Wang Chao had brought out all of his inner potential to cross those eight steps and shatter the platform with an indomitable strength.

One could not lose strength in a competition. When strength is lost, the heart grows weak. And when the heart grows weak, then the will will be ineffective. When the will is ineffective, the body will not work as well as intended.

But because he was in front of this audience, Wang Chao had been given an unparalleled amount of strength.

It was then that Wang Chao had realized. He had understood the reason why so many people had stood out when China had been in pieces. It was because they all had the spirit of the Chinese that inspired them. Ordinarily, this type of inspiration wouldn’t be felt. But at the most crucial moments, this feeling would come exploding out to gather together.

This was the spirit of a dragon.

For an inch of the world, an inch of blood would be given.

“How...how could this happen...” Yagyu Haruko was in utter shock as she looked down at the stage; desperately hoping that whatever she had seen was not true.

In her heart, Ye Xuan was utterly invincible. He was a young grandmaster that could walk forward and kill Buddha or even any god that stood in his way.

But then, this young grandmaster had been killed prematurely by another.

The death of one legend had been the birth of another legend.

The entire coliseum exploded into a tsunami of sound almost as if this was the Olympics, and China had used won the gold medal.

Although the fighting rings were merciless, it was the easiest way to rouse someone's excitement. This rang especially true when one ethnicity went head to head with another ethnicity. Even though this was a matter of people instead of the government, no matter if this was a legal or illegal fight, a clash of ethnicities would always lead to such an effect.

In the era of peace and security, the hot-blooded passion of the people hadn't disappeared, it had only retreated to the depths of their hearts.

"Good! Excellent match! Dai Jun and I are convinced that you are the best master of this generation!"

Just after Wang Chao had killed Ye Xuan, Liao Junhua had suddenly regained himself. Against such a display of power, he had been moved as well. However, as a high ranking member of society with a high ranking position, he was far more calm-headed than everyone else and immediately remembered just where he was.

As one of the Three Tigers of Guangdong, Dai Jun was very hard to impress after experiencing hundreds of battles. But his spirit of a martial artist still remained. This victory had caused him to respect and admire Wang Chao from the very bottom of his heart.

As the two walked down, they immediately had people surround Wang Chao so as to avoid any accidents from happening to him.

"What a true man!" A single tall man dressed in leisurely clothing had spoken. Along him, there were several other people that walked with a calmness in their steps.

These men walked in a pace that was well timed with the other, evidently, they were all men from the military.

"This is the senior ranking officer of the Jilin Military District, Officer Xu." Liao Junhua introduced as Wang Chao nodded his head with a smile.

"You're just like Huo Yunjia himself! How spectacular!" Officer Xu had been like a child in giddiness. "Back during the Asian Cup of Football between China and

Japan, our entire military district were all chanting the national anthem to the TV. But unfortunately, those fucking grandsons of turtles really failed to live up to expectations and lost. I didn't think that after chanting *The Great Wall Will Never Fall* you would actually win, how refreshing! Where are you from? Allow me to receive you as my guest tonight!"

"What a fucking great battle!"

In this underground arena, even the military men had thrown away their ordinary personalities and returned to their more crude nature.

"This is Master Wang Chao, the head of the Laoshan School of Internal Martial Arts in Qingdao City." Liao Junhua introduced Wang Chao with a smile.

By this point, everyone that was familiar with Liao Junhua had gathered around Wang Chao and tried to chat up with him. In an instant, Wang Chao had been elevated to the status of a superstar.

Seeing these people, Wang Chao could see that after singing, they had all been inspired by the song as well. In an instant, they had all been roused to a fighting mood that brought out their inner potential and filled them with power.

There were government officials, business owners, and even white-collared workers. Although some were benevolent and some were corrupt from taking bribes, at this moment, they were all singing together the same song without worry.

"Come, let us drink to our heart's delight! Allow me to be informal on this day!" Liao Junhua immediately had his men take care of the matters and then follow Wang Chao with an excited expression.

Wang Chao killing Ye Xuan had not only spared him from losing any more face, but it had also prevented Ye Xuan from walking away with any more money. Even if the entire arena had been defeated by him, it wouldn't be considered much. But what had made him most happy was the fact that Wang Chao had been able to inspire him with power.

"What do you mean by drinking? Why not let him rest?" Zhu Jia walked down and gave Liao Junhua a baleful look. Then, taking out a silk handkerchief, she began to dab away at Wang Chao's sweaty forehead almost as if she and him

were girlfriend boyfriend already.

“Y-you...you killed Ye Xuan-kun...I’ll...I’ll kill you!”

By now, Yagyu Haruko had already found herself by Ye Xuan’s side along with the other Japanese men. Each one had a stony look, but it was not one of concern.

At this moment, after Ye Xuan had shown his might and killed so many people, perhaps the people on the platform admired him, or maybe hated him, or maybe were even envious of him. For not a single one of them had looked at his body.

Now that he had died, he had forfeited all the value he had. Before he had died, those who looked at him with hatred now would have looked at him with admiration.

Life or death, success or failure, one of the two outcomes would dictate one’s worth and reality.

If a genius died, then he simply wasn’t a genius after all. Only those who could survive a journey of self-discipline could be considered to be a genius.

Yagyu Haruko’s eyes had first been sluggish, but when she lifted her head, they focused straight away onto Wang Chao.

Suddenly, she charged towards him as if she was possessed.

Yagyu Haruko was an outstanding youth from the Yagyu family and specialized in both Xingyi Fencing and Xingyiquan. Other than that, she was proficient in Tongbei, Karate, and several other disciplines. From her childhood to her current age at 26, she had fully brought out her potential to the pinnacle of the Clear Jin stage. Despite not being as talented as Ye Xuan was, when she became angry, it was still a terrifying force to fight against.

Bang bang! Two sounds rang out as the two people blocking her path was sent flying away from her kick with a resounding crash.

Yagyu Haruko’s movements had been serpentine-like. Twisting and then turning to kick two people, she drilled through the crowd for several split moments before finally reaching the center where she pounced towards Wang Chao.

“Ha!” Yagyu Haruko was similar to a ninja as she rose high into the air after slinking past the crowd. Her left hand had transformed to form a claw before streaking through the air to clutch at Wang Chao’s throat.

Wang Chao’s eyes flashed once before moving a hand to block/

But no one had known that Wang Chao was not Yagyu Haruko’s target. It was a deception meant to divert away attention from her actual goal. Before their arms could even touch, she suddenly turned to grab at Zhu Jia who was standing besides Wang Chao with both arms.

Her hands transformed to form the beaks of a bird before pecking straight for Zhu Jia’s temples.

This had been an utterly fierce move, and with Zhu Jia having no training in martial arts and Wang Chao being utterly tired from his recent match, it was a very dangerous situation.

Yagyu Haruko’s pounce had calculated the fact that Wang Chao would be extremely tired from his battle. With Dai Jun on the other side, he would be unable to provide any assistance. For her life, she was determined to kill Wang Chao.

Just like why the organization had given Wang Chao such a mission, Yagyu Haruko had felt that Wang Chao was a disaster waiting to happen and had to be killed. She moved her fist once as a sign that her attacking Zhu Jia was a second layer deception. She had only wished to wait for Wang Chao to make a move to save Zhu Jia before striking at him like thunder.

“You won’t leave this place alive!”

Liao Junhua’s face had instantly froze over as he spun around. Contracting his body, his leg shot out like a dog passing water. Crack! In an instant, his leg had struck her abdomen.

“Ah!” Yagyu Haruko had no idea that Liao Junhua would be an expert as well. After being sent flying, she had flown over the heads of everyone before skidding to a stop with her being knocked out.

She couldn’t be blamed for this however. Liao Junhua had never shown his strength in public before, even Wang Chao’s source of intelligence hadn’t known

about it.

“My leg has severely damaged her intestines. It seems that the Japanese martial arts world has decided to fight with ours. I’m afraid that we will not be able to rest without the death of those on their side.”

Liao Junhua sighed.

Chapter 97: Balance Between Death and Performance

Chapter 97: Balance Between Death and Performance

Seeing Liao Junhua send Yagyu Haruko flying with a kick, the entire audience had instantly went up into a commotion!

Absolutely no one had expected to see that the refined boss of such a large company would actually be a princeling that was an expert of the Wulin.

It had been because Yagyu Haruko's emotions had gone out of control that she had tried to kill Wang Chao. But because she had also threatened the safety of Zhu Jia, Liao Junhua had made his move.

Liao Junhua and Zhu Jia were friends since childhood and their parents had once lived with each other in peace. If something had happened to her while under his protection, just how would he be able to face his elders and bear the responsibility?

Furious, he had decided to hide no longer. The revealing of his strength had seemed reasonable at that time.

He was a master with a skillset one level higher than Yagyu Haruko at the very least. The "Dog Passing Water" was also his strongest move that even when it didn't kill Yagyu Haruko, it would at least make her life irrevocably damage.

But his leg had still put an extreme amount of force into it.

"So much for being low-key. I've exposed my skill at martial arts, that isn't a good thing." Liao Junhua's eyes twinkled before ordering the men next to him, "Send her to the best hospital without interference."

Originally when Yagyu Haruko had flew over their heads, the Japanese businessmen had been astounded. Each one looked at her and then Liao Junhua without knowing what to do or think.

This was someone else's territory where they had no control over. And while they weren't the dragon that can't suppress the snake, they weren't the snake either. They had only been here on behalf of the Japanese martial arts world to

discuss some matters regarding a competition and other things so bodyguards were arranged for them.

But despite having the responsibility of a bodyguard, Yagyu Haruko had tried to assassinate someone after a battle. Not only had it been in front of plenty of people, but many had even recorded it.

If she had been killed by the opposite side for her behavior, it would be useless to argue. Furthermore, if Liao Junhua were to distribute news of this, then the Yagyu family would lose a valuable member.

Outside of the arena, one was free to plot whatever machination one pleased. Poison, gunfire, anything worked as long as the other side did not gain information from it. One could even use deception to do so, but on the spot assassinations were never well received or a part of the rules.

Whether it was the just or unjust, Wulin or government, it was the face and rules that was what mattered most so one could not do as they pleased when they pleased. Even a bandit of the past would chose his targets on principle.

As soon as Liao Junhua had finished speaking, someone had immediately brought out a stretcher and oxygen mask. Several white-gowned medics had quickly brought Yagyu Haruko onto the stretcher and immediately rushed her to the medical room up above. After the emergency first aid was applied, she was sent away to the biggest hospital in the city by ambulance.

After panicking and talking amongst each other for a moment, the businessmen had brought Ye Xuan's body and loaded it onto the ambulance as well.

While Ye Xuan was dead, this was needed so that he could be sent to the hospital as well. From there, they would find a way to transport his body back to Japan where his master would see to his funeral. This too was one of the traditions of the martial arts world.

When a disciple was killed by another, the master would naturally wish to inspect the wounds so that they could determine the level of skill of the other person. From there, they would be able to plan out the appropriate counter-measure.

Ye Xuan had been under the guidance of many martial artists in Japan. Even the personal instructor of the Japanese royal family, Iga Minamoto, had taught him for a month. The entire Japanese martial arts world had even admired him to be the number one youth of the generation. A genius for his age.

But in the end, he had been killed in a fair competition on the ring. Liao Junhua didn't even need to think to know that there would soon be an explosion between the Chinese and Japanese martial arts world.

"Let's go, that girl has soured my mood." Now that Liao Junhua had revealed his strength to the people around him, he had no desire to stay any longer. Whirling around, he looked to several friends, "I've still matters to take care of today and master Wang needs to rest. Let us meet at Laoshan School of Internal Martial Arts one day or another and see Master Wang's skill."

"That's fine, master Wang must be tired after killing that youth. I just didn't think that boss Liao was an expert as well. I really didn't see that coming. Indeed, I had almost missed that kick of yours, how splendid it was!"

Officer Xu, the other officials, and some businessmen had already begun to flatter Liao Junhua.

Forcing a smile, Liao Junhua gave several words of conversation before climbing into a luxurious looking Lincoln along with Dai Jun, Zhu Jia, and Wang Chao.

"Your arena here has slowly begun to become official hasn't it. It even has a medical room prepared."

Wang Chao was thoroughly exhausted and sat on the sofa without moving an inch. When he had seen the emergency treatment given to Yagyu Haruko, he couldn't help but think about the underground arenas constructed by Wu Yingda in Guangzhou. In comparison, no matter how much one looked at the two, Liao Junhua's fighting rings were one step higher than Wu Yingda's in schematics, ideals, service, or anything else.

If one were to use Capitalism as an analogy here, Wu Yingda merely embodied the idea of gaining. That is, gaining wealth built on bloody money.

But Liao Junhua had long since passed that accumulation of blood money and

had begun to become charitable.

“Fighting is a part of culture. Despite its natural involvement with blood and violence, it is not cruel. One cannot just wear boxing gloves and hope to have an extremely powerful performance.”

Grabbing a glass of icy red wine, Liao Junhua gulped it down in one go and quickly returned to his regular calm.

The plans of this car had made it resemble a mini-bar. Truly, this car was a symbol of a car meant for pleasure.

“According to the standards of the Japanese K1 Tournament, no matter if it is for fighting or injuring, they have forbidden the usage of grappling techniques. This prohibition was due to the fact that wrestling would ruin the audience’s viewing pleasure. In the end, this tournament becomes one where it is a performance rather than fighting. A free for all, or a competition, what fight doesn’t use grappling techniques?”

Wang Chao nodded his head in understanding.

The most terrifying move of Bagua Zhang was the the Returning Body Palm. On the moment of contact with the other person, the practitioner would use Jin to send the other person to the ground. One of the main fists of Xinyi Quan, the Crossing Fist, was dedicated to sending people falling to the ground.

If one reached the pinnacle of grappling, then no matter whom the person was, all the practitioner had to do was to make contact with just the clothes a single time and could kill a person by dropping them to the floor.

Thus, a style of martial arts called the “Stained Clothes Eighteen Falls”.

Without grappling, the might of Guoshu was considerably weaker. It was equivalent to restricting the arms and legs so one was not able to fight to their strengths.

“Even now, our country has not only forbidden the usage of moves meant to disable in tournaments, but they will cry to stop when the nose or mouth starts to bleed, what nonsense! This is the same way how a child will play house—it no longer has the same essence and spirit of a fight. I involved myself in these fighting arenas not to make money, but to ensure that fighting remains within a

positive cycle.”

Liao Junhua continued to speak, “Originally, the underground fighting arenas were far too bloody and cruel; there had been no sense of culture in it. It was merely a fighting match between barbarians. Although this was stimulating, too much of a bad thing is the same as too little of a good thing. It didn’t contain the heart, and only a perverted man would be able to continue with this way of fighting. My ideology is that while fighting must get rid of the false pretense of a spectacular fight, it cannot be too cruel either. There must be a compromise between beauty and cruelty. After that, it will be ready to go out into the open market as a standard way of fighting. This way, it would eliminate those who wish to fight like barbarians in the dark, give those who wish to live by the Martial Way food to eat, and preserve the authentic way of Guoshu. This way of thinking was shared by my master, but unfortunately, he had never been able to carry out his wishes. A fight is either cruel and bloody, or it is peaceful and for the sake of performance. To be able to find a balance between the two is quite difficult. With the strength I have now, I must help my master carry out his feelings as the one responsible for carrying out his legacy.”

“To give martial artists all over the world a way to earn money for food while not throwing away the tradition of Guoshu....a style of fighting like this is truly a difficult thing to accomplish.” Wang Chao replied.

“Right now our nation promotes the nature of performance rather than the way to disable. It is fair and peaceful. You’ve dealt with the underground world, we cannot go above ground and form a name as things stand now.”

As he spoke, a sweet smelling fragrance had entered Wang Chao’s nose from nearby. Turning to look, he saw Zhu Jia sitting closeby him.

“A good battle begets death, but to forget battle begets danger. I believe that this policy must be taken one step at a time. By connecting to the international world, it will slowly come to fruition.” Liao Junhua gave a careless smile to Zhu Jia.

“Wasn’t today quite dangerous? I can see that the Japanese youth was capable of a high level of martial arts if you’re this tired.”

Zhu Jia had remained by Wang Chao’s side ever since she had exited the car.

When she saw just how exhausted Wang Chao was, she was clearly hurt.

“Ye Xuan’s skill, wisdom, and willpower was truly formidable! The reason I had won today was due to power alone. If I did not receive that burst of power during the match, then it would be less likely that I would have reached my pinnacle. After expending my energy after that, it is only natural that I am exhausted; this is the same feeling an athlete would feel after the body experiences stimulants. If I rest for a day, I will be fine, so don’t worry too much.”

Wang Chao had naturally never taken stimulants, but he could tell that there was not much difference between the reactions of the two.

“When you were fighting with Ye Xuan, I had felt some sort of illusion that made me feel nervous; so I started to hum to make myself feel better. But who would have expected that the song would echo throughout the entire arena and cause such a display?” Zhu Jia winked. “Because of my contribution, you were able to win, how do you plan to thank me now?”

“Ah, so it was you?” Wang Chao replied, “I owe you another favor it seems then.”

“Hmph, as long as you know it. Who knows just how many favors you owe me? In the future, if I say something, you better listen to me.” Zhu Jia smiled proudly.

“It won’t take more than two days for the Japanese martial arts world to know that you were able to kill Ye Xuan, so you should prepare yourself. My company still has other affairs to take care of, but if you have any problems, be sure to notify me straight away. I know your support will have more than enough power to make this chaotic situation more peaceful, but since someone has died in my venue, I cannot just ignore this problem.”

Liao Junhua had grown serious.

“That’s fine, if I come across anything, I’ll be sure to notify you.” Wang Chao nodded. Having a princeling with a voice that resounded throughout the entire Manchurian area was extremely convenient for Wang Chao if he should ever require it.

After that initial battle, the several days of exchanging tips, and then this

battle with Ye Xuan had caused the friendship between Wang Chao and Liao Junhua to improve once more.

“Jia Jia? How much longer are you prepared to stay in Shandong for?” Liao Junhua asked.

“A good while longer for sure.” Zhu Jia glared at Liao Junhua, “What, were you tired of me annoying you? Let me tell you, you are the target for my interview. If I don’t dig you for your help, how could I just leave? But no, I’ll be taking a vacation in Laoshan, so you don’t need to worry about me being an annoyance.”

“Shh!” Liao Junhua let out a sigh, he wasn’t afraid of the Heavens, and he wasn’t afraid of Hell either. He was only afraid of Zhu Jia bothering him for help every day. *“She clearly likes Wang Chao. If that makes her stop annoying me, that’s good. I’ll just need to find the time to speak with Wang Chao so that he can help convince her to not go abroad for her documentary.”*

After two days, Liao Junhua had returned to Ji’nan. The villa in Qingdao City was only a vacation home for him to relax in.

As before, Wang Chao returned to Laoshan while Zhu Jia found an excuse to vacation in the same area and visit Wang Chao’s school of martial arts.

“Congratulations for accomplishing the organization’s mission, comrade Wang Chao!”

When Wang Chao returned to the school, Lin Yanan had taken advantage of the time Zhu Jia wasn’t there to engage in a secret discussion with Wang Chao. On first glance, Lin Yanan had a loveable smile on her face.

“I’ve already reported the details to the organization. They’ll definitely give you a reward or commendation for this.”

“There’s no need, no need at all!” Wang Chao shook his head, “The act of killing a person isn’t something worth being congratulated over. Ah, could you help make some preparations for me to go to Guangdong tomorrow?”

“Guangdong? What for?” Lin Yanan asked curiously.

“Ai, my battle with Zhang Wei last time at sea had caused him to drown himself in the ocean. Originally, he had already washed his hands of being

involved the Jianghu, but because of circumstances, he was forced to return to such a life. In the end, he had been defeated and jump into the ocean. But before he did, he mentioned that he had a family. For my both our sakes, I wish to visit them. Is this in violation of the organization’s rules?”

“Definitely not, I’ll make the preparations for you.” Lin Yanan replied with a refreshed smile.

Chapter 98: The Sounds of Thunder Permeating the Inner Organs

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“Guoshu is for the sake of Guo, and for the inspiration of Shu!”

TL note: Guoshu is literally translated as “Nation’s technique”, but is also another way to say Martial Arts.

“Inspiration...a man who wins by strength is not the same as a man who wins by wisdom. But a man who wins by wisdom is not the same as a man who wins by inspiration. Inspiration, vigor, both is required to forge ahead through the cold and rippling tides without fail.”

Wang Chao looked to the surging tides without fail. Each tide had struck against the cliffside forever without stopping a single moment. Just thinking about his battle with Ye Xuan had caused him to feel a myriad of sorrows.

That battle had not only brought him to an awareness with his mind and will, but it had also allowed him to ascend to a more profound level of understanding.

The highest states of internal martial arts required one to be at harmony with oneself before breaking out with power. The heart harmonizes with the will, the will harmonizes with the Qi, and the Qi harmonizes with power.

“When technique is elevated, the mind and will must follow along as well. Ye Xuan tempered himself by the waterfalls and icy cold mountains of Hokkaido. This is something that requires going to battle with the world itself. One mustn’t forget that what makes this world inspiring isn’t the natural world, but the people on it. With man, there is intention, with intention, there is the world. The world is what is held within the human mind.”

As he silently observed the ocean crash into the cliffs, Wang Chao’s mind had already begun to wander to a meditative state. In this state, he had already begun to visualize the past battles of his.

It had been four years since he first learned martial arts from Tang Zichen and

her departure. Step by step, he had been in all sorts of battles and had grown from a simple-minded youth to a master of the martial arts world. No matter if it was in skill or in state of mind, he had cast away his previous life and was born anew.

“Guoshu...first comes Guo, then comes Shu. Without the country, there cannot be technique. Just like how there cannot be water without a source, there cannot be a fist without the intention. When the millions join together... the valor and inspiration cannot be stopped and no one can be the enemy. Inspiration is accumulated within the intent; one may as well ask the world itself, ‘Just who can match you in inspiration?’. Even if one’s martial art or skill is higher, if there is no inspiration, then they should fear you by a third more than normal.”

In a battle to the death, the most important thing was inspiration. With inspiration came strength, and strength came the decisive victory.

Finally, Wang Chao had realized that in the ancient chaotic time of the past when the dragons and snakes mixed with each other, powers from all parties would tried to distinguish what was justice. This too, was a matter of inspiration and power.

But a martial artist didn’t need to pretend to be righteous. They must have a just and honorable mind. Guoshu wasn’t just a noun. It was a reflection of the nation, with this, one would be able to explode with power to win over others.

A nation wasn’t formed of a single person, family, or organization. After a thousand years, it was the accumulation of millions and millions of spirit.

In a battle between two armies of the same strength, whichever side fought for justice would be the winner. Likewise, in a match between two experts of the same strength, if one had a firm heart with inspiration, they would be the winner.

At this point, Wang Chao could be said to understand the true meaning of Guoshu and the profound meaning behind its inspiration. After so many years of self-discipline of his mind and intent, he had finally mastered a comprehensive area of the subject.

Like how a snake devoured the moon by leaping, it would transform into a

dragon.

“Ha!” Making the connection from the mind and spirit, Wang Chao’s mind and intent had rose like the waves. Striking out with his fist, his heart and harmonized with the intent, his intent harmonized with his Qi, and his Qi had harmonized with power. Rising and falling like the wind, Wang Chao began to feel one with the ocean and its movements.

Huuu! Huuuu!

Wang Chao began to flash through differing stances as he hopped, leaped, and made sounds. From Wang Chao’s mouth, the roar of a tiger, the screech of an eagle, the hissing of a snake, the whispers of the dragon, the crowing of a monkey, and the neighing of a horse could be heard from time to time.

With each move, the air around him echoed with an explosive sound.

The tiger’s roar, the eagle’s screech, the snake’s hiss, the monkey’s crows and the horse’s neighs had a rumbling sound to it that was reminiscent to the rumbling sound of thunder from the skies.

When the thunder struck, the roars of the tiger and the monkey’s crowing could be heard.

When Wang Chao struck, whether it was his inspiration or power, one could see that it was much more refined than before.

That was because he had reached a level where the sounds of thunder followed the fist.

The most important sound where the “sound follows the fist” is thunder. Thunder embodies the Qi of Yin and Yang to the utmost level before it is unleashed from the skies. The thunder within one’s body functions the same. When the Yin and Yang of the mind and intent form together, there comes a bursting sound from the muscles and bones.

Like a newborn, the mind must be gentle and clean like Yin. The intent must be like iron, firm and unrelenting like Yang.

When the gentle mind and the solid intent reached a pinnacle, it would naturally meet against each other. At this moment, the sounds of thunder would

naturally form, but such a method like this was not easy to train in.

In the past, for the sake of improving his body, he had meticulously cultivated for twice the effort and half the results. But now, with a single fist, the sounds of thunder could be heard. This was what it meant for the mind and intent to harmonize and collide.

To pursuit meticulously and to burst forth naturally, the effects of the two would be completely different.

Just like how in Taichi, one borrowed power to fight power, the power to reflect power was a result of using the skin and muscles at the highest of levels. In the lower levels, one must manipulate the momentum of the other person by thinking and then reacting. The two are completely different like day and night.

One is natural, one is unnatural.

In the past, Wang Chao could produce the sounds of thunder, but that was only for the sake of cultivation and could not be applied to his skillset.

But now, he had managed to use the power produced from harmonizing the mind and intent to harmonize the sounds of thunder into each movement of his arms and legs.

The explosive sounds of thunder in one's fist did not only improve strength, but inspiration.

A palm and a fist that can release the explosive sounds of thunder. In the past, that was what differentiated a mortal from an Immortal.

When the people of the past saw the Daoist priests produce thunder-like sounds from their fist, they had always thought that they had practiced Thunder Magic to subdue demons. From this, all sorts of fantastic rumors, stories, and myths came to be.

TL Note: Thunder Magic is referred to as 雷法. In Daoism, it used to practice “Neigong”, internal exercises. There are three “steps”: 五雷邪法, 五雷正法, 五雷道法, (Unorthodox Magic of the Five Thunders, Orthodox Magic of the Five Thunders, Daoist Magic of the Five Thunders) collectively known as Thunder Magic. Called Five Thunders because there are five different thunders for the five organs in Traditional Chinese Medicine; Heart, Liver, Spleen, Lungs, and Kidney.

The more profound Daoist priests practiced medicine more often than not; the greatest examples were Ge Hong, Tao Hongjing, and Sun Simiao. Medics with a parental love and an open mind were able to harmonize the Yin and Yang to create thunder.

Wang Chao had practiced Guoshu for his nation. His fist carried his spirit, and combined with the mind and intent came the sounds of thunder.

Thunder was the world's way of breaking out with an awe-inspiring amount of Qi into the human world!

Bang! One by one, Wang Chao shifted from the tiger stance to the eagle, monkey, horse, snake, and then finally, the dragon stance!

"The dragon stance joins Yin in order to search for the bones."

As Wang Chao performed the moves of the dragon stance, a refreshing sensation began to spread throughout his bones and the innermost parts of his muscles.

At the same time, his pores remained shut so that the Qi remained within his body instead of leaking out.

In that instant, Wang Chao suddenly felt the power within his body explode within throughout his muscles evenly and into his bone marrow. There was a cold and hot sensation that alternated within his body that eventually arrived at where his inner organs were.

Almost as if hit by lightning itself, his inner organs began to tremble, causing Wang Chao to grit his teeth in surprise.

Then, the cold and hot sensation began to meld together to form a warm feeling.

His entire body began to feel warm all over. It was because of this that Wang Chao knew that he had finally been able to coordinate both his external movements with his internal movements so that the Jin had permeated his inner organs.

It was this level of skill that one could be truly said to be cultivating their health. The previous levels were merely to bring out the potential to. When a

person exploited their body's inner potential to the max, it wouldn't increase their strength by that much afterwards.

But after the power was spread to their inner organs, the inner potential of a person would increase by another strong step. Each and every moment would have the power of a lion, the strength of a tiger, the swiftness of a leopard, and the firmness of an elephant that could only be classified as belonging to the realms of the grandmasters.

"I've finally arrived at an extremely crucial opening. This could probably be said to be the same as achieving the Way."

Collecting his energy, Wang Chao's breath shot out like an arrow a meter away from him in a ripple like manner through the air.

"To practice the fist is easy, but the challenge lies within obtaining understanding the life of the fist. It can be said that martial arts is simple to learn, but obtaining the Way is difficult to achieve. I cannot tread on this path lightly."

"Martial arts is easy to practice, but obtaining the Way is hard. Obtaining the Way is hard, but the way of cultivating is even harder!"

Wang Chao's realization of this idea had taken a moment, but in that moment, he had understood it all. After some time, that feeling of enlightenment had finally begun to recede. To be able to retain this passionate state of mind without it receding away was an even more difficult thing to accomplish.

Guoshu is for the sake of the nation, and for the inspiration of technique. But, in these days, one would sometimes feel the nation in their mind, heart, and fist. To be unwavering and unshakeable from one's resolve was not an easy thing to accomplish.

A moment of inspiration was easy, a lifetime of inspiration was difficult.

Obtaining the Way was hard, but cultivating the Way was even harder.

In the past few days, Wang Chao had cultivated his health with the essence of the sun and moon while practicing with Liao Junhua. Then, in his fight against Ye Xuan, he had received inspiration. And today, he had finally realized the true meaning to what it meant to practice Guoshu.

His tiger stance, eagle stance, monkey stance, monkey stance, snake stance, and dragon stance could be said to be at a master class. When he struck, the sounds of thunder would be heard with the strength of his Jin as he broke out violently and smoothly.

In the past, the horse was said to be related the dragons of the legend. Tang Zichen's style of the Assault of Dragon and Snake had taught the dragon stance with the power of the horse stance in it.

Wang Chao had killed Ye Xuan by using the horse stance to break through his opponent's defenses. Then, with the monkey stance, he used the "Dog passing Water" to break the calf of his opponent before slamming his foot down with the strength of a horse onto the chest to end Ye Xuan's life.

Two of the three moves he had used in the match had made use of the horse stance.

Wang Chao had understood the true meaning behind the horse stance and had made the connection to reach a level of perfection. With each fist he unleashed, the Jin would rush through his fists along with the sound.

"I must make sure to slowly cultivate my health in the following future. After all twelve stances are learned to the point of Hidden Jin emerging from each one, then I will pursue after the Transforming Jin. By that point, who knows just what bottleneck I must breakthrough?"

"The pinnacle of Chinese boxing is to learn nothing to the point of knowing everything. By then, one is able to foretell danger and dodge accordingly, just what type of realm is this? The road I have yet to walk is a long one."

"The energy of man has a limit, but they still try to seek the unlimited. A martial artist will forever seek this for the rest of their lives, but it does not mean they will be able to reach such a state and understand. This, is what is truly depressing."

Wang Chao thought.

Just as Wang Chao was practicing his fist and thinking of his understanding of the way of cultivation for health, Cao Yi and Zhou Liang had both gathered once more in S province.

Right in front of him were several sheets of information.

Naturally, most of the information had to do with Wang Chao.

“I didn’t find the wrong person, how great is that. He was able to kill the genius from Japan, Ye Xuan. That Ye Xuan wasn’t any regular person either, even the loss of a talent like his is quite sorrowful to me.”

“The death or defeat of a genius means he is not a genius. Whether in army, or martial arts, or chess, or in any other aspect, the Japanese will try to find the weak spot of others and try to seize victory. I believe that we able to get rid of a disaster.”

Zhou Liang laughed, “Compared to the Japanese, our training regime is quite gentle.”

“No matter what, Wang Chao accomplished his mission. He hasn’t failed to live up to our expectations, and his worth is well more than what it was before. But what’s more surprising is the fact that Liao Junhua is an expert as well? The legacy of the oversea grandmaster Zhu Hongzhi and is connected to the American Chinese Association in many ways? This is a problem that requires investigating. This Liao Junhua has a truly hidden secret.”

Cao Yi pointed at the information in front of him.

“In comparison, the princelings from the Ike Corporation are far more transparent than this Liao Junhua. He had hidden his strength so much, who knows just what goals he has?” Zhou Liang spoke.

“Let’s not talk about the matters with the princeling. Let Lin Yanan concentrate on collecting even more information before we talk about it. For now, what has the higher ups decided on doing now?” Cao Yi asked.

He and Zhou Liang were considered to be secret members of the Military Commission’s Organization. Whatever information that came from above would first need to go through Zhou Liang.

“Of course. Wang Chao has been given the rank of lieutenant commander, a rank equivalent to a vice commander of a regiment. Lin Yanan has been promoted to a commander of the regiment as well.” Zhou Liang spoke.

“That’s all?” Cao Yi spoke in confusion, “There isn’t anything else at all? They can’t even join the military, so giving them a military rank is an empty reward isn’t it? No money no food no men no weapons, what’s the point?”

Chapter 99: The Wulin of the People

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Cao Yi's words had been true. While Wang Chao had been conferred to become a lieutenant commander, it was an empty check that Wang Chao had no use for.

At the very most, this had only meant that he would be given a higher paycheck. Several hundred more RMB a month would be added to add up to a thousand RMB salary. This was far more than enough to pay for food, water, electricity, hospital visits, and any other needs.

Expenses for the doctor or hospital, money for the New Years or any holiday spending, it would all be taken care of from his salary. To the regular military man, this was not a bad treatment at all.

But for Wang Chao who had an asset of over a hundred million, he wasn't lacking money, and so, just what use was this treatment for him?

Lin Yanan was originally from the navy. After this promotion, she still had the chance to return to her original headquarters and gain even more power. But Wang Chao wouldn't be able to.

"What other choice is there? To gain a military rank isn't half bad; were you expecting him to win an actual title? That's rather unrealistic." Zhou Liang sighed, "An empty military rank is still a rank. When he retires, he can still use this as his fallback."

"Do you really think that he would be able to retire as an elder?" Cao Yi spoke with a strange glance to Zhou Liang.

In truth, Wang Chao's chances of retirement as an elder was practically zero after this most recent deathmatch. In Cao Yi and Zhou Liang's eyes, Wang Chao had a 99% chance to die on the arena. There was absolutely no chance for him to retire.

"How about this then, I'll go report to the higher ups and see if they can throw

in another bonus. It'll be good for him as well." Zhou Liang nodded his head. "To kill isn't that easy of a task. Gaining an empty reward seems quite underwhelming in truth. Although we are secret members, but are we still not members of the Military Commission? If one wants to rise in rank, they must start from the major general."

"A major general isn't enough. Even the major generals of now are just those who sing several songs of culture. To move the hands is far better than to move the lips." Cao Yi sneered.

"Cao, my old friend, don't be so grouchy. We have to put faith in the organization, something good will come from it. Our sweat and blood won't be shed in vain." Zhou Liang slapped Cao Yi on the shoulder. "In the latter half of this year, you'll be tenured and become the head of the entire province's safety bureau. You'll be a part of the provincial party committee, and in several years, being a part of the central safety bureau won't be too difficult."

"I'm not the one to worry about. The government works for the sake of our country doesn't it?" Cao Yi spoke. "Send a message to them. No, wait, a message won't do us any good. Let's go to Beijing ourselves and find one of the senior officials to grouch to."

Just as Cao Yi and Zhou Liang were talking about Wang Chao's most recent raise in salary, Wang Chao had already arrived at Guangdong in a small place called the Hongcun Village.

In a regular looking Volkswagen Santana, Wang Chao and Zhu Jia sat in the back while Lin Yanan drove the car.

The car slowly but peacefully traveled through the rural roads without any bumps or dusts flying up.

That was because they were on a cement road. Several years ago, the Socialist government had put up many cement roads to the villages and countrysides.

Although the roads weren't that broad and would barely see any farmers use it, it was more than enough for any regular car to travel on.

"Many martial artists came from the village of Hongcun, Zhang Wei included. Their main focus had been in the Hung Ga, Wingchun, and Shaolin Longfist.

Many of the more amazing martial artists had always stuck to martial art competitions and thus never gained a name for themselves in the Jianghu.”

Lin Yanan continued to drive the car and began to explain some of the information she had to Wang Chao.

“That’s true. There are many practitioners amongst the people, but those who wished to fight in the Jianghu were far and few. So despite their amazing prowess, their names were not known to many.” Wang Chao spoke.

If not for the allure of money to help one live their life, a practitioner of martial arts would not be willing to enter the Jianghu and engage in a bloody brawl.

“Zhang Wei’s name has spread throughout the Jianghu for many years and made a name for himself. After washing his hands clean of that life, he had decided to try his hand at business in Shantou. But because of the economical hardships, the Ike Corporation had won him over which led to his defeat at your hands. After his death, I heard his family went so deep into debt that his wife had sold all their assets and brought their child back to Hongcun village.”

After two or three days of investigations, Lin Yanan had been able to get a grasp on the situation.

“Ai! If there is trouble, then I should help. That is why I came, Zhang Wei was a worthy opponent after all. A skill like his is a strength that is not so easily found.” Wang Chao mentioned as he looked out the window.

“He jumped into the ocean by his own accord, but the reason was because of you. Are you not afraid that his son would grow up with resentment for you? I practiced martial arts as well, so I know many things in regards to the Wulin. In a situation like yours, you should be cutting the grass by the roots instead of trying to be so benevolent. When you’re older and unable to move, what would happen when the son comes to challenge you at the peak of his youth?”

Light reflected from Lin Yanan’s eyes like a mirror. At times, she concentrated on the road ahead while sometimes looking back at the sleeping Zhu Jia right next to Wang Chao.

These days, Zhu Jia had followed Wang Chao around everywhere almost as if they were inseparable. From Qingdao to Guangdong and the car ride to the

village for every single bump on the way. Her physique had not been as great as Lin Yanan or Wang Chao, and so she had fallen asleep next to Wang Chao in weariness.

And because of the fact that Zhu Jia was asleep, Lin Yanan was able to talk to Wang Chao.

“Cutting the grass at the roots?” Wang Chao laughed, “Even if I wished to do that, the rules of society today isn’t like the rules of the Wulin in the Qing Dynasty or the Republic of China.”

“I’ll let you in on a secret. If you were to kill the son now, it wouldn’t be difficult at all for the organization to cover it up thanks to the status we hold.”

An enchanting but mysterious smile appeared on Lin Yanan’s face.

“No matter what happens, I am a martial artist that wishes to cultivate my health. Killing to solve a problem before it happens is not something I would do. Were you trying to attract me to such an action?” Wang Chao’s eyebrows rose in amusement.

“Attract what?” Zhu Jia’s ears perked up slightly as her eyes began to slowly open.

“We’re here!” Lin Yanan immediately put on the emergency breaks, cutting off the conversation just as suddenly.

From inside the car, the three people looked out the window only to be greeted with the crystal clear lake of the village. A single river flowed from it and alongside the private houses that towered over the nearby forest.

Right at the most concentrated area of the river was a single stone bridge that connected the village with a large banyan tree at the middle. The stolons to the banyan trees had been steeped in the water, creating a small groove of tiny banyan trees. And underneath each of the threes, several groups of people could be seen playing Mahjong or waving their fans.

When Wang Chao arrived at Qingdao City, it had been springtime March. After the events that had transpired, time had already went by so that it was now summertime June.

“Ha! Ha! Ha!” A series of sounds could be heard alongside the clanking of metal. Turning towards the source of the sound, Wang Chao and the other two could see on the other side of the bridge, four or five youths could be seen standing in the horse stance. Their arms had several iron rings that clanked whenever both arms punched the air.

With each burst of Jin from their punches, the iron rings clanked together loudly.

These youths had been very steady in their horse stance, and their fists had been very firm like a tiger. Anyone could see that these youths had already some semblance of foundation on martial arts.

When Wang Chao saw the series of iron loops on their arms, Wang Chao knew that this was the Bridge Hand of Hung Ga, similarly called the Iron Wire Fist.

Using the iron rings to strengthen the arms and to practice breaking out and taking in Jin would lead to the arms being like reinforced iron bars after some time.

Standing besides the youths were two middle aged men with black beards with a clearly distinct aura belonging to a master.

From far away, Wang Chao could see that these two men had temples that bulged outwards and muscles that was very distinguishable. One of them wore a simple martial artist robe with a hairpin running through a hair bun in a style reminiscent to what a Daoist monk would have.

“Go on and ask.”

The martial arts of Hongcun village was especially prevalent, and with Zhang Wei being a master of well known repute, it shouldn't be a mystery to any martial artist on where he came from.

Lin Yanan brought the car close to the bridge before stopping a decent ways away from the martial artists.

The Daoist monk and the other middle-aged man had long since noticed they were there and their eyes bore straight into the three newcomers.

“Keep on practicing and keep your eye on your hands! Don't look around, pay

attention!”

Lin Yanan and Zhu Jia were both very beautiful in their own rights. When those youths saw the two beauties come walking over, their attention couldn't help but wane as their eyes focused on them rather than their hands. It was because of this that the middle-aged man had barked out in anger.

“Dear masters, might this one ask where the home of master Zhang Wei is?” Lin Yanan asked the man.

“What are you looking for at Zhang Wei's home?” Upon hearing Zhang Wei's name, the middle-aged man's expression contorted with a fierce glare as he examined Lin Yanan.

“You are a practitioner as well I see. Why are you looking for Zhang Wei?”

The Daoist monk spoke afterwards.

At this sudden development, even the youths practicing their martial arts had ceased in their movements as their icy eyes stared at Wang Chao and the two females.

“I am a friend of master Zhang Wei. I heard about what happened to his family, and so I came here hoping to see if I would be able to provide assistance.” Lin Yanan had only reached the higher levels of the Clear Jin, so the Daoist monk had been easily able to discern that she was a practitioner as well.

But Wang Chao's martial art had already reached a realm where his muscles and bones acted as one. Thunder followed his fist, his internal and external had harmonized along with the Yin and Yang. Even more importantly, his Jin had permeated his inner organs, the common man wouldn't be able to tell that Wang Chao was a practitioner like this.

When the Jin of the muscles permeated the inner organs, it would be difficult to tell from the outside.

“A friend of Zhang Wei? I know them all, but why is it that I haven't seen you before?” The middle-aged man's voice grew unkindly.

“Might I ask who you are?” Lin Yanan's eyebrows furled together.

“I am a fellow student alongside him, Leung Jingmen .” The man began to

crack his knuckles with a loud popping sound, “Youngsters, just who are you really? State your purpose, now.”

“Leung Jingmen? I’ve read from the reports that he and Zhang Wei both learned Wingchun from Leung Jung. Could Leung Jingmen be the son and successor to Leung Jung?” Wang Chao suddenly thought back to the reports on Zhang Wei.

The husband to the creator of Wingchun was Leung Bok-Chao. His later student had been Leung Jan of Foshan. Following the final years of the Republic of China where Wong Fei Hung had taught martial arts, those with the surname of Leung had primarily been in the Wingchun school in Guangdong. Wingchun combined with Hung Ga, Southern Shaolin Arhat Longfist, and several other disciplines so that if one knew Wingchun, then they would know Hung Ga. Often times, the two disciplines were combined.

“Zhang Wei’s fellow student Leung Jingmen must have never entered the martial arts world. He clearly hasn’t fought in the underground fighting rings.” The experts amongst the People were many, but those with a name were few. Those who were well known didn’t necessarily mean that they could beat those with a name however.

As Sun Lu-Tang once said about the experts amongst the People: For one who never leaves his mountain to study martial arts, who would know about Xu Aizi? Would they know who Dong Haichuan’s master was?

“You must be looking for his family. Unfortunately, his wife and child have already gone overseas.” The Daoist monk spoke tensely.

“Gone overseas?”

Wang Chao had been slightly surprised, but relieved at the same time. He had been an opponent to Zhang Wei, but he had come to sympathize for Zhang Wei and wished to help his family. But if they had gone overseas already, then there was nothing left to do about that.

Giving a signal to Lin Yanan, he spoke, “Let’s go then!”

Just as Wang Chao turned to leave, Leung Jingmen suddenly spoke out, “Wait.”

“Master Leung, is something the matter?” Lin Yanan turned around.

“Just who are you three? Zhang Wei was a fellow disciple younger than me, but we were very close. So why is it that I don’t know that he had you three youngsters as friends? It is not that I am doubting you, but Zhang Wei has fought for many years and earned many enemies, thus, I cannot help but ask this question.” Leung Jingmen explained, but the expression in his face hadn’t eased up.

“We are fellow practitioners with master Zhang. When we heard what happened to him...” Lin Yanan spoke.

“What nonsense! When you walk, the elbow joints to your arms jut out just slightly. Not only is that a signature of the way how a Baji practitioner uses their elbows, your elbows even have calluses! Any practitioner of Wingchun, Hung Ga, White Crane, Southfist or Bridge Hand would have such a result from practicing!”

The Daoist monk’s eyes suddenly grew sharp as he pointed out the discrepancies.

Chapter 100: You Lack Actual Combat Experience!

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“Oh? Just who is this monk to be so familiar with not only the southern styles of martial arts, but even the subtle and intrinsic natures of how practitioners of Bajiquan use their elbows? Remarkable, how remarkable indeed. It seems that amongst the People, there are truly hidden dragons. It is especially rare in this peaceful era that these type of people remain hidden without ever getting involved in the underground world.”

Wang Chao’s eyes quickly gathered onto the monk.

The beard of this monk had been very long, but it had been well groomed and his forehead was a smooth white with a slight red hue. His eyes flashed brightly and the skin on his hands were pliable and tough without any signs of aging. Clearly, he had reached the Hidden Jin stage as well and practiced enough to keep his skin in good condition.

When a person first starts to practice, they temper the muscles, bones, and skin. Any hard style martial arts would naturally form calluses on the hands and kill the skin. If one were to learn Hidden Jin, then the strength of the pores would multiply, and the life force of the skin would grow even stronger. After another stage, the dead skin would fall off and the new skin would be born anew over it.

The wounds incurred by the axemen hired by Zhao Jun had left behind a terrifying centipede like scar on the back of Wang Chao in the past.

But after he had learned the tiger stance, eagle stance, dragon stance, and snake stance so that the Hidden Jin had spread through to his arms, back, chest, waist, and legs, the centipede scar on his back had slowly healed. In the end, the dead skin had fell off, leaving behind perfect skin.

“Let’s go, there’s no point staying here any longer then.” Lin Yanan had ignored the monk’s words and drew close to Wang Chao. “It looks like the friends of Zhang Wei are truly afraid of an enemy of Zhang Wei coming to eliminate any problem before it happens. With Zhang Wei’s family gone overseas, any

obligations and manners you have are now fulfilled. There's no point causing any more trouble, let's go." She whispered.

Lin Yanan didn't want to cause any trouble with Leung Jingmen or the monk and had wished to leave.

"If you don't speak the truth, you will not leave!" The bearded monk's eyes flashed as he took a step forward. His hands extended forward before coming at Lin Yanan's wrist.

His forefingers pinched together to form a blade while his thumb and pinky fingers closed together. With a gentle but swift movement, he had already made contact with Lin Yanan's clothing.

Startled, Lin Yanan had found herself with no time to dodge. Despite her being fast, the monk had been far too fast for her. Furthermore, there had been no wind with his strikes, making it seem as if it was unable to be predicted in its movements and to escape his grasp.

"What are you doing?"

Wang Chao gave a gentle cough, there would be no way for him to not act against the monk. With a single jab of his fist that rumbled with thunder as the muscles moved as one, the fist pressed against the monk's hand.

"The Five Thunders, your inner organs and muscles act as one?! How is that possible?" The monk's ear twitched as he brought his hand away, realizing that he could not defend against Wang Chao's fist. If he tried, then his hand would be broken from the force within Wang Chao's fist.

To release thunder was said to be when a Daoist monk would truly be considered to be called a Daoist spiritual master. The Thunder Magics were one of the most amazing powers of Daoism. In popular legends, a spiritual master that had learned the Thunder Magics would be able to subdue demons, intimidate heretics, call upon the winds and rain, turn beans to soldiers, to ride the clouds and mist, and to be omnipotent.

Naturally, these were only myths that were told generation to generation without ever understanding it.

However, for a practitioner to release a thunder-like sound, this could be said

to be an act of god that no ordinary person would understand.

Frightened, the Daoist monk quickly took back his fist and slid backwards. This movement had been exquisite and quite similar to the way a practitioner of Bagua would move.

When Leung Jingmen saw Wang Chao take action, he too had taken a step back in fright.

“Who are you? How did you attain such a level of martial arts?” As the Daoist monk moved back, his eyes looked at Wang Chao with fear and surprise.

By now, the villagers around the stone bridge had finally taken notice of the commotion and had gathered around them like a ring.

Those youths who were practicing their fists earlier had instantly surrounded Wang Chao, Zhu Jia, and Lin Yanan.

Wang Chao looked at the people around him with furrowed eyebrows. He hadn't thought that a trip to see Zhang Wei's family would cause such an event.

“What are you doing surrounding him, hurry up and move!” When the monks saw how eager the youths were to fight, he nervously let out an angry shout.

The monk was fully aware that Wang Chao's single palm strike just then was enough to kill him as easily as an ant.

“I am a disciple from the Wudang Jiugong Sword School. My family name is Gan. Might this one ask where this master has come from, and why reasons you have for looking for Zhang Wei? Master Zhang Wei lost a gamble and was forced to die by jumping into the ocean and his family has already left for overseas.”

The tone of the monk had changed straight away.

“I am the one that master Zhang Wei fought in that gamble. I came here today purely to see if I could help his family.” Wang Chao had given his answer some thought. Lying would do him no good here. Instead of spouting lies with loopholes, it would be better to come clean. He was a just and honorable person and did not wish to speak in circles.

The entire Wudang mountains had many Daoist temples and even more monks hidden away to train in martial arts. There were many different schools, and

even Chen Aiyang's "Fishing Toad Jin" came from the Wudang school "Golden Toad Sect" as a way to cultivate the health.

These schools weren't the same as the ones depicted in the martial art novels. There were no eldest disciple, second disciple, third disciple, fourth disciple, the son of a disciple, or any chivalrous person living as a traveling performance. The many schools of Wudang oftentimes had only just one person who would learn a specific style of martial arts and cultivation method. If there was no one to learn it, then it would die out.

"So it is! I knew a malicious person would come here! It is fortunate that we've prepared for this and sent Zhang Wei's wife and child overseas. Don't even think about using your Hidden Jin to cripple the son before he grows older. But, I had no idea that at such a young age, a talented person like you would have such a malicious heart? You forced Zhang Wei to jump to his death, and now you wish to do harm to his child! I am a martial artist as well, and although I wouldn't try to provoke you on a normal basis, this is a situation where I cannot back away! No matter how strong you are, I am the senior student to Zhang Wei, I cannot just escape my duties. Come take your strike then!"

After Leung Jingmen had learnt of Zhang Wei's death, he made his preparations and deals to have Zhang Wei's family sent overseas with more than enough money to hide.

Zhang Wei had many enemies, some of them experts capable of Hidden Jin. Despite people not so willing to brazenly commit murder in today's legal system, using Hidden Jin to harm a child would manifest itself many days later. Through this method, even the police would find it nearly impossible to understand what had happened.

Just like how Wang Chao used Hidden Jin in his Eagle Claw to injure Miyagi Hanshin, it took six days for Miyagi's kidney to undergo necrosis and result in him urinating blood.

With how Wang Chao and the two others came visiting with their words not matching their actions, Leung Jingmen's reaction to the revealing of their statuses was only naturally. It would be even weirder for him to believe that Wang Chao had wanted to help Zhang Wei's family.

A person shows up out from nowhere after killing a man. That same person says he wishes to help the family of the person he killed, but he had always dodged the main question. It didn't take much to guess that this person was up to no good.

From the situation around him, Wang Chao knew that there had been a misunderstanding. But trying to run his mouth to explain the situation wouldn't do him any good now.

"A fight is unavoidable it seems. With so many villagers here, if we aren't careful, then they'll smash our car and make it hard for us to leave. Then I'll defeat these two and establish my strength so that we can straighten things out."

Taking in his surroundings, Wang Chao had instantly made an analysis and made a plan in accordance.

When one's martial art was good, then their eyes and thinking would be just as strong. If one didn't have a sharp thinking mind, then their martial arts was inversely not as good.

"I did not come here to cause trouble; I only wish to see if I could help master Zhang Wei's family with anything. But as things stand now, you do not trust me. We are martial artist, let us settle this as how martial artists should. This way, whomever the winner is whoever gets their way."

"Come then!" Leung Jingmen didn't draw back from the challenge and spoke to the monk, "Master Gan, please support me."

"No need, the two of you should come up together." Wang Chao's eyes lit up. Now that he was capable of breaking out with thunder, he wanted to know just how strong his body had become. These two martial artist experts right in front of him would provide an excellent battle. But the most crucial matter was that if he fought against one of the two, the other could potentially pose a danger to Zhu Jia or Lin Yanan. It was best to fight one against two then.

"Eh?!" Leung Jingmen and the monk looked at each other skeptically.

"That's fine then if you say so. With you capable of Thunder Magic and your muscles and bones working together, the two of us against you is a sufficient

match up.” The priest let out a sigh in relief.

Wang Chao looked at the monk’s reaction in surprise. He had thought that at his proposal for the two of them to fight him, they would be furious and humiliated.

But who would have known that the other side would instead agree to the challenge.

“What a guy, he was already anticipating a two against one fight.” Wang Chao didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. *“But that’s true. With today’s society, who would follow the rules of the Wulin of the past? They aren’t the rules of a match, so the majority fighting the minority is something to be happy about.”*

“Fine, let me take a drink of water first!” Monk Gan spoke with a bright eye before holding out a hand. Straight away, the youths all looked at each other with a strange look. Then, one of them immediately ran off to the nearby store to buy a bottle of mineral spring water.

A bottle of mineral spring water held more of it than a regular bottle of water. Twisting off the cap, the monk began to drink the entire bottle until not even a single drop of water was left in it.

“Come then!” After the monk finished drinking, Leung Jingmen immediately gave a loud shout. Whirling around, his foot stepped towards Wang Chao while his hand whipped around like a spinning top to strike at Wang Chao’s front.

This was the fierce and strong “Whip Fist” of Hung Ga. With the revolution of the body, the arms acted as a conduit for strength to make the bones as strong as iron.

Leung Jingmen was the older student compared to Zhang Wei. His Hung Ga and Wingchun were both exquisite and purely trained, making him no weaker than Zhang Wei.

Just as Leung Jingmen made his move, the priest suddenly opened his mouth and spat out a fierce jet of water just like a high-pressure water pistol. Not only was it strong, it had flew towards Wang Chao in an instant!

This jet of water had a surprisingly fast velocity to it!

In the same moment he spat out the water, the priest began to make his move. Stepping towards Wang Chao's right side, his finger flashed out like the point of a sword to strike at Wang Chao's acupuncture point on the waist.

These two men's simultaneous strikes were synchronized with each other almost seamlessly in a way that would make it almost impossible to defend against.

"Ah!" Lin Yanan let out a startled breath as her heart leapt into her throat. Never could she imagine that the water from the monk's mouth would be capable of such a strike!

She had clearly seen the monk drink the water instead of holding it in his mouth. But he still managed to spit it back out. This could only demonstrate that the enemy had an extremely fine amount of control over his inner organs!

In between the two men's strikes, the more amazing feat had actually been that jet of water!

With the velocity that the jet of water was traveling at, if it were to hit Wang Chao's eyes, then he would surely take damage, and perhaps even go blind!

This had meant the enemy was quite strong if he was able to spit out something at such speed! This was a very different style of martial arts that Wang Chao had seen in the Wulin before.

But in the previous year, Wang Chao had spat out some blood in order to fight Zhang Wei in the same fashion!

And today, within the hometown of Zhang Wei, the monk would use a similar style of surprise attack!

Was this the will of the Heavens? The way of Heaven is fair, but the guilty would not be able to escape for long.

But what bad luck! In this unseen world of spirits, there was no such thing as the existence of the Will of Heaven. This was a materialistic world. In an instant, Wang Chao covered his eyes with a hand while the other hand chopped downwards with the thundering sounds of a tiger against Leung Jingmen's "Whip Fist"!

Pa! Leung Jingmen's fist met Wang Chao's Chopping Fist head on. Straight away, Leung Jingmen felt as if he had been struck by lightning. Feeling slightly paralyzed, he immediately drew back.

While he was very skilled in martial arts, just how would he be able to defend himself against the thunder that Wang Chao could bring out with his Jin!

At the same time, when the water struck Wang Chao's hand, there had been a stinging sensation almost as if an actual arrow had struck him.

"What a strong set of lungs!" Wang Chao sighed to himself before bringing both hands down to his ribs. With an eagle-like screech, he grabbed onto the monk's fingers.

In shock, the monk immediately shook his wrists and began to follow one of the powers of the sword. A drop, a rise, and a twist! Changing one after another, he bursted with all his strength! At the end, he had successfully escaped Wang Chao's Eagle Claw.

Then the monk leapt back! As Wang Chao advanced forward like a serpentine dragon springing outwards. As the monk retreated ten steps, Wang Chao advanced ten steps with him, making it seem as if they were one!

"Down you go!" At this loss of composure of the monk, Wang Chao managed to pierce through the monk's defenses. With a single Returning Body Palm, Wang Chao sent the monk flying through the air like a ragdoll down into the waters below the bridge.

At the same time, Leung Jingmen had charged up the bridge. At the moment Wang Chao threw the monk down, he flowed straight into the next pattern. In an instant, he appeared right in front of Leung Jingmen and struck out with another chop.

Intimidated by the strength in Wang Chao's chop, Leung Jingmen retreated in fear of a clash of fists.

But Wang Chao pressed forward with his footwork moving as fast as an arrow. No matter how much Leung Jingmen retreated, Wang Chao would stick to him.

Growing flustered, Leung Jingmen had met the same faith as the monk and was thrown into the waters below with Wang Chao's Returning Body Palm.

“Ai! Your skill is pure, and even Zhang Wei would not be your superior. It is only unfortunate that you lack actual combat experience. In a true match of life and death, you are a far ways away from master Zhang Wei.”

Wang Chao sighed before following Zhu Jia and Lin Yanan onto the car. Now that he had proved his strength, no one in the village would dare go against him.

Chapter 101: Breathing to Refine Qi and the Fist

Chapter 101: Breathing to Refine Qi and the Fist

“I had no idea that there would be so many experts within the People! That monk’s martial arts may not be at the same level of yours, but his footwork and the amount of water he could shoot out with his lungs was just simply magical! If you were any weaker, then danger would not be that far away. Even Leung Jingmen truly deserved to be called a fellow student with Zhang Wei. With the authentic Leung style Wingchun and Hung Ga, his “Whip Fist” would be something that even my master wouldn’t be able to contend against.”

On the car, Lin Yanan had spoke out with some lingering fear as she drove the car.

“But I have some thoughts. The two of them had such a succinct mastery, although they are not well known and lacks combat experience as you said, they shouldn’t have been that easily defeated by you, right?”

Lin Yanan had been pondering this question within her heart. In her eyes, no matter if it was the monk Gan, or Leung Jingmen, the two of them should be equally matched with her master. These men after all had bitterly studied martial arts for 10 to 20 years already.

But Wang Chao’s age was barely over 20. Even if he came out of his mother’s womb practicing martial arts, he shouldn’t have been their equal. So why was it that he was a level higher than them?

Even if Wang Chao was a genius, a genius wouldn’t be that over the top with skill!

Wang Chao smiled as if he understood what Lin Yanan was thinking about.

“Although their skill could be considered to be perfect, but they are missing something. In a battle of martial arts, the most important thing is inspiration. This inspiration is something that cannot be gained if one does not go through a baptism of blood in a battle for life and death. Without this baptism, one will never understand the meaning of inspiration. From the very beginning, they had

lost to me in terms of inspiration. So to battle me while being the loser in inspiration is to be defeated by me even if their skill is higher than mine. The most important thing in a battle is to first have no regard for one's one life. Then afterwards, one must clean their intent within the moment. And in this moment, they will understand the awe-inspiring inspiration."

"As long as battle is experienced just once, then even a coward can become a hero. Their skill is pure and are exemplary models of this peaceful era, they have not yet touched upon the true path. In a battle between Zhang Wei and Leung Jingmen, I would dare say that within ten exchanges, Zhang Wei would be able to defeat him despite Leung Jingmen being the elder. A practitioner of Wushu and a practitioner of battle are two different matters."

Lin Yanan brushed away a loose strand of hair with her fingers before asking the question that had weighed heaviest on her mind. "I have this question I've been wanting to ask for a long time. They've been practicing martial arts for 20 years or so; a period of time that is older than you were even alive. According to logic, their martial arts should be deeper than yours. But yet, you've managed to reach a stage where thunder follows your fist, and your muscles and bones act in unison with each other. Just what is the reason for that? Could the disparity between a genius and a regular person be that wide apart?"

"Haha. Haha...." Wang Chao couldn't help but to burst into laughter after hearing Lin Yanan as if he was happy to hear it.

"What are you laughing at?" Lin Yanan harrumphed in a protesting manner that showed off her charm a bit.

Her temperament was unlike Zhu Jia who in comparison had a lovely tint to her elegant manner that arose from her experience as a news anchor.

But Lin Yanan was an officer of the military. In normal circumstances, she was meticulous in her bearings and held a strict and proud flavor to her personality.

Seeing how Lin Yanan reacted, Zhu Jia's heart thumped in thought, "*Wang Chao's secretary has an appealing side to her. If she were to let down her serious nature, then seducing a person would be no challenge to her...*"

But then she rolled her eyes without saying word since she didn't know what to say.

“Did you believe that the more one learned martial arts, the deeper their understanding of it was? Or that the more a person studied, the more amazing they become? Is a person that learned for 10 years destined to be weaker than the one who studied for 20 years?”

Folding his arms across his chest, Wang Chao spoke, “A person has a limited potential. Their martial arts only requires having to be at a certain point. After a long period of time, one would be able to bring out their potential, thus reaching a suitable point in their martial arts. But after this threshold is met, it does not mean they will not grow weaker. To obtain the Way is hard, but to cultivate health is even harder. Take a look at me for example. While I am able to bring out the sounds of thunder, if I do not continue to seek improvement in the future and let down my concentration, then in half a year, I would not be able to bring out the sounds of thunder. Thus, my martial arts would decline.”

“I see. So if one reaches a suitable point in martial arts, it is hard to maintain that same level of skill. Martial arts is like rowing up a river, if one stops moving, then they will be pushed back. Even if someone reaches a high quality of martial arts, if they do not retain that same level of passion they had in their pursuit, then after some time, they will get worse. That’s why after a long period of time, there is a large chance of declining in strength.” Lin Yanan nodded in understanding.

“Correct. If one continues to push onwards with passion without ever stopping, then their martial arts will naturally grow deeper with understanding. If one doesn’t have this mentality, then even if they learned for ten or twenty years with daily exercises, then even their initially sturdy level of martial arts will worsen.”

“Have you read the *Journey to the West*? When Xuanzang and Sun Wukong arrived at the Lei Yin Temple, they obtained the sutras. But they didn’t just obtain the sutras in name, but in meaning as well. It was this idea that obtaining the Way was formed. If one doesn’t cultivate this Way, then the Way will be lost.” Wang Chao smiled and spoke in a way that made him seem like a master teaching a student.

“*Journey to the West*?” Zhu Jia spoke in interest after hearing Wang Chao speak of it.

“Journey to the West is actually a classic about the fist. At the beginning, Sun Wukong was undefeated and had muscles of copper and bones like iron. But in the end, he was still captured. Then when he was finally able to become Enlightened, he went to the Lei Yin Temple to acquire the sutras and accomplished his goal. Lei Yin Temple, the sounds of thunder. Without the sounds of thunder, then one’s goals would become as realistic as the flowers in a mirror and the moon reflected in the lake. No matter how much one’s ability is in fighting, they can only stir the waters by the side and never accomplish their goals. But even if one arrives at the sounds of thunder and they aren’t careful, then they will lose the meaning of the sutra, and all will be futile.”

“With my martial arts, I have arrived at the sounds of thunder. But even this can be considered to be without the meaning for now. From now on, I must make sure that I maintain my passion and continue to practice that I will be able to cultivate this Way. Otherwise, all will be lost.”

Wang Chao let out a sigh, “As Heaven’s movement is ever vigorous, so must a gentleman ceaselessly strive along. A practitioner must be careful for the remainder of their life as if they are walking on thin ice.”

“Isn’t that tiring, to live your whole life without relaxing?” Zhu Jia asked in surprise while Lin Yanan’s eyebrows narrowed.

For a man to be careful his entire life as if he was walking on thin ice, just how much determination did that require? Just how much willpower and intent did one need to have?

“With today’s society and its monstrous and grotesque politics, people are always pulled into it. After practicing martial arts, to not maintain one’s composure isn’t easy. To live one’s entire life on thin ice and to move forward, very few people would be able to do such a thing.” Lin Yanan muttered.

“Nothing can be done about that. With the great changes, development, and enriching of today’s era, there isn’t much that can help one defend themselves against it.” Wang Chao spoke openly.

“When that monk spat out the water in his mouth like an arrow, was that a skill from martial arts?” Lin Yanan had begun to see Wang Chao as a know-it-all and begun to ask him all the questions she had.

“That is the Qi techniques of Daoism.”

Wang Chao didn't fail to disappoint.

“Breathing techniques? To call the winds and summon the rain? Cultivating the fundamental essence of life, the nascent soul, and Chinese Alchemy? Daoism as in the Sword Immortals who can soar through the clouds and mist?” Zhu Jia immediately began to think about all sorts of things relating to spirits and monsters.

Wang Chao gave Zhu Jia a strange look before saying, “The Qi techniques are breathing exercises. To us practitioners, the external ones strengthen their muscles while we internal practitioners strengthen the marrow. In the end, both the internal and external parts provide support for each other to finally strengthen the inner organs. The Qi techniques are breathing exercises to help strengthen the inner organs. Using these breathing exercises strengthens the lungs first before it affects the heart. When the breathing stabilizes, then the heart rate slows down. When the breathing is erratic, the heart rate quickens. The five organs of the body can be controlled with breathing. When one's mastery over this Qi is proficient enough, then the intestines and lower abdomen are affected as well. With a single gulp, the large intestines will emit a thunder like sound. When the inner organs can be controlled freely, then the realm that is achieved is the same goal a practitioner of martial arts would strive for. Only this goal is achieved by a different method. These Qi techniques are a way to cultivate the health and strengthen the inner organs. But cultivating health is only that. In a true battle, one must learn how to fight to live. Even one who has lived for a long time just cultivating would not necessarily know how to win.”

“I've seen Chen Aiyang's Fishing Toad Jin. With that, he is able of emitting the sounds of thunder from all five organs. As of now, I am merely able of emitting the sounds of thunder from my muscles and bones. But the Qi techniques focus on the inner organs while the muscles and bones wasn't directly borne from my practices as a martial artist. The external and internal parts of the body helps strengthen the person.”

Lin Yanan spoke out her question, “Between the two of you, who would win?”

“That can only be decided on whomever's Chinese boxing is harder. The

amount of people that are able of emitting the sounds of thunder from their muscles and bones are far and few. But the amount of Daoists that can emit the sounds of thunder from their internal organs are quite numerous. Even the ordinary person would be able to emit the same sounds of thunder if they routinely practice a uniform breathing cycle. However, those who understand the Qi techniques are very few while those who practice Chinese boxing truly are less. One emits thunder from the internal organs, the other emits thunder from the muscles and bones. In the end, both wash their marrows. However, even those who aren't able to emit the sounds of thunder from their fists are still capable of killing people. On the other hand, those who learn the Qi techniques use that strictly to cultivate their health." Wang Chao spoke.

"Take the Yoga masters from India. While in a performance they are capable of many seemingly impossible tasks, in an actual fight, any martial artists would be able to defeat them."

"Are you capable of these Qi techniques?" Lin Yanan's eyes grew wider and wider in surprise, "Do you know everything?"

"I don't know how to do those Qi techniques, and neither do I understand it. But when it comes to one technique or even multiple techniques, we martial artists understand the human body to an incredible degree. The ideology of health cultivation is similar to ours, but our paths on achieving it differs, that's all. The reason that monk was capable of containing all that water was dependent on his lungs, stomach, and intestines to temporarily give strength. Because of that, he was able to shoot out a jet of water that was no less than a hammer in strength. If I didn't use my hand to block it, then my eyes would had gone blind." Wang Chao spoke.

"Then for those who learned the Qi techniques to an absolutely absurd realm, would they able to injure someone by blowing?" While Zhu Jia wasn't a martial artist, her ability to process things was much faster than Lin Yanan.

"Impossible. Every man has a limit, for them to injure someone just by blowing on them, how much energy would that require? Even if a man's internal organs were to be amplified, it would not be able of such a feat still. However, there is still something called the Hidden Jin of the One Inch Less." Wang Chao spoke.

“The Hidden Jin of the One Inch Less?” Lin Yanan looked as if she had been given the greatest shock of her life.

“Even I don’t know if there’s such a realm. Legends say that when one’s comprehension of martial arts has reached a detailed level to the point of breaking out with intent that combines with the pores, then the Hidden Jin are able to extend a single inch further into one’s acupuncture point. But this only requires them to stop an inch before the punch actually hits. For someone to strike at someone a few meters away is nothing more than a lie. However, for a single inch, even I don’t know if this is true or not. But I have heard rumors that Yang Luchan and Dong Haichuan were both capable of such a capability. This one inch is strong, but its power isn’t enough to shatter stone, merely to strike at an acupuncture point.”

“You are a true master of martial arts.” Lin Yanan spoke in admiration towards Wang Chao. “In the future, please guide me in my martial arts.”

On the road, Lin Yanan had completely ignored the glare Zhu Jia was giving her and continued to ask her own questions on martial arts. With each one, Wang Chao had been able to give a perfect explanation that seemed as if they were capable of clearing away the darkness that was previously there.

“After listening to you, I feel like my martial arts has improved by a lot!” Lin Yanan’s face had grown flush with a red hue that made her seem incomparably beautiful. On the other hand, Zhu Jia’s face grew darker and darker.

“That is merely an illusion. For a moment, the fog in your mind was lifted away. But your martial arts must be learned with your body, words are of no use. Without this, you will not be able to grasp the actual ideology behind it when you practice.”

“How curious, who was your master?” Lin Yanan suddenly asked.

Wang Chao’s eyes glanced out the window to look at the cloudy sky. His eyes had been absent-minded like the clouds and said nothing. Knowing that she had said something wrong, Lin Yanan didn’t pursue her question and changed the subject.

After the car had left Hongcun village, it left straight for Shantou. The car they had been driving was borrowed in secret, so Lin Yanan had to return it.

Afterwards, the three would take an airport from Shantou back to Qingdao City's airport.

This trip of Wang Chao had been nothing more than a personal matter. After he had finished it, he went back to managing whatever business he had in Qingdao City.

After defeating Ye Xuan, there would be no doubt an unceasing amount of challenges.

From battling Zhang Wei to killing Ye Xuan. Wang Chao was slowly increasing his influence within the Wulin step by step. Just as Cao Yi had once said, his worth was growing larger by the day.

Shantou City Airport.

A steady stream of people could be seen rushing around as Wang Chao, Zhu Jia, and Lin Yanan entered the airport lounge when suddenly, Wang Chao's phone began to ring.

Picking it up, he could heard the sound of a familiar woman's voice.

This voice belonged to Chen Aiyang's sister Chen Bin.

"Hello, is this Wang Chao?" Came the gentle sounding voice.

"I am he." Wang Chao could tell that there was an unhappy tint to Chen Bin's mood.

"Are you able to come to Singapore for a trip?" Chen Bin asked directly.

Chapter 102: Continuing Grievances

Chapter 102: Continuing Grievances

“What happened?” Hearing Chen Bin ask him to go to Singapore, Wang Chao knew straight away something important had happened. With the power the Chen siblings wielded and the fact that they were looking for Wang Chao specifically, that meant the matter was by no means small.

But no matter what the issue was, he still owed Chen Aiyang a favor in the end. If Chen Bin asked, then Wang Chao would go for sure.

“A few days ago, my brother lost in a match and was injured by a strike of Hidden Jin to his chest. It’s estimated that he’ll need a very long time to recover from it, but just recently, the Chinese Revival Society sent a written challenge to take place in 7 days. They wish to fight against my brother in a match to take revenge for the death of master Zhang Guangming and as well as taking back the foreign export routes for themselves. If my brother doesn’t accept this match, then they will take this chance to fight for it on the seas. Although we aren’t afraid, as a business, for the sake of peace and security, we must wear our shoes in fear of being barefoot instead. Plus, with the current power struggle in our family...that can wait. Talking about it over the phone for half an hour won’t make it clear. We’re currently in Singapore right now, please come here straight away...”

Chen Bin had sounded very pleading over the phone, the pitifulness came through loud and clear. The sounds had reached even the ears of Zhu Jia whose face immediately grew cold to the point where even Lin Yanan could see the difference.

“What? Master Chen was defeated by someone else? And by Hidden Jin? Impossible!” Wang Chao had been startled by Chen Bin’s words.

After experiencing Chen Aiyang’s Taichi for himself for several days, Wang Chao knew his strength all too well. Even with his current stage of being able to bring out the sounds of thunder, he would still be forcibly suppressed by the hands of Chen Aiyang.

But Wang Chao had confidence that in this world, there would definitely be someone stronger than Chen Aiyang. But when he had heard that Chen Aiyang lost, he still couldn't help but feel surprised.

But what surprised him even more was that Chen Aiyang didn't die despite losing, there was a chance of recovery! This had meant that his opponent was far too strong for him, there had been a noticeable difference for the opponent to hold back.

To be able to defeat Chen Aiyang and leave him alive was not something any regular expert could do.

"I can't explain it well over the phone, but please come to Singapore within seven days. Please, I'm begging you...when you come, I'll be sure to explain everything."

"That's fine, I'll come for sure." Wang Chao replied before hanging up the call.

What Chen Bin didn't know was that Wang Chao belonged to a powerful group and had a special status within Mainland China. Some trifling like an international visa was of no matter to him.

"What happened?" Lin Yanan had heard several bits and pieces to the conversation and asked to clarify. As a partner to Wang Chao, she knew of the association between him and Chen Bin quite clearly.

"Things have gotten quite inconvenient, but I have to make a trip to Singapore. Can you arrange it for me?" Wang Chao asked.

"No problem, I'll arrange them right away. Hold on." Lin Yanan gave Zhu Jia a look before nodding and turning away.

She and Wang Chao had a secret arrangement that could not be found out by Zhu Jia. Her departure had signified that she would contact the organization in hopes that they would agree to such a thing.

Wang Chao wasn't an employee with any fixed dues. He was an officer under the command and discipline of the organization, he couldn't just simply go wherever he wanted, whenever he wished.

"Who was the girl on the phone?" Zhu Jia couldn't help but ask.

“A friend of mine, I owe her brother a favor. I should start from the beginning with Zhao Jun about this.” Wang Chao began to speak with details about the entire story to Zhu Jia. From his match with Zhao Jun to his defeat of Zhang Wei and then his lung injury where Chen Aiyang had personally helped treat him. After time, ten minutes had passed before he had finished.

“So that’s the story?” Zhu Jia smiled, “Then you should go. How about I accompany you to Singapore, I’m quite the experts on getting visas. With my identity, I can have this entire situation done and over with a single word.” Zhu Jia herself was a member of the Princesslings, so she too had such an ability.

Just at that moment, Lin Yanan had returned only to give Wang Chao a look and a nod.

“So?” Wang Chao asked.

“It’s possible, Let’s book a place for tonight, we’ll make the preparations then.”

That night at a hotel in the airport.

Lin Yanan had waited for a moment where Zhu Jia wouldn’t be around before speaking immediately, “I’ve already made my report to the higher ups. They’ve agreed to your request to go to Singapore since the Chenshi Corporation is a very important link in the southeastern part of Asia. However, you and I will go on separate paths from here.”

“How will you get to Singapore?” Wang Chao asked.

“The situation in the southeastern part of Asia is quite complicated. For the sake of your safety, I’ve arranged for Boulder and the others to take my place.”

“That many people? Won’t it be hard to travel abroad then?”

“That’s why I made the arrangements. I’ve just heard the news that I’ve been promoted to commander, and you a lieutenant commander. I’ll be heading to Hainan and make contact with the military there. Boulder and the others will take the South Sea Fleet along with some veterans and we’ll meet up with you in Singapore discreetly. But, you have to say to Zhu Jia that I returned to Shandong.” Originally, when Lin Yanan made the preparations with the organization, she had truly thought of everything.

“The military of Hainan! South Sea Fleet! Veterans?” Wang Chao was shocked, “Is it necessary to make such a huge mobilization?”

“We have been looking for an opportunity to investigate the situation of the Chenshi Corporation and their connections in Singapore, but we were never able to find a good time. But this is undeniably a good chance. We don’t have much time either, so we have to bring out the bigger plays in order to cooperate with you. Don’t you know, you’re already regaled as a very important character.” Lin Yanan smiled.

“Alright, make your preparations then. When I arrive at Singapore, we’ll meet up. With how complicated Southeast Asia is and how formidable the power struggle within the Chen family is, it will be difficult for me to go against several people by myself. With Boulder and the others along with the South Sea Fleet, I can rest assured.” Wang Chao nodded with a sudden feeling that this was all necessary.

“Don’t worry, I’ve arranged everything nicely.” Lin Yanan revealed a nice smile before shaking his hand. “I’ll be going back to Qingdao then, everything will be up to you now.”

Zhu Jia’s ability had been great, true enough. After an unknown amount of phone calls, she had been able to bring out two international visas into their hands by the second day. After several hours, they had been on an airplane heading straight for Hong Kong, and on the third day, they were headed straight for Singapore.

After their departure, Wang Chao had given Chen Bin another call. Because they would be landing shortly, Chen Bin would have to be at the airport to personally pick them up.

Today, Chen Bin wore an elegant woman’s suit that showed off her fair skin and detailed curves. Her noble personality had carried a dignified air within her calm which served to be extremely eye-catching.

Whether it was because of this home ground advantage, Zhu Jia herself had tried her best as well. As fitting as a news reporter for CCTV, her own appearance had been stunning as well, but there was a slight difference to Chen Bin.

“And you are?” Chen Bin’s eyes lit up as soon as she saw Zhu Jia standing right

besides Wang Chao.

“This is my friend.” Wang Chao was about to introduce her when Zhu Jia took the initiative to hold out her hand and spoke, “Zhu Jia, CCTV’s international news reporter. Miss Chen, it’s nice to meet you.”

Chen Bin revealed a perfect smile, “Chen Bin, executive chairman of the Chenshi Corporation of overseas transport.”

When the two eyes met, Wang Chao could faintly feel several sparks fly in between the two.

“Where’s your brother, did something happen?” Wang Chao had simply wanted to know what happened to Chen Aiyang and asked quickly.

“Let’s get on the car first.”

After the three got on the car, Chen Bin began to speak, “My brother is currently within our family’s hospital to recuperate his strength. No one is allowed to see him. Even if I, his own sister wanted to see him, I would need the elder’s permission first! As for his competition, I was in Hong Kong at the time so it wasn’t clear to me either. The elder had forbidden anyone from speaking of the matter as well, so even I don’t know the details of how my brother lost.”

“How can he do that? The way your elder is working, isn’t this the same as house arrest?” Wang Chao’s eyebrows narrowed together. “Even if he lost a competition, he shouldn’t be subjected to such an ordeal.”

Chen Bin sighed, “The way things are right now, my family has someone named Chen Xin who mysteriously disappeared a while ago. The elder is concerned for my brother, after all, that Chen Xin has the right to challenge for the right to be the successor of the Chenshi Corporation. The elder has put my brother in house arrest partially because of Chen Xin, and the other part due to his injuries. He’s afraid someone will try to assassinate him. That is what is most important.”

“Then what do you take of that Chinese Revival Society competition?” Wang Chao asked.

Chen Bin sighed once more, “Misfortune never comes by itself, and fortune never appears in twos. I don’t know either; my brother’s biggest achievement had been his victory over Zhang Guangming in the match with the Chinese

Revival Society. Zhang Guangming was a traditional master of Bajiquan whose skill reached the 'Hengha' sounds to temper his marrow. This time, a younger disciple of the same teacher was invited by the Chinese Revival Society all the way from Canada to take revenge. After a written challenge, they have decided to challenge my brother!

"Who is the fellow disciple of Zhang Guangming?"

"He is a master from the Canadian Chinese Association, Cheng Shanming. Whatever his martial arts is like, I'm not sure. The North American Chinese Association is too far away for me to be familiar with." Chen Bin sighed, her entire body exuded some sort of perfume.

"The Canadian Chinese Association..." Even Wang Chao wasn't familiar with this.

Liao Junhua had said that the Chinese were everywhere in the world. Every nation had their own rings, associations, the white, the black, and the gray zones. Everything formed together to be a total mess, even an Immortal from Daoism wouldn't be able to keep track of everyone.

Even just the Chinese Association in New York's Chinatown was differentiated into several different factions.

"We originally took the foreign exports industry from the Chinese Revival Society. After fighting for it on the seas, both sides lost plenty of people. In the end, we both came to an agreement to use a competition to resolve everything. In these years, our business has been becoming more and more stable, but if the other side were to challenge us now, we wouldn't be able to handle it. Their reason to challenge us now is to destroy our business."

Chen Bin continued to speak, "Although they wish to destroy our business, I'm not afraid of their threats. If anything, we can hire several mercenaries to fight it out overseas. But if this goes on, it'll affect our business greatly. At this critical moment, the power struggle within the family is far too harsh. In my jurisdiction, if things don't go well, then I'll be accused by the family and that would make my life a lot harder."

"So what you're saying is with your brother's current injuries, he cannot partake in the competition. Am I to be the substitute then?" Wang Chao looked

at Chen Bin.

“N...N-no...that’s not what I meant.” Chen Bin had felt extremely apologetic and bent her head down. Both of her eyelashes twitched as her face grew red and her words came out with a stutter. With an extremely silent voice, she spoke, “If...if it’s possible. This competition will be extremely dangerous....”

Zhu Jia’s eyes stared icily from the side. As a spectator, she hadn’t any intentions on disturbing the conversation between Wang Chao and Chen Bin.

After muttering for a while, Chen Bin lifted her head, “Actually, I had wanted to try out my own strength. My Taichi is about fourth fifths of my brothers I’d hope, so I shouldn’t lose. You’ve seen my strength, but I’ve never formally been on a match to kill before. My heart hasn’t the depth, and neither am I able to even see my brother’s depth. I wanted you to help me speak of the experiences, after all, you’ve been through this multiple times. I wish to have you guide me.”

Wang Chao’s eyes looked at Chen Bin without ever moving. As soon as Chen Bin had finished saying her speech without any qualms in her heart or any fear in her eyes, Wang Chao’s eyes had finally met with hers.

“Ai...” Wang Chao looked away and took in a deep breath, “The other side is prepared for this, and his martial arts should be no weaker than Zhang Guangming if he is coming here to take revenge. You have no experience, if you were to go on the platform as you are now, then you would die for sure. I owe your brother a favor, this match is one I will help you accept.”

“Thank you very much.” Chen Bin hung her head down and began to play with her fingertips.

Chapter 103: Kindness is Hard to Prove

Chapter 103: Kindness is Hard to Prove

“Do you have any way of seeing your brother right now?” To see the person that he owed a favor to was his main goal.

A drop of water would be thankful to a fountain, like this, Chen Bin would be like that drop of water. But no matter what, he would accept the match. Chen Bin was his friend, and he had no desire to see a female friend of his go to her death on the platform.

Chen Bin had the guidance of an expert brother and her own martial arts was very pure. However, a match had all sorts of factors that could bring death at any moment. Anyone with no experience in such a fight wouldn't be able to grasp any of the finer details perfectly.

“You should stay in a hotel overnight. I'll go speak with the elder to see if he can loosen the house arrest of my brother. Ai, after the elder fell ill, he doesn't seem to be as far-sighted as he used to be. If my brother wanted to kill Chen Xin, then he'd have done it a long time ago. Why would he wait all this time? If he were to kill him now, then it would be because he was framed for it.” Chen Bin spoke with anxiety.

Chen Aiyang had been detained in the hospital partially because of Chen Xin's disappearance and so Chen Libo had decided to enforce it. However, while all of this was happening, Chen Bin had been in Hong Kong so even she didn't know all of the details and could only say what she knew.

Wang Chao had wanted to talk to Chen Aiyang to ask just what type of person had been able to injure him.

Any practitioner at the peak level of Clear Jin would be capable of delivering punches over a thousand kilograms strong. At the lightest touch, they could even break bones. But that wouldn't hold a candle to what an expert of Hidden Jin or Transforming Jin could do!

With Wang Chao as an example, even if he were to use Hidden Jin to enforce

his Chopping Jin of the tiger stance, it would be enough to kill a water buffalo and shatter its inner organs to the point of no return.

“In a battle of that calibre, being able to hold back means Chen Aiyang’s opponent was surely a fold higher in strength than he was. Furthermore, his match with Zhang Guangming at that day would surely be an excuse for the fellow disciple to try to take revenge. With the two of them in the same circle, if he were to fight Chen Aiyang, then Chen Aiyang would remember Zhang Guangming’s movements to be similar. From there, he would be able to predict Cheng Shanming’s strategy. So for me to go into this fight, it would prove beneficial for me.”

As for this situation with the written challenge from master Cheng Shanming, Chen Bin herself wasn’t clear with the details. For Wang Chao, this was an act of extreme passivity. He had two ways to go around this problem, one was to get in contact with Lin Yanan as quickly as possible and ask her to investigate. The other was to simply ask Chen Aiyang about the details.

But even the organization wasn’t omnipresent. When it came to the far outreach that was North America, even they didn’t have any of the finer details. At most, they would have some general information, but other than that, Wang Chao didn’t have any high expectations.

Stopping the car right outside a luxurious hotel, Chen Bin tilted her head to look at Wang Chao hesitantly, “Take...take a good night’s rest. I will prepare the rooms. Will you need...”

Knowing what she was hesitating about, Wang Chao gave an inquiring look to Zhu Jia.

Although he didn’t say anything, his intention had been extremely clear, “Zhu Jia, do we need one room or two rooms?”

In the recent days, Zhu Jia had hung about Wang Chao constantly to the point where Wang Chao didn’t even know where his personal boundary had even started like an idiot. But he was very grateful to Zhu Jia for the favors he owed her.

The words Chen Bin had said earlier was an attempt to probe out the relationship between the two.

“If I ask for one room, that won’t do. But if I ask for two rooms, that won’t do either. If I decline, then it’d hurt Chen Bin’s feelings, but otherwise, it would hurt Zhu Jia’s heart.” Wang Chao had thus let Zhu Jia answer.

Shua! Zhu Jia’s face rippled with a rosy hue as her eyes glared at Wang Chao. With a slight cough, she spoke, “Miss Chen, we would like two rooms if that’s possible.”

“That’s fine.” Chen Bin revealed a smile before exiting from the car. “I will make the preparations. Tomorrow morning I will pick you up.” After that, a wistful expression could be seen on her face, “I don’t know whether or not I’ll be able to convince the elder.”

“I’ve heard that your elder Chen Libo was an amazing character in his youth. The great Chenshi Corporation was essentially created with his bare hands; a man on the same standing as Li Ka-shing. I would like to meet him one day.” Wang Chao spoke calmly, “There’s no need for you to be so vexed, there will be a change for the better soon.”

“We’ll see. But this time, I really must thank you.” Chen Bin’s stare grew faint almost as if she was looking within him. Afterwards, her eyes turned to Zhu Jia for a moment before turning around.

Watching Chen Bin’s retreating figure, Zhu Jia had a strange expression to her face. “Wang Chao, you’ve probably got wrapped up with the power struggle in her family now, be careful. The power struggle within a family is something I’ve seen one too many times. And this is a major family as well, I’d advise you to not wade through these murky waters.”

Wang Chao’s eyebrows creased together, “I’ve promised Chen Bin already, I cannot go back on my word.”

“Ai, I was just warning you. This time, you came here to help Chen Bin, but the elder of the family will not feel grateful. Think about it, you are an outsider who came running here on a dime. For you to be so willing to fight in a life or death battle for the Chenshi Corporation, it’d be strange if anyone DIDN’T think you had some ulterior motive. Chen Libo is a very astute person. And such people are always very suspicious. I have my doubts of such a matter, and if Chen Libo were to know of your coming, then his first thought would be whether or not you are

working with or for the Chen family. In his youth, Chen Libo was a merciless person of renown, I'm just looking out for you..."

Zhu Jia grew close and began to whisper in a low voice, "You should prepare yourself. This is Singapore and not the mainland. If something happens here, it won't be easy to deal with. When it comes to any martial arts competition, I have the utmost faith in that you will win no matter who is your opponent. But, remember the story of Mr. Dongguo and the Wolf. A dying old man who built up an empire for his family will definitely not allow any outsider to threaten it. The closer he approaches death, the more paranoid he will be. You have to be careful."

Wang Chao's eyes twinkled as he looked at Zhu Jia. He hadn't thought that she would be able to analyze the situation to such a degree and have a thought like this.

"When you say it like that, I haven't thought of it from such an angle before."

Zhu Jia's expression hardened, "You should rest up for today, I'll help you with the things that require thinking. If my guess isn't wrong, then tomorrow Chen Libo will definitely want to see you. And in the process of that, something unpleasant will definitely happen. I'll be taking a shower first, I'll see you tomorrow morning. I hope that by then, I'll have some sort of plan worked out."

"That's fine." Wang Chao suddenly had a realization. Whether it was a princeling or princessling, when it came to interpersonal relationships, they were levels beyond him.

On the second morning, Zhu Jia came knocking on Wang Chao's door. As he opened it, he noticed that Zhu Jia's eyes were a little blood-shot, almost as if she didn't sleep well.

Upon seeing each other, Zhu Jia shook her head, "I made a few calls to the mainland last night to have some people get me some information on Chen Libo. That old man, he really is quite viciously paranoid. He's extremely paranoid to outsiders, and even to his own family. The only ones he has confidence in are the elders who grew up with him."

Just as Zhu Jia finished speaking with Wang Chao, a phone call from Chen Bin could be heard.

“I gave a talk with the elder yesterday. He wishes to see you today, are you able to come down? I’m waiting in the lobby.”

“Alright, I’ll be down there immediately.” Wang Chao gave a look to Zhu Jia who shook her head, “I’ll stay here. That way, I won’t be the shackle that binds your arms and legs.”

“Alright, take a good rest then. You didn’t sleep at all last night I’d say. I’ll defend myself with what you’ve said to me.” Wang Chao smiled before using the elevator to reach the lobby. As expected, Chen Bin was already waiting for him.

“I’ve really troubled you.” When the two saw each other, Chen Bin gave an apology straight away. “I originally wanted you to help me, but I’ve added to your troubles instead. The elder’s temperament hasn’t been well recently; he wants to see you, but I fear it won’t be anything pleasant. If you don’t want to see him, then I’ll send you to the airport.”

“No need.” As expected, Wang Chao could see the words that Zhu Jia had predicted from the lips of Chen Bin. “I had actually wanted to see the elder for myself to see if I could see your brother.”

“Oh....” Chen Bin grew silent for a moment, “I really owe you for this. In the future, no matter what you need, I will be sure to agree to it.”

“Don’t be saying such heavy words, your brother and I are good friends.” Wang Chao shook his head, putting a stop to Chen Bin’s words.

The two boarded the car and immediately headed for the seaside Chenshi Corporation.

Upon reaching the company doors, they were able to enter the lounge straight away after dismounting from the car. Straight away, an elderly man with grizzly white hair could be seen with two tall black men standing behind him.

“Miss, is this the person the elder wants to see?”

“Yes, uncle Ming.” Chen Bin nodded.

The elderly man sized Wang Chao up with his eyes carelessly as if he was ridiculing him, “Mr. Wang Chao, come with me please! Miss, stay here for a moment, the elder only wishes to see him.”

When Wang Chao heard the tone of the uncle, he could feel the arrogance that was borne from the life of luxury in it, causing him to wrinkle his eyebrows together.

He had come here to help out, but they were not in the least polite. On the contrary, they were treating him like a servant.

But his self-control was excellent and did not mention anything. He had only nodded before following uncle Ming into the elevator.

The two black men were clearly bodyguards. Their skin were a dark color like bronze and seemed to bulge out noticeably. Their eyes had the look of death, but no rage. They were clearly trained with a strict and rigorous training regime that transformed them into killing machines.

Furthermore, the hands to these two men had been behind their backs from the very beginning. Hidden in the interior pouch in their western suit was surely a gun.

From this, Wang Chao was sure that these two men would fire straight and true at their target within a single second if anything were to happen.

This was the mark of a specially trained and high quality bodyguard. Proficient in marksmanship and quick shooting, an expert of killing a killer! A perfect fusion of the gun and wrestling would combine to have the perfect killing potential.

Soon enough, the elevator arrived at the very top. Uncle Ming walked up to a grandiose looking room and bowed, "Elder, Wang Chao has arrived."

"Come in then." An elderly yet unrelenting voice could be heard from within.

"In you go." The uncle gave an empty smile before opening the doors. Ignoring him, Wang Chao walked into the room proudly.

It was rather spacious within the room, and there was even a large glass wall that allowed one to see the boundless ocean outside.

The interior decorations, fireplace, bookshelves, tables and sofas had given Wang Chao the distinct flavor of the medieval times of Europe.

Chen Libo sat behind his giant table on an equally giant chair. While his face was rather pale due to his age, it held a vigorous light to it. His hawk-like eyes

had a terrifying glare that would cause anyone to shiver from it.

Two black soldiers could be seen standing by the table—one on both sides.

Just as Wang Chao walked in, the door behind him closed; the previous uncle had no interest on joining them and instead stood right outside the door with the other two bodyguards.

“Youngster, sit!” Chen Libo had an empty smile on his face similar to that of uncle Ming’s.

There was a single sofa about eight meters away from Chen Libo. Without any hesitation, Wang Chao sat down on it.

As soon as Wang Chao sat down, Chen Libo began to talk, “Youngster, I know that you are the one Bin Bin asked to replace Chen Aiyang in his match. I also know that you are a practitioner as well. The dangers of a competition of martial arts is something any regular master would not be able to imagine, live, or kill within. I know of your background all too well! Within the mainlands, you own a business with a decent sum of money. Anyhow, there is no reason for you to risk your life like so! So I ask you, what is your goal for coming today?”

Chen Libo had a cold smile that didn’t seem to hide the raw bloodlust in his eyes.

“Don’t tell me! You are Chen Aiyang’s friend! Pah! In this world, there is no such thing eternal friends, only eternal profit. Even then if you were friends, that isn’t worth the risk of losing everything for a battle of life and death. Youngster, you are still quite green.”

Chen Libo leaned back against his chair and tapped a finger onto the table, “Speak then. What is your goal?”

“They are both elderly men, but this Chen Libo is completely different than elder Li.” Wang Chao could only sigh when he saw that Zhu Jia’s prediction was right on.

Chapter 104: Getting Close Now, A Gun's No Use!

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"How about it, youngster." Chen Libo could see Wang Chao remain quiet on the sofa, but he did not urge him to speak almost as if he held all the cards in his hands. "I know your information well. You own a large scale networking company in S province in the mainlands. Not too long after, you defeated the famous master Zhang Wei of Guangdong and won a hundred million RMB from the Ike Corporation. From that very same battle, you came to know Chen Aiyang and his sister. Am I wrong?"

Wang Chao shook his head, "That is correct. But from the way things stand, I came here with good intentions to help my friend, but instead I am misunderstood. You assume that I have a goal of some sort? How preposterous. If you still suspect me, then I can leave. My kindness being treated the same way as the liver or lung of a donkey is something a man should bear."

"Haha, haha. A ridiculous conversation!" Chen Libo laughed as his finger tapped against the table. "Youngster, you underestimate Chen Libo! What I said earlier were just the over the surface information. Xu Zhen of the Three Tigers of Guangdong has a strong dislike for you, and you've even used a mercenary group to completely destroy one of the factories belonging to the Daxing Corporation! That's not bad."

Chen Libo continued to speak almost as if he held evidence in his hands like an officer prime and ready to interrogate someone, "You're 20 years old this year, and from my investigations, you're not from any aristocratic family. In fact, at the age of 18, you were penniless. But in two short years, you've managed to become a rich and powerful person with assets totalling over a hundred million RMB, something like this isn't the feat of an ordinary person."

"A few days ago, Aiyang was injured by a member of the European Union. I've also spoken with Wu Yingda from the Ike Corporation. He has told me that you have the possibility of being a European spy? How's that? Your plans on connecting yourself to our Chen family has been one wave after another.

Unfortunately, I, Chen Libo, have not yet died. The Chenshi Corporation is a huge business, no outsider will be able to dip their fingers into this while I remain alive.”

Wang Chao listened to Chen Libo speak without saying a word, but his mind grew more and more dazed with each word.

“European spy? What western thing is he talking about?” Wang Chao had always thought himself to have roots of red, the color of China. After he joined the organization, he had sworn an oath. After these past few days of service, he had become a lieutenant commander for his country. Serve the People! Just what connection was there between him and the western Capitalist countries?

“How did Wu Yingda investigate that? Is this not plain slander on my name?”

Hearing Chen Libo’s words, Wang Chao didn’t even have it in himself to scratch his head.

But he could not refute the words of Chen Libo either. With that in mind, Wang Chao had no desire to listen to any more rubbish and went straight to the point. “Whatever you are saying, I do not understand it. However, is this the battle you will have today? What are you thinking?”

“I have no other meaning behind this, only to see you fall into a trap.” Chen Libo’s expression grew serious. “If one does not cross me, I will not cross them. I know that recently, the southeastern parts of Asia has been rather tense and that the Europeans wish to stick their hands into this area. However, the Chenshi Corporation was something I built with my bare hands and blood, I will not allow for it to fall into the hands of an outsider after my death.

“Youngster, speak now. Just what conspiracy are the people behind you plotting against my Chenshi Corporation? If you don’t speak, then don’t blame me for being rude! Even the mighty dragon cannot suppress a snake! While Singapore is not even a third of the size of China, if I wish to kill someone, all I need is to say the word. Whether you are from America, Europe, or even from the Chinese officials, it matters not!” Chen Libo’s hand slapped the table.

Wang Chao had his eyebrows narrowed together in confusion. He had no conspiracy going on at all. But Chen Libo had already determined him to be some sort of conspirist and had some “evidence” on him that made feel convinced of

his analysis.

For once, Wang Chao suddenly felt a feeling of absolute ridiculousness in his heart.

“Elder Chen. I will spare you the nonsense. Do you think that with just these six blacks, I’ve fallen into your trap?” Wang Chao’s eyes slowly closed before opening slightly to look at Chen Libo.

“Hahaha.” Chen Libo began to laugh merrily. “Youngster, you over exaggerate your own abilities. They are the most outstanding soldiers of the African Black Mambas. They have the swiftness of a leopard, and their marksmanship and speed are of top quality level. Your martial arts is quite decent, I admit, but if you move even so much more than just a finger, then six bullets will find their way into the vital parts of your body in less than a second!”

Two of the africans stood in front of the four other ones by the table without moving and stared with eyes that promised death.

“Elder Chen, do you mean to say you have me ready to eat at any time?” Wang Chao couldn’t help but smile. “You are not a martial artist, so you do not understand how dangerous our skillset can be. There are only eight meters dividing the two of us. The world record for sprinting a hundred meters is only nine seconds, sprinting ten meters wouldn’t even need a single second. However, allow me to tell you that when I move eight meters, it only requires a single thought and a third of a second to kill you twice over. I guarantee you that the guns won’t even be able to fire before I’m done with you.”

“What?” Hearing Wang Chao’s words, Chen Libo’s expression suddenly shriveled up as his eyes stared fiercely at Wang Chao with a tint of a shiver.

Wang Chao had not lied. With his current skills now that his muscles and bones acted as one and he could emit the sounds of thunder, he was now able to replicate the maximum velocity a leopard had when chasing its prey.

Despite having six marksman here, the distance between Wang Chao and Chen Libo was far too close. Eight meters was more than enough for a tiger to pounce and kill.

If Wang Chao were to make a move, then Chen Libo wouldn’t even have

enough time to make a cry for help before he would drop dead. However, Wang Chao would naturally find it nearly impossible to not be shot dead from six different people.

If Chen Libo was a martial artist, then he would have nothing to fear since he would be able to react fast enough provided Wang Chao did make a move. But he was an old man now and had no martial arts to his name. He would not be able to dodge if Wang Chao pounced.

“Elder Chen, you should have the idea by now, are these four blacks able to block me?” Wang Chao stared at Chen Libo for a moment before speaking bluntly. “Unfortunately, while they have muscles and physique, their vertebrae lacks tempering. In my eyes, they are no faster than a snail.”

Wang Chao had experienced enough life or death situations by now and had even come close to death many times. So this battle formation of Chen Libo had done nothing to stir Wang Chao’s emotions.

“Chen Libo. If you don’t believe me, turn on your phone and give master Chen Aiyang a call. Master Chen Aiyang knows of my skill, why don’t you see if I am exaggerating my skill? Or perhaps, you can give out the order for your blacks to shoot me. Shall we see if I can reach your throat and kill you before then?”

As Wang Chao spoke, his eyes had honed in onto Chen Libo’s throat. If there was any indication that he would misspeak, then Chen Libo would feel Wang Chao’s strike.

Chen Libo’s eyes stared fixedly onto Wang Chao with a dark expression. The match he had observed between Tang Zichen and Chen Aiyang had left a deep impression on him with the unbelievable amount of power in it. Right now the words Wang Chao spoke had started to take weight within his heart.

What had shocked him even more was that despite Wang Chao’s age, he had not been scared by the formation laid out in front of him. The matter had been treated as if there was a deadlock between them.

“Huuu.” Chen Libo had suddenly felt his breathing rate grow labored. His body had originally been in bad straits. With the current atmosphere relatively heavy, he couldn’t help feel it take effect on his spirit, causing his ill body to grow tired.

“Hahaha, what a heroic youngster. Now is the time for youngsters on this Earth.”

Chen Libo began to exert energy trying to bring his breathing down to a regular pattern. With that, he laughed and waved his hands, “I was only just joking. I wanted to see you for myself. I know that Bin Bin would not find the wrong man.”

“You may leave!”

At Chen Libo’s command, the six black men exited from the room without a sound and closed the door. Soon enough, the only remaining people in the room was the youth and the elder.

Chen Libo had no other choice. If he went on like he did earlier and Wang Chao did something, his life was over.

Seeing the elder’s expression change as fast as turning a page of a book without even a single look of embarrassment, Wang Chao couldn’t help but smile inwardly. He could really admire someone such as the leader of the Chenshi Corporation if he could control the situation at any given pace.

“Ai, I’m old now. It’s hard to avoid being suspicious.” Chen Libo immediately took out some medicine and chugged it down with a bottle of water. After a moment’s rest, he had begun to look better.

“What just happened now was nothing more than a misunderstanding, you wanted to see Aiyang, correct? I’ll call him over now.” Chen Libo’s hand reached for the phone on his table, “It’s me, Chen Libo. Have Chen Aiyang come over to the company to see me.”

Wang Chao smiled without a word.

“Youngster, why don’t we make a deal?” Chen Libo smiled in a way that made his elderly face crinkle.

“What type of deal?” Wang Chao asked carelessly.

“My eyes aren’t dull, I can see that your skill and calm-headed thinking will make you a great person in the future. It’s unfortunate that with your current background, you’re bound at the arm and leg.”

Chen Libo sighed, "I've grown old. I'm not long for this world. This family business of mine will soon one day find a successor. Within my family, Chen Aiyang is one of the only ones capable of protecting it. While the other children are more than enough to protect the business, but expanding it will be extremely hard. Aiyang has many enemies, if I were to die and give him the title, then he will definitely come across major troubles. If I don't, then someone else will try to see that he dies."

"I know Chen Aiyang well. Not only is martial arts what our family is known for, but our way of thinking for it is deep as well. We cannot be so easily crushed by any other family, and neither am I willing for my Chenshi Corporation to undergo internal strife and allow some outsider to take advantage."

"I know master Chen. If you entrust the Chenshi Corporation to him, then the business will only prosper with him. But what are you getting at? Don't keep me in suspense."

The two had initially been at swords, but in a short amount of time, they had started to talk almost casually. It was truly a miraculous sight. Interpersonal friendships were like a battle to the death on the platform—there were all sorts of factors to it.

Chen Libo smiled, "Youngster, don't be so impetuous. In truth, this battle Bin Bin had called you over for isn't all that bad as it sounds. This competition is nothing more than a situation where the all-piercing spear meets the impervious shield; there is nothing to do about it. My business' oversea transport conflict with the Chinese Revival Society cannot be resolved within a day or two. In the past, for the sake of business, we've took to the seas for battle many many times. By the end when neither of us were willing to compromise, we had no choice but to make a gamble on a fight. I could actually refuse their written challenge and hire more pirates to fight it out overseas once more."

"Youngster, do you understand what I'm saying?"

Wang Chao tapped a finger, "Martial arts has already declined, we cannot say what is truth and what is false any more. I understand this. To work as a business, one must use its total strength and not rely on if they can win a single competition."

“You truly are a smart youngster.” Chen Libo sipped a cup of water, “People shouldn’t conspire in secret. I’ll set up some conditions, will you agree to them?”

“What conditions?”

“I know you have the backing of the European patrons. The human becomes a slave, but it is more refreshing to be the king of your own mountain. If you separate yourself from the Europeans, then I will give you a 30% share in the Chenshi Corporation. This will give you the same rights as Chen Aiyang, how about it?” Chen Libo spoke seriously.

“Are you speaking seriously?” Due to Chen Libo’s crafty nature, Wang Chao wasn’t willing to trust the words coming out from his mouth.

“I’m serious.” Chen Libo spoke. “I’m an old man now. With the changing circumstances, I cannot afford to not bet. I will give you a 30% share in the company, but you will promise that you will ensure that Aiyang will not persecute anyone from the Chen family. This condition, I will make sure it is arranged out in less than a year. However, you will become a member of the Chen family.”

“What is the meaning of this?”

“I can see Bin Bin sees you in high regard, and I believe you won’t refuse her. You two should get married. In one or two years, you should have a child and become a member of the Chen family. That way, I will be comforted. How about it, you and Aiyang will work together, and that way, I will be able to rest assured. My body can only last for two more years at best, if a child is born, then I will be relieved.”

“So then, what is your answer? In my conditions I have given you money and a wife. In one or two years, the entire Chenshi Corporation will be yours as well. In truth, the European power behind you, I have no energy to deal with. Yet you are familiar with them, I am sure that you would deal with them better than I would! Youngster, with one word, the human becomes the slave, or you become the king of your own mountain.”

Chapter 105: Her Surname is Tang

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Hearing the emotion in Chen Libo's speech, Wang Chao remained motionless and expressionless. He didn't speak a word and seemed like he was attending an opera.

"What, you don't believe me?" When Chen Libo saw how Wang Chao was reacting, his eyebrows creased together. "Don't think that this is outrageous. As a man in checkmate, I have no other choice but to gamble my faith. If you still don't believe, then we can draft up a contract and have a lawyer oversee it?"

"Youngster, I can see through you; you are the emotional type. You came to Singapore with a female companion, did you not?" Chen Libo's eyebrows remained knitted together, "I know that you have interest in Bin Bin. Otherwise, you wouldn't have come to fight a deathmatch on her behalf. Although there is a strong power behind you, you are a knowledgeable person. For the sake of doing things with all your might, you will try to resist anything as much as you can. This time you came here for the sake of Bin Bin, that is mostly because you like her, do you not?"

"Youngster, money and power are both needed, but affection is also a must. This is something I understand. I have a special consideration for you, otherwise, I would not dare make such a bet."

Hearing the elder's words grow more and more irregular, Wang Chao could handle it no longer. Gently tapping a finger onto the sofa, he spoke, "Chen Bin and I are just friends, I have no feelings for her like you say I do. I came here purely for the sake of helping, and nor do I wish to be involved in your family's internal struggle. Whether you believe it or not, I also have no connections with the western powers as you say I do. The power I have most in my business is with my friends within the Chinese government. The friend I brought over this time is a high ranking member of the government. As for what you were saying to me beforehand, I will take this as some sort of joke, the ones that the elderly love to play around with."

Wang Chao had absolutely no worries over refusing Chen Libo's words. When it came to his proposal, Wang Chao would even turn his nose up at it.

What type of person was Chen Libo? A wily old fox with ambition. Although he was an elderly man on the verge of death, the more he aged, the crazier he became.

The trustworthiness in his words should first not be mentioned.

Even if what the elder said was true, he would have to marry Chen Bin and stay within Singapore for two years for the Chenshi Corporation to be willed to him after the elder's death.

In two years worth of time, the elder would be able to concoct all sorts of diabolical plots.

Wang Chao could almost say with 80% certainty that this old man's plan was to thoroughly bind him to the war chariot that was the Chenshi Corporation.

Wang Chao by nature was not suited for any of this secret machination plots. He was not lacking in power or money and had joined with an organization to hold a seat in the government on his path of cultivation. Just where would he have the time to fight with or against Chen Libo in any of his plots?

"Youngster, even if you don't believe in this old man's words, you can still think it over. You can even divulge this to your patrons. I can't say for certain that they will be pleased with such a proposal however."

Chen Libo's topic had changed almost as if he had planned for this and didn't care to be afraid of Wang Chao's patrons. Furthermore, it seemed as if he was trying to pull the snake from the hole to see if he could get to the head from the tail.

"How about this, I will give you some time to think about it. If you agree, then I will not change my conditions. Furthermore, you can let your backers know of this. However, do not tell them that I told you this. Otherwise, they will doubt this deal and that would make your life much harder. Ah, humanity. It is always smart to give yourself several roads to choose from instead of hanging yourself off a single tree. As an elderly man, I've experienced many things, just like how you've seen many things as a youth. The things I've seen, one of them involves

the path to darkness. There is never one that walks that path and exits from that life gracefully. To have your own affairs worked out, that is the only way!”

Needless to say, the old man Chen Libo’s ability to manipulate a man’s life was far too terrifying!

If these words were spoken to anyone else, then no matter if it was fake or true, they would consider this deal carefully.

But Wang Chao had no desires such as this.

“The words this old man has spoken, I should keep this a secret from the organization for now. The Chenshi Corporation is an important chess piece in the Southeastern Asian region. If the organization sees that there is benefit to be gained, then I would be forced to marry. Sacrifice the individual for the sake of the collective, such a result would be disastrous. If I were to play with this old man every day and his machinations, then how would I continue to practice my martial arts? In two years, I probably wouldn’t even be able to defeat Zhao Jun.”

However, Chen Libo’s words had also reminded him of something.

Thus, Wang Chao had decided that he would treat the man’s words as if he hadn’t heard them.

Just at that moment, the sound of the uncle could be heard.

“Elder, young master Aiyang has arrived.”

“Ah, call him in.”

Pushing open the doors, when Chen Aiyang saw Wang Chao, his face had a startled look to it, “Master Wang, how did you come about here?”

“I was called here by your sister Chen Bin to act as your substitute.” Wang Chao gave a look to Chen Aiyang.

“Well, I’ll give you two youngsters time to talk. An elder like me shouldn’t speak up in such a case. I’ve grown old, I need a nap.” Chen Libo rose from his chair and gave a meaningful look to Wang Chao.

“Great uncle, please be careful.” Chen Aiyang hurriedly helped him leave the room.

After Chen Libo had left and was helped into a wheelchair by the uncle, he spoke, "Aiyang, do not go neglecting the guest now."

As soon as Chen Libo exited the room, the uncle had asked, "Elder, where do you wish to go now?"

"A'Ming, you have been with me for many years now. On the surface, our Chenshi Corporation looks to be tranquil, but underneath, trouble is brewing. I truly do worry. After I die, everyone will scramble to divide up the company." Chen Libo sighed. "But that youngster I just saw isn't too bad. Even in the face of death, he would remain calm even if its Mount Tai itself crashing down onto him. With such a character, if we were to make him one of our own, what more would I have to worry?"

"What does the elder wish to do then?" Uncle Ming asked.

"I plan to have Chen Bin married to him as well as giving 30% of the Chenshi Corporation stocks to him. Within two years, he will have this. With him and Chen Aiyang, I will be able to rest in peace."

"Elder!' When the uncle heard this, he had been stunned almost as if he couldn't believe his ears, "Elder...this is...you are inviting the wolf into your home. That youngster clearly has some sort of hidden agenda."

"Pah, inviting the wolf into my home! I want to to invite him! If the wolf dithers on the outside and watches its prey, then it would bring forth anxiety! If I fear not the thief doing the stealing, then I fear the thief thinking about doing the stealing."

Chen Libo let out a breath as a dangerous glint appeared in his eyes. Almost as if he had returned to his youth with all of its dominating power, his elderly body began to exude a powerful air.

"Even if he is an evil wolf, then I will turn him into an obedient watchdog! We're leaving!"

"Where do you wish to go?"

"Help me go to the Li family, I wish to go see Mr. Li. In Singapore, the Li's are in control. This part of the Southeast Asia is controlled by America. If the Europeans wish to get involved, then I will borrow the power of the Li family and

the Americans. I'm old and about to die, after my death, you may as well say that the Chenshi Corporation will be my betting stake. I will partake in the world's biggest gamble!"

Just as Chen Libo was preparing to meet up with the Li family who held all the political power in Singapore, Wang Chao and Chen Aiyang were inside conversely seriously with each other.

Wang Chao gave a look to Chen Aiyang, seeing how he walked with several steps that seemed to glide and float, despite his well looking expression, he did not have the same expert movements as before. Whenever the wind blows, the blades of grass would follow. This same grace was not existent in Chen Aiyang's movements, indicating that the damage he suffered was very severe.

But when Chen Aiyang saw Wang Chao, his eyes had been bright. The two sat down and began to exchange some words before Chen Aiyang finally spoke, "Master Wang, you've improved in your martial arts once more, it seems far greater than usual almost as if you've stepped into the Transforming Jin stage. How did you manage that? Would you be able to show me a demonstration?"

Standing up, Wang Chao began to move into the horse stance. Stepping in a straight line, both of his hands shot out like cannons with a rippling sound of thunder.

Wang Chao's "Pounding Horse Stance" required to use an explosive amount of Jin and to spike the hair up so that the skin would become like iron. The air in front would shake and the ground beneath would tremor.

In an actual war, this would be like using a cannon to continuously strike!

"Your muscles and bones act as one, and the sounds of thunder follows your fist. What an excellent 'Pounding Horse Stance' as well!" Chen Aiyang praised over and over again!

Wang Chao's Chopping Jin of the tiger stance required a pounce to unleash a strike that could cleave a mountain with unbelievable force. But this pounce was not meant for a long time. Midway through it, the pounce would inevitably lose power. Although Wang Chao would use it in conjunction with the eagle stance, no matter how strong it was, Wang Chao had not yet reached perfection with either of the two. There was only a small chink in its power and was still a far

ways away from being called pure.

If he were to come across anyone stronger than him in martial arts and more familiar with the transition between tiger to eagle stance, then Wang Chao's strikes would be easily dodged.

But the horse stance coupled together with the Pounding Fist was different. A horse would stampede across the ground with long lasting endurance in one single smooth motion.

The Pounding Fist was fierce and the Jin was explosive. It was far stronger than the Chopping Fist of the tiger stance! A horse was long-lasting and unbelievable fierce. With a single string of motion, it could explode with Jin that would never rest.

A horse could lift its hooves to trample a person. Charging at an enemy could cause damage to their feet, tibia, calf and knee. There were many different ways to injure a person, but as long as they are trampled on, then everyone beneath the leg could be reduced to powder and kill of their fighting spirit.

The Pounding Fist would continue up the path. In the middle of the path, the horse stance would spring forth with a heavy foot that would cause damage to anyone caught underneath.

The horse stance to move past everything and the Pounding Fist to explode. In the face of an enemy, they would be forced down with never enough bravery to stop. It was far stronger than the Chopping Jin of the tiger stance and more utilizable.

Wang Chao's current martial arts could make use of the 'Pounding Jin of the horse stance' and collide with anyone without mercy. The only thing he had to fear was someone innocent getting caught in it.

"While I have managed to spread the Hidden Jin to all over my body, I have not yet been able to uniform both my muscles and bones, and neither am I capable of unleashing the sounds of thunder. If we were to contest each other in firmness of foot or leg, I'd imagine I would find it difficult to defend myself against you."

Chen Aiyang's expression had a stunned look to it.

“Your Fishing Toad Jin swallows the Qi like a toad. This is one of the Daoist breathing exercises that first strengthens the inner organs to swell with the sounds of thunder before tempering the marrow. After that does one begin to temper the muscles and bones. Our goals are similar, but our paths are different. My martial arts has only permeated my inner organs, but it has not reached a level where I am able to unleash the sounds of thunder with my inner organs, correct?”

“Your inner organs releases the sounds of thunder while my muscles releases the sounds of thunder. One is internal, the other is external. In the very end, our paths are different, but our end goals are the same.” Wang Chao spoke.

Chen Aiyang’s marrow tempering technique belonged to the Daoist breathing exercises. His inner organs had first been strengthened before it could unleash the sounds of thunder to temper the marrow. By now, he had already reached a high level state where his inner organs reached a freakish level as well.

But his muscles and bones had not yet reached the realm where the sounds of thunder followed the fist. Compared to Wang Chao in a match of strength and Jin, he would not fare well.

But his heart, lung, liver, and intestines were much stronger than Wang Chao’s. If the two were to meet in an actual deathmatch, then Chen Aiyang would just need to be careful to dodge the brunt of the blows and to borrow power to defeat power. After dissolving Wang Chao’s strength, he would wait for him to be out of breath before retaliating, and by then, Chen Aiyang would be the winner.

Furthermore, Chen Aiyang was still recovering his strength. If he were in his prime and the two were to fight, then Chen Aiyang would be faster than Wang Chao.

If someone were to shoot him in the heart, as long as first aid was applied, Chen Aiyang would have a chance to survive. Wang Chao would not.

“Your Jin has already spread throughout your entire body? Your pores as well? Have you reached the Transforming Jin yet?” When Wang Chao heard Chen Aiyang, he had been astonished.

Chen Aiyang reached the Transforming Jin stage with the sounds of thunder in

his organs would no doubt be able to temper his muscles and bones if he practiced without fail. With his inner organs capable of it, if he could master the muscles and bones, then he would draw close to the realms of Yang Luchan, Dong Haichuan, and Sun Lu-tang. However, he was only drawing close, and not yet standing at their level.

For the entire body to unleash the sounds of thunder from both the organs and muscles. This was almost essentially the highest realm of martial arts where the spirit returned to nothing.

As for the classics of the fist where returning to nothing was achieved, one would be able to dodge danger without even thinking about it. That would be sincerely considered to have achieved the Way. The heart and soul had to be cultivated without the body failing either.

That was why even when Cheng Tinghua had reached a realm of perfection with his Bagua Zhuang, he had not yet reached a prophetic level of dodging danger. In the end after killing many enemies, he had been killed by gunfire.

For anyone whose martial arts had attained the sincere Way, no matter the dangers, they would be able to predict and turn peril into safety and enabling it to be good.

“Ai! Transforming Jin I have, but I lost. The way I lost had been especially cruel!” Chen Aiyang sighed.

“Just who was the person that defeated you?”

“A woman who went by the surname of Tang.” Chen Aiyang spoke dejectedly.

Chapter 106: Flying Horse Treading on Sparrow, A Combination of Techniques! Chapter 107: Not Fighting Would be For the Best

Chapter 106: Flying Horse Treading on Sparrow, A Combination of Techniques!

“A woman who went by the surname of Tang.” When Wang Chao heard Chen Aiyang’s words, Wang Chao’s mind immediately thought of an indescribable memory. This feeling had been like a landslide near the ocean and an eruption of a volcano.

“What was her name?” As he spoke, Wang Chao’s began to quaver, no longer having that calm and collected tone.

“Hm?” Sensing that Wang Chao’s heart had been perturbed, Chen Aiyang gave a curious stare. When it came to a master of Chinese boxing like Wang Chao, even if Mount Tai itself was crumbling in front of him, he would not bat an eye. After cultivating his mind to a high state, for something like this to cause so much shock, Chen Aiyang couldn’t help but feel curious.

“Eh...uh...no, it’s nothing. Do you happen to know what her full name was?” Wang Chao quickly calmed his nerves and adopted a calm expression.

Chen Aiyang shook his head, “Before the competition, she only said her family name was Tang without mention of her full name. After the matter, I wasn’t able to find out any details to her identity. It’s almost as if she has no identity. But, the world is truly vast with hidden dragons and crouching tigers throughout the lands.”

“How old was she?” Wang Chao asked.

“She looked to be 25 or 26 years old. But with her martial arts reaching perfection and the realm of nothing, her appearances cannot be an accurate guess to her real age. However, I would guess that she is at least 30 years old.” Chen Aiyang thought.

“What did she look like?” Wang Chao pressed on.

“I can’t describe her well, but there is a recording of our fight from that day, take a look! Her martial arts has truly reached the pinnacle of it all, but I don’t know just how she managed to do such a feat. She held back on that day, otherwise, I would have been killed there and then.” Chen Aiyang spoke with some lingering fear. But he shook his head as if trying not to believe the reality of what happened in that fight.

“You have a recording! Why didn’t you say that sooner?” Wang Chao spoke.

When Chen Aiyang said that he had fought against a woman with the family name of Tang, Wang Chao couldn’t help but think of the Tang Zichen who left him three years ago.

The very same Tang Zichen who had changed his life.

Tang Zichen’s skill at martial arts had brought her to a level where water would only reach to her knees, a level far beyond Chen Aiyang. By the time she had written the True Record of Guoshu, she had already been 28 years old. It had been four or five years since then, and with Chen Aiyang’s estimation that she was around 30 years old, this would fit with her approximate age.

The perception of an expert was quite intense, and that was especially true for an expert like Chen Aiyang who had reached the Transforming Jin realm.

The signs were obvious, the woman with the family name of Tang was definitely Tang Zichen. But Wang Chao couldn’t help but feel anxious and didn’t dare accept it. Chen Aiyang only knew that her last name was Tang after all.

“Brother Wang, what has gotten into you today for you to be so jumpy?” Chen Aiyang’s eyebrows narrowed together.

Smiling, Wang Chao barely managed to rein in his nerves, “Let’s first take a look at the recording.”

Making a phone call, Chen Aiyang relayed an order for someone to bring the recording over. Soon enough, the recording was played back on the LCD TV mounted on the wall. With a flickering motion, the fight within the lounge of the headquarters could be seen on its display.

Spellbound, Wang Chao was entranced by the purple-dressed woman on the display. Every camera angle, every word, and every movement had been a breath

of fresh air to him. It had left such a deep and immeasurable imprint on Wang Chao that he would never be able to get rid of it.

Seeing this image, the memories of three years ago that had nearly been forgotten all came rushing back such as practicing with Tang Zichen at the shores of Lake Tianxing. Every scene, every action, everything came flowing back to him in crystal clear memory.

Walking on the water jars, hitting the sandbags, and taking a tumble onto the ground. Each time he had a bruise, it had been Tang Zichen who carefully used medicine or her needles to treat his wounds.

Every single time he practiced with the spear and felt his arms begin to ache, it had been Tang Zichen who helped massage the arms to lax the muscles.

Every time he practiced another set of stances, it had been her who corrected him. Every mnemonic of martial arts he had learned, it had been her who explained it to him.

In those two years, food, clothes, living—everything had been provided for by Tang Zichen.

To Wang Chao, Tang Zichen had been like his beloved elder sister who was looking after her weak younger brother lovingly. This type of feeling had suddenly came gushing out as soon as he saw the familiar figure of her on the display.

“Your younger brother has grown up, did you know that? But yet, your younger brother has still not caught up with you. I cannot pass down your teachings just yet.” Wang Chao spoke to himself in a voice only he could hear with a look of anguish.

His train of thought had brought him to that evening.

The sunset was giving off its final radiance over the glittering Lake Tianxing.

With both oars drifting through the waters, the tiny boat gently floated to the center of the water.

Tang Zichen stepped upon the water, and floated away from him.

From that moment on, Wang Chao had never seen her again. From that

moment on in Wang Chao's heart, this sister of his was akin to the Immortals from Daoism that descended into the mortal world to enlighten him.

From that day, that familiar sensation of melodious and pure singing would forever drift through Wang Chao's heart.

“Together we paddle this boat,
Through the waves it shall float,
A beautiful white tower rising above the waters
This scenery surrounded by trees and the red wall moat,
The boat is gentle, and upon the waters it feels fair,
Blowing ahead with this cool and refreshing air.....”

The song of a child was filled with a liveliness that contained no impurities.

Ah, the secular world. If only it was like the songs of a child in its cheerfulness and purity. A world without guilt, how beautiful that would be.

Before Tang Zichen left, Wang Chao's heart had been like a child.

“We are all merely mortals. No matter how strong our martial arts or how exquisite our skill, we still must struggle to live within the world of mortals. Perhaps your meaning was to leave behind a legacy that would allow for martial arts to slowly pass down one generation from the next. You've said to me many times before, there is another world I should not step into. And that I should live my life in peace. But, even now, I have slowly stepped into the very same world as yours. In this world, I cannot be as happy as a child. I cannot be as clean, and neither will my song be as carefree. Maybe I have failed to live up to your expectations.”

The pure and clean song of a child, Tang Zichen's Immortal figure, the battles of the secular world, bloody murder, money, power, and seduction. Everything had already mixed together to choke Wang Chao's heart.

Wang Chao's mind had already oscillated back and forth many times before arriving back at a deep realm of thinking.

This realm of thinking was quite curious. It was almost as if he could see

through everything in the outside world and could hear all. But. His heart seemed as if it had fled into the void and stood detached from this outside world.

His body was in the secular world, but his mind stood above the clouds.

“Master Chen, her martial arts is truly impeccable. Her inner organs and muscles are both capable of emitting the sounds of thunder. As with the universe, she is one, and so she has returned to a realm of nothing. You are truly not an opponent for her.” Wang Chao’s mind had snapped back in place. In that split-second, he had remembered something important.

“When in the Jianghu, one cannot move freely. Sis Chen, you were right. We martial artists are not Immortals. Despite our hearts being able to depart from the secular world, our bodies remain connected to it. Even now, it seems that you are no exception to it.”

“In the Jianghu, we must help each other in the most humble circumstances. With my current identity, even if I were to seek you out. It may not necessarily be a good thing to meet. With my current skill and miniscule achievements, I am still a ways away from your level.”

Wang Chao gave a deep exhale.

In a split moment, he had put himself in the shoes of another. After thinking about him in the place of Tang Zichen, he had made his decision.

Even in the Jianghu, one mustn’t forget to help each other in the most humble circumstances.

Even up to this day, Tang Zichen remained in Wang Chao’s mind. She was not some sort of unattainable dream—but she too was a member of the secular world.

Martial artists were not Immortals. Their hearts could transcend, but their bodies could not.

Wang Chao’s calm demeanor had been such that even Chen Aiyang had been unable to see the billows of emotions underneath his expression.

Turning off the monitor, Chen Aiyang said, “In this world, there will always be

grandmasters. The grandmasters Yang Luchan, Dong Haichuan, Li Luoneng and Sun Lu-tang, they have already been lost to the sands of time. All that is left of them are legends meant for the later generations to admire. Even after a hundred years since then with so many experts appearing one after another, none of them have reached the degree the grandmasters of the past were capable of. Within this flourishing and decaying century, I believe that the grandmasters of now are only capable of the attaining the Transforming realm. In the future, amongst these men, perhaps you or I will be one of them, but who can tell? The world rises, the world falls, as does martial arts.”

“You are right, but even then, it is still a long ways from now. We shouldn’t speak of this for now.” Wang Chao slowly recollected himself. “I came here today because I heard that you were injured and that you were sent a challenge. So I wanted to be your replacement for the match. How heavy are your injuries?”

“It’s nothing too serious, the meridians within my chest has been injured. But with a month of recuperation, I should heal up. Your help this time, I truly apologize for the trouble.” Chen Aiyang had a melancholic expression on his face. Because of his loss, it could be seen that the power struggle had damaged his mood.

“Don’t say those words. We are practitioners of Chinese boxing, our promises are ones that must be kept. I believe that in the future, if something were to happen to me, you would come lend a hand as well.” Wang Chao spoke. “But, this challenger is another fellow disciple with Zhang Guangming; a Canadian martial artist by the name of Cheng Shanming. Do you know of any potential information?”

“Zhang Guangming was born in the 1980s. In the past, he studied Bajiquan under the tutelage of Manchurian Baji master Huo Qingyun. After seven or eight years, Huo Qingyun passed away, causing Zhang Guangming to leave for Vietnam where he established his name. In that match, it was actually by luck that I won. In terms of skill, he is not inferior to mine own.”

Chen Aiyang began to think back on his memories, “That competition was truthfully the most shocking match I have ever been in. But after that victory, I was given money and fame. Not only did Zhang Guangming learn Bajiquan, but he was also an expert of Baguazhang. I’ve only heard Zhu Hongzhi mention the

younger disciple once; he is a direct descendant of the Cheng Sect's Baguazhang. Cheng Mingshan's patriarchal grandfather is the elder Cheng Tinghua."

"Baguazhang. In the past, Li Shuwen taught Huo Diange, and in turn, Huo Diange taught Huo Qingyun. And in those eight years before Huo Qingyun passed away, he taught the nephew of Cheng Tinghua. The two sects helped each other, thus, the lineage of Huo Qingyun has Baguazhang mixed in with their Bajiquan."

Wang Chao nodded his head, "The Wulin of the past would often times help each other. That is a story that everyone knows. Sun Lu-Tang had once helped Hao Weizhen and later received a secret to Taichi. But Cheng Shanming, how is his skill at martial arts?"

"His martial arts has not yet reached the Transforming Jin realm, but he has at the very least reached the pinnacle of Hidden Jin. But that was three or four years ago, and Zhu Hongzhi had only mentioned him once. Whether he has improved or degraded, I do not know. But this battle is not one where either of us has any guarantees."

Chen Aiyang spoke, "The Chinese Revival Society had only left the letter two days ago. With there only seven days to respond, that means we only have five days left."

"To be able to fight with such a high-leveled expert, that is something I have always dreamed of." Wang Chao smiled.

Chen Aiyang gave a determined stare at Wang Chao for a moment before suddenly speaking, "Master Wang. You are open-minded, and have the air of a master. For the sake of an insignificant friend like me, you are willing to risk your own life. I cannot hold back anything from you. You must know that despite me being known for my Taichi in the martial arts world, my strongest killing move is in fact not from Taichi."

"Eh?!" Wang Chao gave a startled look.

"My killing move is a combination of techniques, the "Flying Horse Treading on Sparrow".

TL Note: A joke of the real life statue: Galloping Horse Treading On Flying Sparrow

马踏飞燕 (The statue) and 飞马踏燕 (The killing move)

“Flying Horse Treading Sparrow!” Wang Chao was stunned.

“This is an ancient technique from the past, a killing move on the battlefield that was passed down from the Han Dynasty. Afterwards, it became a secret that was later honed by countless of masters of martial arts. Soon, it became a one-strike kill move. In essence, it is a combination of the horse stance and the sparrow stance of Xingyiquan.” Chen Aiyang explained.

“In truth, many disciplines of martial arts originated from the movements of animals. Xingyi is like Bagua, Bagua is like Taichi, and Taichi is like Xingyi. Wingchun is like Bajiquan, and Bajiquan is like Hung Ga. Everything has their similarities.” Wang Chao explained.

“You speak correctly.” Chen Aiyang said. “I saw your Pounding Jin of the horse stance. Already it has reached a stage where countless permutations can evolve from it. As long as you perfect the sparrow stance, then your attainments in martial arts will be able to lead you to being able to master the form and spirit of the “Flying Horse Treading on Sparrow”. If used within a match, then your chances of winning will be that much larger!”

Chapter 108: Turbulent Times (First)

Chapter 108: Turbulent Times (First)

Leaves fluttered across the center of the courtyard along with the wind whistling with a humming sound. Amongst the wind, the explosive sound of thunder could be heard. The radiant sun illuminated the world overhead, but it seemed as if there was a fierce rainstorm with all of the wind and sounds of thunder. Chen Aiyang could be seen sitting on a yellow rosewood chair by the courtyard entrance observing Wang Chao practice his martial arts.

At the same time, Zhu Jia could be seen indoors near the window. With an elbow and hand supporting her cheek, her eyes were completely focused upon Wang Chao's figure as he continued to move forward without stop.

Helping Wang Chao practice was Chen Aiyang's right hand man, Lin Liqiang, an expert of Wingchun and Hung Ga. As a veteran of hundreds of battles with a name that preceded himself, he was by no means more famous than any of the Three Tigers of Guangdong, the Taichi master Chen Aiyang, the three masters from Taiwan, or the men from Hong Kong, but his martial arts was not all that far off from them. His body had already reached the Hidden Jin, and he could break out with the One Inch Jin using his Wingchun on a level on par with Zhang Wei.

That year, his younger brother Lin Lijun was an expert on the Clear Jin realm. With one more step, he would have been able to cross into the Hidden Jin level and into the realm of the masters. If he had, then even Wang Chao wouldn't have been his opponent at that time. Unfortunately, he had been shot to death by Zhu Jia.

However the matters that happened that night had only been seen by Wang Chao and Zhu Jia; that had been their little secret. No one else knew, and whichever police officer that had been nearby had been chased off by Cao Yi later on.

This had been an accident with many factors of being able to go wrong. Right

now, Zhu Jia was right in front of Lin Liqiang who did not know his younger brother had been killed by this woman who looked extremely delicate. Neither did Zhu Jia think that the expert she had shot to death would be the younger brother of the man in front of her. The nature of life contained many bizarre things within it, that much could be said to be true.

Bang! Wang Chao struck out with the Pounding Fist of the horse stance and continued onwards, causing Lin Liqiang to retreat backwards in reluctance to go head to head.

Lin Liqiang's arms had already been like iron whenever he performed the Bridging Fist of Hung Ga. But up against Wang Chao and his ability to emit the sounds of thunder from his muscles and bones, Lin Liqiang would not be able to block it. However, Wang Chao was only just experimenting and did not use his full strength.

On the edge of falling over, Lin Liqiang's robes suddenly gave way. His body began to turn in preparation to escape Wang Chao's circle where the wind blew. But who would have known that Wang Chao had predicted that. Extending both arms, he suddenly altered his center of gravity and grabbed hold of Lin Liqiang's arms. With a push of his arms like a goshawk taking flight and a sparrow cutting through water, Wang Chao's foot came kicking out as he took flight. In a straight line, Wang Chao's feet had been like a scissor, one leg targeted the lower abdomen and the other targeted the chest before the third tried to slam into the throat.

Hurriedly using his arms to defend himself, Lin Liqiang found the maneuver was essentially useless. Both of Wang Chao's arms exploded with power and the sounds of thunder with the three kicks from the "Flying Horse Treading on Sparrow". Each leg was heavier than the one before and each kick fully capable of carrying the destructive force of a ton.

Pa pa pa! Following the three strikes, Lin Liqiang seemed as if he was struck by lightning. Two footprints could be seen on Lin Liqiang's lower abdomen and chest while Wang Chao's tiptoe had pressed gently against his chest so that that Lin Liqiang would only feel a little stifled and dry in the throat.

"Well met! Master Wang, your style of 'Flying Horse Treading on Sparrow'" has

already reached perfection. Being able to borrow power from any enemy, you use Taichi to grab and stick, stick then shake, and shake to drill up into the heavens.”

“I use two mnemonics, ‘The hibernating dragon moves from the water with the force of a storm, the wind blows the hundred tree branches, but not the tree.’ With these imageries, you have accomplished them both. Lin Liqiang too is an expert of Daoism. He has weathered many battles and gained ample experience. While he knew that you were attacking with a killing move, he was not able to dodge. This is proof that your martial arts has reached a point where it can force a person to block when he cannot, and to dodge when he cannot.”

Within four days under Chen Aiyang’s guidance, Wang Chao had already trained the “Flying Horse Treading on Sparrow” to perfection.

While Chen Aiyang was a practitioner of Taichi, he had learned from Xue Lianxin for a decent amount of time. Thus, he had managed to harmonize Taichi and Imitation Boxing into one while also mixing in the secret killing techniques of the ancient past. Honing it into a killing move, it became something that spelt out death for the enemy.

This move was originally not something that a person could learn from a teacher to perfection. Even if the student learned the basics, they would not master the essence of it. But Wang Chao was different. He was already proficient in Taichi and Xingyi. Furthermore, he had already learned the horse stance to the stage where the sound follows the fist. Thus, it could be said that Wang Chao was already at the door, he just needed the key to learn the move.

When Wang Chao demonstrated the movements, that had been the key. Straight away, Wang Chao had entered and attained a higher level. From the door to the main room to the treasury, he had obtained the treasure.

Wang Chao’s usage of the “Flying Horse Treading on Sparrow” was far more fierce and fatal than Chen Aiyang. Even the inspiration behind it was far more vigorous. But then again, Wang Chao’s muscles and bones could act as one, and he could also bring out the sounds of thunder from within his muscles. Chen Aiyang’s was only extremely strong in terms of his inner organs. While his muscles and bones were tough, they could not compare to Wang Chao.

“Sparrow Skimming Water” and “Goshawk Turns Over” were both of the same stance. Both involved the usage of the leg and required the Hidden Jin to be manipulated so that softness and hardness balance each other out. Softness and hardness used together brings forth an attraction like a tornado. A single step and kick would be enough to kill the enemy like so.

“Master Wang, take a walk near the wall. See just how much the softness and hardness of your Hidden Jin has changed, and to what extent.” Chen Aiyang spoke.

Nodding, Wang Chao leapt to the nearby courtyard walls and stood parallel to it.

His entire body flew into a horizontal position almost as if he was a wooden pole that had embedded itself into the wall without falling. Treading across the walls, his legs crossed over each other in a flurry of eight steps without ever falling back down to the ground.

As he scurried across the walls, his legs crossed over each other while his toes dug in and flattened out in a pattern. Curling in and loosening, the five toes seemed as flexible as his fingers were. This action had given birth to the the suction force of a tornado and allowed him to stay stuck to the wall.

Wang Chao’s skill with his fingers was enough for him to stop the revolution of a mercury filled lead ball. His Eagle Claw could overcome many, and compared to that, his toes could do the same. However, when the two were compared overall, the toes were still lacking by quite a bit.

But now, after Chen Aiyang had taught him the secret, he had finally been able to manipulate the hardness and softness of the Hidden Jin in his toes so that it permeated every joint.

In the future, his legs would be able to unleash unbelievable movements against his enemies.

By this point, Wang Chao was fully capable of doing what Tang Zichen had been able to do where she had been able to rotate the water within a bowl with just her movements.

It was at this point that his skill with the leg could be considered to have

achieved something major.

“Your skill with the leg has reached a point where softness and hardness balance out for the power to link to your toes. You are able to make eight steps up a wall and maintain that for nine seconds in total. Even I cannot manage such a feat. It seems that within two years, you were able to bring your Jin to the Transforming Jin realm.”

Chen Aiyang sighed in appraisal, “I’m older than you by seven or eight years, but even now, I was only able to just reach the Transforming Jin stage. But you were earlier than I was by five or six years. The day you are able to arrive at the Way is just around the corner.”

“Achieving the Way is easy, but cultivating the Way is hard. There are far too many factors to this world, so nothing is ever certain. It cannot be said that I won’t be caught up by the vulgar world. In two years, I may even fall back instead of stepping forward. Master Chen, you are the same. You have far too many things in your everyday routine, and thus, you have far too many things to worry about.” Wang Chao spoke to Chen Aiyang.

“I cannot move freely in my own life.” Chen Aiyang forced himself to stand up and waved his hand, “Tomorrow is the agreed date with the Chinese Revival Society. Tonight will be a wine reception with the elder and the Chinese Revival Society planning it together. Cheng Shanming will be there. We should go in hopes that we may exchange our weapons of war for gifts of jade and silk.”

That night in Singapore, the night was brightly lit with lanterns red, and the wine green. People could be seen everywhere in a flurry mess that blended together.

Within a hotel belonging to the Chenshi Corporation, a high-scaled feast was taken place. Each person within wore their formal attire that made them more regal and elegant. Men and women both gathered with an imposing air and a dazzling splendor. Each one conversed with one another in a manner that seemed less like a banquet from the mortal world. Within the lounge’s center, a mountain of crystal glass with blood-red wine could be seen stacked in a beautiful arrangement.

The Chenshi Corporation was one of the strongest powers within Singapore

City, and although it could not compare to the Lee family that held the “Founding Father” of Modern Singapore, Lee Kuan Yew and politician Lee Hsien Loong, they could be considered second best.

Back in the 1950s, there had been a coup d’etat in Singapore which led to the arrest of the pro-communist members within the government. Chen Libo had helped Lee Kuan Yew at that time, and later when Lee Kuan Yew came to power, the Chen family rose to the top with them.

“What style!” The very moment Wang Chao and Zhu Jia followed Chen Aiyang into the building, they were instantly greeted with the luxurious and awe-striking lounge.

“This banquet was planned by the elder for his celebration on his discharge from the hospital and so there are many upper-class citizens here. It isn’t a party specifically meant for the Chinese Revival Society. Overseas export is just one of the many branches of our company that nets us a profit of 400 to 500 million RMB. This matter with the Chinese Revival Society is nothing more than a trifling matter to the eyes of the elder.” Chen Aiyang explained.

Just at that moment, Wang Chao caught a glimpse of the aquamarine silk low-cut dress wearing Chen Bin who was happily talking with several other young men and women.

Today, Chen Bin was wearing a low-cut evening dress that was as blue as the river and could just barely reveal a little bit of her snowy-white cleavage. It matched with her highly elegant demeanor, sex appeal, and bombastic personality that attracted the eyes of almost everyone around her.

Seeing Chen Aiyang come over with Wang Chao, Chen Bin spoke several more words with her group before walking on over to them.

“Where is the elder?” Chen Aiyang spoke in a low whisper the moment she drew close.

“The elder’s currently in the VIP Lounge and talking with Mister Lee Hsien Yang.”

“The Lee family has come too? Where are the Chinese Revival Society people?” Chen Aiyang asked.

“They’re not here yet.”

Just at that moment, the doors to the lounge opened up to reveal four men. When Wang Chao looked over, the very first person he saw was his arch-enemy, the princeling of the Ike Corporation, Zhao Jun.

Chapter 109: Turbulent Times (Second)

Chapter 109: Turbulent Times (Second)

“Why in the world is Zhao Jun here?”

Within the lounge of the Chenshi Corporation, when Wang Chao saw Zhao Jun appear, he began to have a bad feeling.

That crown prince of the Ike Corporation. Ever since Wang Chao was a nobody to the person he was today, the curse of Zhao Jun lingered with him. At the beginning, Zhao Jun had hired a group of axemen to try to first blind with him quicklime powder and then kill him. Afterwards, he had Zhang Wei fight him in a competition in an attempt to kill him.

The reason for the feud between the two had been simple. It was because of Zhu Jia.

But the Wang Chao of today had money, fame, and a powerful support backing him. He had made friends in the Wulin like Liao Junhua, Dai Jun, and Chen Aiyang along with some other high-ranking members of society. With his martial arts, power, and the many friends he had on this day, he was no longer worried of a confrontation with the unbridled princeling.

Zhao Jun’s entrance had been very smooth. Dressed in western-styled clothing and talking with a smile, he had smiles all around.

But when he entered the room and glanced around, he saw Wang Chao and Zhu Jia standing right next to each other. Straight away, his face slipped for a moment and a sinister light entered his eyes.

If Zhao Jun’s sinister glare was said to be well hidden, then the middle-aged man that had entered the room with Zhao Jun had a malicious stare that leaked hostility without even hiding it.

This hostility had been so obvious that Wang Chao’s pores began to swell together in anticipation.

This middle-aged man was one of the Three Tigers of Guangdong, the “Little

Arm Saint”, Xu Zhen. The man who bore hatred with Wang Chao for killing his disciple.

When Zhao Jun saw Wang Chao and Zhu Jia, he had stopped for a moment. A smile later slipped its way back onto his face as he walked forward with Xu Zhen.

“Hello! Chen Bin, you look beautiful tonight!” Zhao Jun turned to look at Chen Bin who was right next to Zhu Jia.

Giving a slight smile, Chen Bin’s eyes glanced to Wang Chao.

Zhu Jia looked at Zhao Jun for a moment as well with a clear-as-day cold smile before turning to look at Wang Chao too.

Coming across such an awkward event, Zhao Jun’s face drained of color.

Just at that moment, Xu Zhen came forward with an ashen face towards Wang Chao. With clenched teeth, he spoke in an icily frigid tone, “Master Wang, what strategy you have. In such a short amount of time, you have made such an illustrious name for yourself! First excluding the death of my disciple, you managed to open up a martial arts school in Shandong. Then, you killed the genius from Japan, Ye Xuan and then managed to heavily injure the daughter of my friend, Yagyu Haruko. It seems that the grievances between us two must be resolved one day.”

Yagyu Haruko was the daughter of Xu Zhen’s friend from Japan, Yagyu Suimei. The affair that had happened in Manchuria had naturally made its way to his ears fast enough.

The Japanese martial arts world had brought several talented Japanese youths to Manchuria with the intent of training them in Russia. That much Xu Zhen knew.

The Japanese martial arts world were using this as a test to see if there were any experts amongst the People. A toss of a stone to see what was in the lake.

When the moment came for them to understand just how strong the Chinese were, they would immediately send over even more martial artists for a large-scale invasion of the martial arts world.

Now was an era of peace and stability. These exchanges in martial arts meant

nothing in terms of practicality when someone won or lost. But whomever gained the upper hand here would deeply impact the culture, beliefs, and faith of whichever ethnicity that came out on top.

“Master Xu, when I killed your disciple, I had no other choice. It was an official competition with no ulterior motives. If you wish to take vengeance for your disciple, I will not object. All I can ask is for you to find a time, and I will accept.” Wang Chao sighed as he tried to think of a way to dissolve Xu Zhen’s hate.

Xu Zhen was a master of Tongbei with a deep understanding of martial arts after all. If he were to die from his wounds in an official competition, then the school of the White Ape style Tongbei would lose a precious sect. That would then be a tremendous blow that the already deformed and withered Chinese martial arts world.

Wang Chao was no longer the foolish little boy he was a few years ago. Aside from Xu Zhen’s vast martial arts, Wang Chao’s scope of the world had been expanded. Guoshu was for the nation, and his aspirations were as large as the ocean. Righteousness remained key, and personal hatreds should be disregarded.

“Xu Zhen my friend, is this the master Wang who kicked my daughter?” Just at that moment, another middle aged man approached Xu Zhen from the back with a slightly accentuated Chinese manner of speech.

This man stood behind Xu Zhen since he himself was a little shorter than Xu Zhen and was not as conspicuous as Xu Zhen was.

When he first heard the words between Xu Zhen and Wang Chao, the man’s ears had perked to attention as he caught the meaning behind Wang Chao’s words. It was only when he understood the entire thing that he had stood up. Both of his eyes flared with a glaring light that reeked of hostility to the point where he could be heard cracking the joints in his body.

This man’s killing intent had been so massive, and his eyes had been like a viper staring down its prey that Wang Chao had felt that the air around them had begun to feel a little stifling.

“Judging from this man’s words, he must be the father of Yagyu Haruko. Yagyu Suimei then?” From his words, Wang Chao could swiftly guess just who this

person was.

Yagyu Suimei was about 1.7 meters tall. Standing behind the 1.8 meters tall Xu Zhen, Yagyu Suimei was noticeably short. Even to Wang Chao, who was 1.8 meters tall as well, the difference was quite big,

Although Yagyu Suimei was a good head shorter than Xu Zhen and Wang Chao, the amount of frosty presence he exuded was no less than either of the other two.

“Hm? Brother Yagyu, he is the one who killed the expert Ye Xuan. Similarly, he is the one who kicked your daughter Haruko. Brother Yagyu, this is an expert that is truly worthy of you fighting against.” Xu Zhen immediately confirmed Wang Chao’s identity for him.

“Very well then!” Yagyu Suimei suddenly had a smile that didn’t quite reach his eyes appear on his face as all of the hostility drained away from his body. It was almost as if it was a mistake at first. “We aren’t the main characters for the next two days, we only wish to invite several of the guests here. If we wish to compare notes, then there will be ample time to do that later, what is the rush after all?”

Finishing his words, Yagyu Suimei’s eyes glanced over from Wang Chao to Chen Aiyang. When the eyes of both persons met, Yagyu Suimei had a pleased look on his face. With a nod, he moved to sit down by himself on a sofa and closed his eyes as if he was resting.

Xu Zhen gave a deep stare at Wang Chao too before leaving.

Seeing how Xu Zhen and Yagyu Suimei had placed the blame onto himself, Wang Chao hadn’t bothered to try and refute it. Although it had been Liao Junhua’s leg that kicked Yagyu Haruko, it had been said to be Wang Chao’s doing, though, he too could unleash the very same kick.

Zhao Jun had crashed into an awkward experience after meeting with Zhu Jia, so he had been furious. Turning to Wang Chao, he spoke, “You are quite strategic and bold; it is no wonder you have the support of the Europeans. With such an exceptional backing, the cooperation of Liao Junhua, and the conspiring with the Chen family, you must be thinking of spreading your power all over the world. In comparison, we three at the Ike corporation cannot compare to your

great skill and strategy.”

With that, Zhao Jun looked to Chen Aiyang and Chen Bin with an eye. He had intentionally spoken of the intel he had gathered for the brother and sister to hear.

“Director Zhao, master Wang and I are only friends from the Wulin. For now, we have not engaged in any business talks.” Chen Aiyang smiled.

“That’s very well.” Zhao Jun shrugged his shoulders, “Brother Chen, I can only hope that in the future when you do business with master Wang, no inconveniences will come your way.”

“Wang Chao, can I speak with you for a moment” When Zhao Jun left, Chen Bin had finally managed to speak out after several hesitant attempts.

“Sure!” Wang Chao knew what Chen Bin was thinking about and moved to a corner of the lounge with her.

“The elder investigated your information thoroughly, but he is quite uneasy in regards to you. What Zhao Jun said just then, do you really have the Europeans as your patron?” Chen Bin’s eyes stared straight at Wang Chao almost as if she was trying to stare straight through him.”

“Chen Bin, please be assured, the Europeans are of no way behind me. But, I do have people supporting me. With your eyes, you should be able to see through this. I cannot open my eyes and state I am blind so easily. Your elder’s concern with me is to see if I have some sort of plot against the family business. I can guarantee that I have no such thing. Do you believe me?”

Chen Bin’s eyes dropped a bit, “I believe you of course.” She whispered.

“Then that’s great.” Wang Chao sighed in relief.

“Actually....” Chen Bin hesitated as her words trailed off in an attempt to say something.

“Actually what?” Wang Chao asked in curiosity.

“Actually....nothing, it’s nothing.” Chen Bin smiled sweetly as she moved about in her evening dress. It had moved in such a manner that she resembled some sort of heavenly angel. Even in Wang Chao’s heart, he had to admit that Chen

Bin was truly beautiful tonight.

“What are you talking about?” Zhu Jia had finally walked over to Wang Chao and Chen Bin in curiosity.

“It’s nothing.” Wang Chao had nothing to hide. “Zha Jun’s words had made her doubt something and asked me to clarify.”

“Oh!” Zhu Jia had an unconvinced smile on her face. Drawing close to Wang Chao, she spoke closely to his ears, “That idiot Zhao Jun. He investigated you and said that you had the Europeans as your backer! Let me tell you, Zhao Jun has flour paste for brains in his head.”

“Why do you say that?” Wang Chao was surprised, but, he hadn’t thought their positions were strange at all.

“Haven’t you already joined a political party? A secretive one at that. You are definitely some sort of official now. If my guess isn’t wrong, you must hold some sort of military rank. Your backers must be some sort of organization like the Military Commission, am I right?” Zhu Jia smiled as she whispered as softly as a mosquito into his ears.

Wang Chao didn’t reply back.

“Cao Yi’s background is something people in my circle already know. With you being so excellent and that Cao Yi often communicates with you, there is no reason that he wouldn’t bring you into his own group. In the time I’ve known you, you’ve been with Cao Yi since the beginning. Actually, I can already guess your situation. I bet that you are some sort of military person, your assistant, Lin Yanan, she must be from the military as well.”

Hearing Zhu Jia’s logical analysis that accurately spoke of Wang Chao’s situation, he had been speechless.

Suddenly, Zhu Jia’s tone shifted.

“Wang Chao, I’m concerned for you. Cao Yi’s relationship with his backers is quite complicated. After joining with this secretive department, nothing from it can be leaked, or death will come quick. It is a very deep department, and you are a man of purely martial arts. Such a department like this is not suited for you. However, I know your character and situation well, you wouldn’t join such a

thing if you weren't forced. In the end, it was because of me that you were tied up. If not for that day where I used you as my shield, you wouldn't have been targeted by Zhao Jun. Things led to another, and now you have been brought into this mess."

"Don't say it like that. With everything considered, I should thank you instead. If not for this organization, I wouldn't be able to have so many life or death opportunities. The achievements I made today wouldn't be possible since failure and success come one after another. You shouldn't worry at all." Hearing Zhu Jia's faint words, Wang Chao suddenly remembered everything. From the bottom of his heart, a feeling that was melded from disaster and success wafted upwards like a cloud of smoke.

Zhu Jia went quiet for a moment as she turned to look at Chen Bin. Suddenly biting at her lips, she spoke, "Chao Chao, I've discovered that I've come to like you."

A confession that was as sudden as a bolt of thunder from a clear sky! Wang Chao's mind had been sent into a buzz when he heard her speak. He never would have thought that Zhu Jia would suddenly confess to him. Her words had been far more powerful than any strike from an expert of the Wulin, causing Wang Chao to be shocked.

"Jia...Jia...you...what did you say?" Wang Chao felt himself be at a loss at this very moment. Against Zhu Jia's words, his martial arts had been of no use. His arms and legs had been shelved so he wouldn't be able to use them even if he tried.

Although he knew Zhu Jia had a favorable opinion of him, Wang Chao had only thought of the two of them as close friends that could joke and make fun of each other. When it came to love, he had thought it to be false. First off, Zhu Jia had been five or six years older than him. Secondly, their family backgrounds were worlds apart.

Most importantly, within the depths of Wang Chao's heart, he still had lingering feelings for the Immortal-like sister of his who had walked across the waters.

He wasn't a bimbo, and neither was he a master of martial arts with no

knowledge of the mortal world. At his age, he had naturally knew of the subtle feelings between man and woman.

“I...” Zhu Jia spoke before suddenly regretting it, “I’m a woman, how could you make me say it first...”

The two suddenly felt extremely embarrassed.

Just at that moment, the lounge suddenly grew restless as Chen Aiyang gave a cough and Xu Zhen stood up to see the newcomers to the banquet.

Chapter 110: A Man Fierce in Baguazhang!

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When the doors open to reveal a group of people, Wang Chao's first glance had been at the second person who had entered.

It was a giant man.

He was about 1.9 meters in stature and wore all black. Even his cloth shoes were black. The beard under his chin measured to around eight inches long and the sideburns on his cheeks had been quite dense as well.

He had open eyes that seemed to contain the fury of a dragon, his back was that of a tiger, and his waist like a bear. Both of his hands were large and long; if Zhang Fei from the Romance of the Three Kingdoms were to be reincarnated, this man would be he.

His entire person was fierce beyond fierce, but whenever he took a step, not a single sound could be heard as if he was a ghost that was floating across the ground. His long beard seemed to rise and fall with his movements almost like it was floating in the wind.

In Wang Chao's eyes, this Zhang Fei like man walked similar to the way Lie Zi did in Zhuangzi's *Lie Zi Riding the Wind*.

"What amazing skill, this man's skill with his leg has reached an unbelievable height." Wang Chao observed the man with surprise.

"He may possibly be Cheng Shangming." Chen Aiyang spoke gently from behind, instantly dispelling the awkward situation surrounding Wang Chao and Zhu Jia.

Taking in a deep breath, Wang Chao loosened his muscles and pores and gathered his Qi within himself. His eyes focused directly onto that man while at the same time, everything else began to fade from his sight.

The senses of a master of martial arts was extremely sensitive. In the past, when two experts shook hands, they would be able to determine in an instant

just how wide of a gap there was without the need for fighting.

Ever since the man had entered the room, Wang Chao had his eyes on him. From what he could sense, such an opponent like this would definitely pose an extremely difficult challenge. If Wang Chao and he were to fight, then Wang Chao would not be guaranteed to win.

Meanwhile, Yagyu Suimei had stood up while Xu Zhen's eyes honed in on him.

As long as one was a practitioner, they would be able to tell just how amazing this newcomer was. Even Chen Aiyang had let out a long exhale. Then, he was the very first person to walk out.

“Master Chen, you must know the reason why I am here today. Your Chenshi Corporation and our Chinese Revival Society have clashed many times for the foreign exchange export deals many times now. The last match, you defeated master Zhang Guangming, our party was forced to withdraw as per the conditions. But we cannot lose forever, this time, I've invited master Zhang Guangming's fellow disciple, Cheng Shanming from Canada. He has a vendetta, and I am in charge of trying to win back the foreign exchange route from your Chenshi Corporation. So how about it, shall we bet one more time?”

The speaker was a small bespectacled man with a beer belly around the age of 50. This man was the vice-committee president of the Huaxing Chamber of Commerce, Shen Hong.

The Huaxing Chamber of Commerce was formed from the Hong Kong and Taiwanese business partners from the 1960 and 1970s. For the sake of preserving their profits, they formed a coalition which later expanded to such heights that they were able to eat up both the white and black sides of business. For the sake of business with the Strait of Malacca to Vietnam, Thailand, Myanmar, and Malaysia, who knows how many time they engaged in a battle with the Chenshi Corporation.

“A gamble is fine, but for the Chenshi Corporation, we must report to the elder for his approval first before anything can be planned. If the elder does not approve, then my brother will have no other choice, and the only solution is to see president Shen's troops in the ocean fight us for it.” Chen Bin responded. Because of the fact that their two businesses have fought each other many times

before, she did not have a good impression of them.

“Hahaha.” Shen Hong laughed with a twinkling light in his eyes. “I’ve heard that things have taken a bad turn for your Chenshi Corporation lately. With your elder falling ill and instigating a power struggle, I’m afraid that your brother and you will be chased out from the family. In the case that happens, then our Chinese Revival Society will open our doors for you two.”

“This something president Shen doesn’t need to worry about. I hope that this time, things won’t end up like last time. Losing two billion RMB and then having the Chinese Revival Society disbanding, to wander the southern part of Asia would be quite desolate.” Chen Bin revealed her canine teeth.

“Hmph!” Suddenly, the bulky and fierce-looking man took one heavy step forward. This single step had been so heavy that the ground underneath them quivered for a moment.

The two large stack of wine cups by the side of the lounge gave a frightening shake before finally tumbling down to the ground with a crashing sound as it shattered apart.

“Peng peng peng!” Red wine and glass splashed everywhere.

Everyone had turned to face their direction at the sounds of the crash. Originally, the introduction of the Chinese Revival Society had been a brief interlude to the party and did not affect it much. But after this Zhang Fei like person made a single step, he had made the corner he was in the focal point of the lounge.

“I care not for the grudge between the Chinese Revival Society or the Chenshi Corporation!” This man was the fellow younger martial brother of Zhang Guangming, the direct descendant of the Cheng sect’s Baguazhang, Cheng Shanming!

Cheng Shanming had cared not for the disturbance that his footstep had caused. Instead, his eyes glared at Wang Chao and spat out, “Are you the disciple of the Lee-style Taichi and Fishing Toad Jin, Chen Aiyang?”

Ever since he had entered the room, Cheng Shanming had noticed Wang Chao’s gaze on him. Wang Chao had focused his every being into observing Cheng Shangming, and so his presence, strength, spirit and many other details

had been enough for Cheng Shanming to know that he was a master of martial arts.

Therefore, he had immediately mistook Wang Chao to be Chen Aiyang, the one who killed his martial brother.

Because Chen Aiyang was injured, his presence was lacking and his movements did not have the same grace. Thus, Cheng Shanming hadn't paid attention to him.

"Master Cheng, that man is Chen Aiyang." Seeing that Cheng Shanming had made the wrong guess, Shen Hong corrected him straight away.

Cheng Shanming's eyebrows furrowed together as he turned to look at Chen Aiyang. "So you're the master? It seems that you're quite heavily injured. Hahaha, is that youngster your substitute for the match? That's fine, the Cheng sect of Bagua has never committed any dark acts, neither have we harmed the innocent. Since you killed my martial brother, I naturally wish to take revenge! This is the natural law of the world, but I would hope that this youngster here does not get involved in this murky affair!"

Wang Chao took a step forward and shook his head, "Master Chen invited me this time because his injuries has left him unable to circulate his Jin at the moment. I am his replacement, so if there is anything you need, then it will be with me that will be fighting you this time."

Cheng Shanming turned around abruptly, "Fine! We will fight first, but after he recovers, I will come again. Let's go!"

"Aiyang, did another guest come? What has happened?" Suddenly, the appearance of the elder of the Chen family, Chen Libo arrived within the stunned lounge.

"Ah, so it's elder Chen! Your timing is impeccable. Now is the time that we should resolve our business disputes!" Shen Hong spoke out loud to Chen Libo.

By the side of Chen Libo was another grizzly-white haired man with spectacles. Before Chen Libo could even speak, he had already spoke out for him, "Elder Chen, it seems that this business dispute will go in accordance with the old rules from before. These recent standoff in the maritimes, our government will

definitely not allow for any military action to take place within the Straits of Malacca.”

This man was Lee Hsien Yang, an important figure of the Lee family in the government of Singapore.

“I thank you for your words, it seems that there is only one option left then.” Chen Livo laughed, “President Shen, this time, we shall go with the rules of last time. How much money are you willing to bet this time?”

Before Shen Hong could even speak, Lee Hsien Yang laughed, “I believe there is no need to choose a time other than now. In any case, the lounge has already been sent into disarray from this master right here and turned it into a suitable place of competition. This will do! With so many celebrities here today, everyone is already excited to see a wonderful comparison of martial arts. If they wish to bet, then they should do so freely! President Shen, what do you say? I will act as the host to this and settle this business dispute between the Chen family and the Chinese Revival Society. After this, our peaceful businesses should continue on for the sake of a peaceful era in our waters. What do you think?”

“That is...” Shen Hong knew just who this Lee Hsien Yang was. As the equivalent to a prince in Singapore, Lee Hsien Yang was definitely not a person anyone could afford to anger.

“Excellent! This is what it means to be straightforward!” Cheng Shanming laughed merrily. His entire body shook for a moment, causing his clothes to rip. A strong wind had been produced from this action and blew the hair of the surrounding people slightly.

The surrounding people began to move back, clearing the way for the lounge to have an open space for a match.

“If it is Mister Lee acting as the host, then we shall do it like so then!” Shen Hong’s eyes lit up before ordering the people behind him, “Hurry on back and go get a contract written up!”

At the same time, Chen Libo spoke to uncle Ming right next to him, “Go get some lawyers to draft up a fair contract. At the same time, go and see whichever person here is interested in making a bet on this match.”

After these two men spoke, the entire venue instantly grew excited.

The people that the Chenshi Corporation invited here today were all members of the high society of Singapore. Many of them were accustomed to betting on a martial arts competition, and for the ones that haven't, they were quite excited to. Straight away, many of them went upstairs to make a phone call for their men to withdraw some funds.

"Mister Chen, please wait one moment!" At that moment, Yagyu Suimei came walking forward. "I am a member of the martial arts world as well. I've long since heard of the reputation of master Chen Aiyang, the Singaporean Taichi master. Long ago, master Chen Aiyang crossed over to Japan and held a competition with master Funakoshi Ichiro. With his hands, he smashed the head of master Funakoshi, thus ending his life. Master Funakoshi was a lifelong comrade of mine, and I lamented his death grievously. I wish to make use of this chance to compete with master Chen in a competition of martial arts."

"Just how shameless is this Yagyu Suimei? It seems that the moment that he saw that your brother was injured, he called out for a challenge!" Zhu Jia spoke with indignation.

"No, that is the strategy of the Japanese' Martial Way. A soldier, for the sake of victory, will win by hook or by crook. Even in the century of Miyamoto Musashi, the Japanese' Martial Way had already infused the art of war with their beliefs. Their philosophy when it comes to pursuing victory is completely different to the Martial Way of us Chinese. We say they are win by any means necessary, they say we are pedantic to tradition without ever mastering it. This is the clash between cultures and interpretation of the Martial Way, much like the spear that is Christianity, and the shield that is Islam. Both sides believe their own to be the proper way. Both follow the same God. In the end, the ideology are different, and insulting the other is of no use." Wang Chao shook his head at Zhu Jia's words, stopping her from saying anything more. "You and Chen Bin should head on up to avoid getting caught in this."

Chen Aiyang had truly gave birth to a feeling of hatred from the Japanese martial arts world. This much, Wang Chao had heard Chen Aiyang say when he had been injured in Hong Kong.

After Chen Aiyang had established a name for himself, he traveled to Japan and fought with master Funakoshi Ichiro in a competition. After ten exchanges, Chen Aiyang had used the ruthless “Whip Fist” to shatter the skull of his opponent.

Funakoshi Ichiro could be considered one of the top ten martial artists in the Japanese martial arts world. After Chen Aiyang killed him in a competition, it would definitely be a huge disgrace for them. But with Chen Aiyang’s reputation far too magnificent, no one was willing to challenge him in revenge. This time, Yagyu Suimei had planned to use this match today to observe Chen Aiyang’s movements in an attempt to break down his fighting style and formulate a plan for the future.

But Yagyu Suimei hadn’t imagined that Chen Aiyang had been injured. Straight away, he knew that this was an extremely rare opportunity to make a challenge. If Chen Aiyang did not accept his challenge right here and now, then everyone around them would speak of it. The consequence of this would be damaging to his reputation.

Furthermore, the fact that Chen Aiyang was injured had been safeguarded by Chen Libo extremely closely. No one outside his family had known about Chen Aiyang’s wounds, and thus, if the Chen family were to say Chen Aiyang was injured, then everyone would believe that this was a lie for them to shirk this competition. If Chen Aiyang accepted, then he would definitely lose. And when he lost, then no matter what he said, nothing would save him.

So when Yagyu Suimei challenged him, there was no better time than now.

Chen Aiyang coughed gently before walking forward. Wang Chao knew that he was throwing caution to the wind. In spite of his injuries, he would still want to fight Yagyu Suimei.

Just at that moment, the situation took a sudden change in direction.

“Were you trying to take advantage of the situation? Take my fist then!” Cheng Shanming had realized just what Yagyu Suimei had been planning. Suddenly opening his mouth, he began to laugh before arching his back and pulling his hand to his chest. Charging forward, his muscles grew taut and his hair stood on its end with an awe-inspiring amount of presence as if he was a god of some sort. With a single palm, he struck at Yagyu Suimei.

Before this palm could even fully extend, Cheng Shanming's entire body had a muffled sound explode from within like the sound of thunder dropping from the sky. This was in accordance to the Boxing Classic's state of "Before the dragon can lift into the sky, the thunderbolt should drop first." Before the fist, the sounds of thunder should be heard to save power.

At this sudden explosion of Jin, Cheng Shanming's body shot forward like a bolt of lightning. His head, hand, leg, and body shot forward like a strong gale. This was similar to the Boxing Classic's "The wind blows the tree branches, but not the tree itself."

Startled, Yagyu Suimei immediately realized that this powerful strike could not be defended against and instantly withdrew backwards.

But who would have known that Cheng Shanming's skill with the leg and Bagua was so strong that he could fly as depicted in the movies of Wuxia. If a strong approach worked and forced the other to retreat, then their power would wither. In this time, one should chase them relentlessly.

In that instant where Yagyu Suimei had retreated back seven meters, his opponent had stuck to him like a shadow. His palm extended forward at a speed that was far too fast for Yagyu Suimei to even widen his eyes in shock.

Yagyu Suimei hurriedly brought his hands up to push outwards. But in that instant, a cracking sound could be heard along with a jolt of pain in his arm. Cheng Shanming's Baguazhang had then smashed into Yagyu Suimei's chest with the speed of lightning, sending him crashing into a wall far away.

His chest had been slammed with Cheng Shanming's palm somehow. Even with his eyes, he had no idea just how Cheng Shanming had been able to spring his trap onto him.

Cheng Shanming's strike had been fast and furious just like a bolt of lightning!

Chapter 111: The Fist of Wang Chao That Has Become One With the Universe

Chapter 111: The Fist of Wang Chao That Has Become One With the Universe

“Bang!” Yagyu Suimei had been sent flying due to Cheng Shanming’s lightning quick palm strike. His body struck the walls of the lounge before softly falling off like an advertisement banner falling down from the notice board.

On the floor, Yagyu Suimei struggled for a moment to stare at Cheng Shanming in total shock. Clearly, he had not believed that Cheng Shanming would be able to knock him down in such a short amount of time.

“Brother Yagyu!” Xu Zhen cried out in shock from the sides before hurrying on over to support him up from the ground.

Cheng Shanming had intentionally lowered the force in his palm strike. In the end, Yagyu Suimei had suffered from a fracture in both arms and his chest, but his inner organs were fine. Thus, he would survive.

But Yagyu Suimei was no longer as young as he was before. In the past, such a wound like this would easily heal without trouble. But now that he was an elder in age, a wound like this would never heal to the point before he received it. In the end, it could be said that Cheng Shanming’s strike had utterly halted the forward advancement of Yagyu Suimei’s path of martial arts.

“Y-...yo-you....” Yagyu Suimei’s face had been malicious, but the pain he felt had caused his face to twist up in pain and rendered him unable to finish what he was trying to say.

“How ‘bout it! Did you still wish to come forward?” Cheng Shanming’s words boomed out loud like a god giving an order. Folding his arms across his chest, Cheng Shanming’s beard gently floated in the wind.

At this point Xu Zhen could see just how outrageously strong Cheng Shanming was. He had no desire to fight with him since while Yagyu Suimei was indeed his friend, but they were both using each other for a mutual profit in the end.

“This Cheng-style Baguazhang is truly strong. With a single strike, he forced a person to become like a wall scroll with perfection. The following match will truly be between a tiger and a dragon! It’ll be fine if I have someone tend to Yagyu’s wounds. This competition is something I cannot afford to miss because of him.”

In an instant, Xu Zhen had made up his mind. Calling for his own men to take Yagyu Suimei away, he drew back without another word and sat down on the sofa in order to wait for the next development.

Wang Chao’s martial art was especially strong, that much Xu Zhen could admit. After Wang Chao’s battle with Zhang Wei, Xu Zhen had reconsidered his thoughts in regards to the battle. Each time he thought back to it, he had thought that if it were he that fought Wang Chao, the outcome of the match would be unclear to him.

Xu Zhen was a master of martial arts. Similarly, he had a company to support with an identity well worth hundreds of millions of RMB. For the sake of both, he was unwilling to truly challenge Wang Chao in revenge for his disciple. Thus, he continued to put off his vengeance time after time. When today came, he had observed Wang Chao’s spirit and watched his expressions. Ultimately, he had realized that Wang Chao’s skill at martial arts had improved by leaps and bounds, causing him to feel all the more apprehensive on challenging him.

As soon as Cheng Shanming made his move, Xu Zhen hadn’t been the only one who had observed him. In that moment, Wang Chao and Chen Aiyang had both realized Cheng Shanming’s true strength!

“Fighting a person as if hanging a wall scroll”! This was a sign of one reaching the Transforming Jin stage. The Clear and Hidden Jin join together to couple hardness and softness together. Back in the late Qing and early period of the Republic of China, the expert of Guoshu, Li Cunyi had once said, “Jin is categorized into four things. Hard Clear Jin, hard Hidden Jin, soft Clear Jin, and soft Hidden Jin. When all four are achieved, Transforming Jin is obtained.”

When Wang Chao achieved the ability to emit the sounds of thunder, his bones and muscles had been strengthened like an ox or horse and could contend with a tiger or leopard. The ability to kill like a tiger or leopard, and the ability to be as

strong as an ox or horse. Each fist, each leg, both had the power of almost a ton. His Clear Jin had been at its pinnacle. His muscles and bones had been tempered to their limits. With both fists and both feet, they were like iron in hardness and like rattan in softness.

His Clear Jin had reached a level of having both hardness and softness aid each other. Hard Clear Jin and soft Clear Jin, he had mastered both.

Hidden Jin was separated into soft and hard as well. hard Clear Jin was like a needle when used and could penetrate a boulder. With a palm, the Jin would leave behind an indent on an iron plate.

The soft Hidden Jin could be manipulated to be flexible or stiff. The needle-like Hidden Jin could move on it's own like a snake entering a hole. When the Jin struck the acupoint of a person, it would be deep or shallow, heavy or light. Against a human, it could rob them of their lie. At the same time, the soft Hidden Jin could be used to unclog the blood vessels and prolong a person's life.

In accordance to these four types of Jin, Wang Chao had currently mastered three of them. His soft Hidden Jin had not yet been perfect throughout his entire body. It is mentioned in Taichi, "A feather cannot be added, and a fly cannot alight." Wang Chao had not yet mastered this concept.

But he was slowly reaching a maturing point with this. At the very least, both of his arms were completely able of using the soft Hidden Jin to a degree.

If a fly were to land on top of either of his arms, then it would be killed for sure with his Hidden Jin. However, if it were to land elsewhere, like his head, face, or back, then he would be helpless.

A fly was extremely sensitive. Even if one's skin were to make the most minute of shakes, then it would know and fly away instantly. But if one were to learn soft Hidden Jin to the state of natural perfection, then a fly's sensitivity would not be fast enough for it to dodge the Hidden Jin.

If an expert of Transforming Jin were to fight someone, their arms and legs could be said to be electrified. Upon contact, the Clear and Hidden Jin could be used simultaneously to assault the enemy and cause their body to become numb.

Xue Dian from the Tianjing Guoshu Institute had once said, “When one’s martial arts is high enough, they will be able to generate electricity to fight.” His words were not lies.

But this Cheng Shanming. His three palm strikes had emitted the sounds of thunder like a drum before they had even struck.

In his strike, Cheng Shanming had struck his enemy so that he had stuck to the wall like a wall scroll. This was a clear sign that he had command over the soft Clear and Hidden Jin and hard Clear and Hidden Jin. Wang Chao could easily conclude that in terms of Jin, Cheng Shanming was higher than him.

“What a fellow. He is truly an expert and is well deserving to be the legacy of elder Cheng Tinghua. For the Cheng sect of Bagua to have such a person, they have truly been revived. His guoshu is exquisite. For him to travel abroad, the leaves has sprouted while the tree of his homeland has truly withered.”

After seeing Cheng Shanming’s strike, Wang Chao had finally understood Cheng Tinghua when he spoke of the Chinese all over the world. He had said that amongst the overseas Chinese, there were all sorts of crouching tigers and hidden dragons to be seen.

Yagyu Suimei’s skill at martial arts was practically on par with Xu Zhen and was naturally not a match for a man like Cheng Shanming who was an expert of Transforming Jin. If someone from the Japanese martial arts world wanted to fight him, then only the top three would be able to manage.

“If you please.” Cheng Shanming recollected himself after crippling Yagyu Suimei almost as if he was doing something extremely insignificant. Without any worry, he turned around to lock eyes with Wang Chao.

“Master Cheng, please advise me!”

All three energies of Wang Chao had been fully focused onto Cheng Shanming. The entire world seemed to have lost its color as his eyes focused entirely onto the traditional expert of the Cheng Sect of Bagua.

TL Note: The three energies refer to essence, Qi, and spirit.

At a moment’s notice, Wang Chao broke out with Jin, his body trembling like a bear preparing to battle or a rooster ruffling its feathers.

His entire body rumbled with the sounds of thunder with a crackling sound as if a series of firecrackers was being set off.

From his head to vertebrae to hip bone to thighs to knees to ankles to toes and his arms to his fingers, every joint had given the crackling sound of thunder.

A gust of wind could be felt rolling away from his body.

This type of might and tremendous explosive burst of force had caused everyone to be startled. Everyone had been shocked to see this refined youth seemingly begin to transform into a humanoid robot from all the sound.

When Chen Libo saw Wang Chao's action, he thought back to the day they met with astonishment. *"If I had really made a move on that day, then with such a strength like this, a measly seven or eight meters wouldn't be enough for a gun to even kill him."*

When Xu Zhen saw the power that Wang Chao was exuding, his heart had suddenly flipped over. *"Thunder? He has attained such a stage of martial arts? It is fortunate that I didn't challenge him, otherwise, my death would be absolute! It seems that my personal vengeance for my disciple will be impossible."*

An amateur saw the results, an expert saw the process. Zhao Jun, who was right by Xu Zhen's side was no martial artist. But when he saw the aura that Wang Chao was exuding, he had been startled. *"Just who is this guy, he's practically a human version of a Gundam! Just how many guns would it take to kill such a person? If I had a submachine gun, would that even be enough to kill him?"*

Wang Chao's "Rooster Ruffling Feathers" had instantly displayed his strength for the room to see as he built up his strength. Even Cheng Shanming had grown serious in the face of it.

Not giving himself time to rest after that, Wang Chao burst into action as soon as the sounds of thunder reached a maximum. Combined with the gasps of the spectators and the unbelievable aura he had, Wang Chao's foot carried a tornado-like gust with it. With a forward march, he had closed the gap between him and Cheng Shanming in the blink of an eye.

Both arms rose up in the style of the Pounding Fist of the horse stance with the cracking sound of thunder accompanying it.

If it could be said that Wang Chao's "Rooster Ruffling Feathers" had a muffled sound of thunder, then this Pounding Fist of the horse stance had a world-breaking sound of thunder explode from it. The entire lounge echoed with the sound almost as if Wang Chao's fist had exploded the air itself.

Cheng Shanming instantly felt the wind blowing into his face before the fist had even reached him. The wind and thunder sounds had made it to him first, causing his skin and pores to shiver.

In his eyes, his enemy's Pounding Fist of the horse stance was no ordinary fist. It wasn't the tremendously fierce hard Jin that was the scary part, but the inspiration that was mixed into it.

In the moment Wang Chao attacked, he had cleverly tricked Cheng Shanming that the gasps of every spectator had instead been the hostility of his enemy. In that moment, Cheng Shanming had believed everyone watching him was his enemy.

With everyone's hostility, Wang Chao's strength had intensified his Pounding Fist. His inspiration and spirit had reached a height that could not be surpassed!

With the inspiration of his fist, Wang Chao suddenly felt the natural order of the heavens, the power of the earth, and the harmony of man. In his fist, Wang Chao felt one with the universe.

With such skill, this was no longer just a powerful strike of hard Jin! This was a strike that contained the pinnacle of the Way!

"How fierce!" In an instant, Cheng Shanming's mind give birth to the notion that he should temporarily move back.

But Cheng Shangming was a supreme master of Baguazhang. He was about an eighth as strong as Cheng Tinghua had been perhaps and was considered to be an outstanding master of martial arts within the Chinese Association of Canada. With countless of disciples, a veteran of hundreds of battle, and rich in battle experience, he was as close as he could be to being invulnerable. At the same time the thought of retreating welled up in his mind, he instantly quashed the

notion back down.

His body moved in response. Both arms were brought up in a horizontal fashion in an attempt to intercept Wang Chao's wrist.

Bang! Cheng Shanming's palms and Wang Chao's fist collided together powerfully with a sound reminiscent of a cannonball. The air around them vibrated with sound in a manner that made anyone close enough feel as if a refreshing gust of wind had hit them in the face.

Cheng Shanming's hand had been instantly forced apart when he made contact with Wang Chao's fist during its moment of being one with the universe.

But! Although his hands had been forced apart, his entire body did not retreat or stop moving. Instead, he twisted his waist and turned his body so that his shoulder was now facing Wang Chao like a spear. In the next moment, he charged at Wang Chao so that his shoulder blade was locked onto Wang Chao's collarbone!

At the same time, both of his hands which were blown away earlier came swirling back under his rib in a drill-like fashion. Such nimbleness like this had been superhuman in feat like two steel wires coming back like a whip.

Both palms cut across each other with a strength that carried firmness within softness and similar to a steel wire coiling and cutting. His shoulder had been like the tip of a spear with its frightening speed down the middle of Wang Chao with an domineering amount of power.

His palms were like a bladed whip and his body like a spear. His movements had the sounds of thunder, and Cheng Shanming's attack had somehow managed to fuse Bajiquan and Xingyiquan in it without imbalancing the strike.

Wang Chao's fist had contained the three energies within it and had also infused the atmosphere around him into it to form a fist that was one with the universe. This had resulted in giving Cheng Shanming a sense of pressure as if the entire room was his enemy and rattled his spirit. For it to be enough to force such an expert to think of retreating even a little, it could be said that out of everything Wang Chao taught himself, this fist was the one he was proud of the most.

In the instant of this one fist, a feeling of uncontested bravery surged through Wang Chao's heart. His entire body began to feel inspiration at a level higher than he had ever felt.

If Cheng Shanming were to retreat, then Wang Chao would press forward and attack. Even if his opponent was stronger than him, he would be trampled by him. In the end, his opponent would be defeated.

But Cheng Shangming was truly worthy of being called a supreme master. At the same time he felt the need to retreat, he had quashed the notion in a split-second! Because of his profound skills, this secretive change had been enough for Cheng Shanming to take the upper hand!

Bang! In the moment after Wang Chao had thrown off Cheng Shanming's hands, they had came back at him from both sides. With an arching of his back, Wang Chao's left elbow protruded outwards in an attempt to ram into Cheng Shanming's collarbone. In the next instant, his elbow had clashed with Cheng Shanming's shoulder which had been aimed at his own collarbone.

At the same time, Wang Chao's right fist continued with the Pounding Fist of the horse stance and rode the explosive force towards Cheng Shanming's face.

Chapter 112: Rising Wave of the Dragon and Snake

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In the clash of shoulder and elbow, Cheng Shanming suddenly dropped downwards. His shoulder drifted away from his initial target by just a single inch and fell squarely onto the Wang Chao's strike in a perfect angle.

Just at that moment, Wang Chao's other fist had nearly arrived at Cheng Shanming's face. The fierce gust of wind had been like knives, and the wind had cut into his face in a slightly painful manner.

If this blow of Wang Chao's were to connect, then Cheng Shenming would no longer have a face.

Pa! Cheng Shanming's hands had shot forth from his ribs with unexpected success. His hands slanted upwards and completely protected his face from the fierce Pounding Fist of Wang Chao.

But, Wang Chao's Pounding Jin had been extremely formidable. Throughout the entire move, whether it was in power or inspiration, they were both at their limits and had forced Cheng Shanming's hands to be blown apart away from the fist like a missile.

Wang Chao's fist which had been one with the universe was truly unblockable. With this constant bombardment of the Pounding Fist, his opponent had no possible way of defending against it. Even if they were to try, the power from his fist would tear their defenses apart with lasting effects.

Cheng Shanming simply did not expect for Wang Chao's very first assault to contain his most strongest and inspired attack. In an instant, his advantage had been taken away, forcing him to rely completely on his own pure skill and deceptive movements. Try as hard as he might, the advantage he lost would not be so easily returned.

In two consecutive attacks, Wang Chao's fist had blown Cheng Shanming's fist away without fail. At this, Cheng Shanming was secretly shocked. He knew now that this seemingly mild like youth was not in fact a newbie, but he was a

once-per-generation master of martial arts. An artisan of Xingyiquan. If he did not keep his guard up, then he would be beaten and killed as if it was normal.

Quelling his emotions instantly, he took a single foot backwards while simultaneously shifting strangely to Wang Chao's left side. His hand formed a blade and hacked at him with a diagonal stroke. There was a faint whistling sound that sounded as if an actual metallic knife was vibrating through the air.

Wang Chao's entire mind had been honed in on Cheng Shanming, meaning there was no way he didn't know what Cheng Shanming had been intending to do. Furthermore, he himself learned the footwork of Baguazhang to an excellent degree. The way his opponent's step had moved to fight him, he was familiar with that feeling. Seeing Cheng Shanming make his step, Wang Chao followed him up so that they were face to face again.

Bang! When the foot collided with the ground, the ground shook as Wang Chao's Pounding Fist of the horse stance rose to meet Cheng Shanming's chopping palm.

As the fist and palm were about to meet, Cheng Shanming's palm pressed downwards so that his abdominal cavity let out a rumbling sound. His entire skin suddenly went red as his entire arm seemingly grew larger while bringing his hand down with a higher amount of pressure!

This one push, drag, and drawing of his hand resembled that of a butcher's knife in the hand of a butcher—ready to split open the stomach of a fat pig.

As this blade-like hand pressed down, it brought along a ripping sound that pierced the ears of everyone around..

Cheng Shanming's skill with his hand had allowed him to use the secret hand blade technique of Baguazhang, "Dragging Blade Jin". A chop, a press, a drag, and a pull, these four ways to apply strength was combined into one to store power to an unbelievable degree. Cheng Shanming's hand would be able to release a chop so strong that it could create a deep groove within a cemented electric pole. If used on a human, then it would be like using a large knife to cut open the stomach.

This move was also the most terrifying technique of circulating Jin within the Cheng sect of Baguazhang. A single chop with this technique, no matter how the

opponent blocked, the Hidden Jin within the chop would cut apart the arteries and send blood everywhere.

That was because this “Dragging Blade Jin” was far too malevolent. It was never meant to be used casually, but today Cheng Shanming had been forced to use it because of Wang Chao. If he couldn’t secure the upper hand again, then it was hard to say that he would lose himself to Wang Chao’s fierce barrage of attacks and lose his life.

Cheng Shanming was a supreme master of Baguazhang. Even if Chen Aiyang were to face him at his peak strength, the outcome of the match would be impossible to tell. He was not a newbie disguised as a genius as Ye Xuan was. Although Wang Chao’s fist had an ultra-high level of force, if Cheng Shanming’s palm were to meet it, then Wang Chao would not be able to overcome it.

In this moment, the air had screamed with the sounds of a blade. Wang Chao’s fist had begun to feel the amazing power of a blade of wind streak across his arms. His sleeves seemed as if it was cut apart by scissors and was cut in two. At the same time, his hair and pores felt as if they were on fire like a blade was cutting over it and blood would spurt out any moment.

If it were any other expert, they would most certainly pull back their hands and retreat at such a feeling. But Wang Chao had experienced many fights before and knew that in a competition of inspiration, no matter how short, Cheng Shanming had reached a realm of perfection with his leg. Retreating would be of no use. If he retreated, Cheng Shanming would overcome him. To retreat was to walk the road to disaster.

Even if his arm were to be pulled apart, he could not retreat.

In an instant, Wang Chao’s eyes shrunk to slits. With a shake of his hands, his arms began to lean outwards in a spiral-like fashion. His veins had popped outwards almost as if a greenish earthworm had burrowed beneath his skin, frightening everyone who saw it.

With both arms moving inwards and outwards like the chaotic dance of two vipers, the ruined sleeves had begun the dance as well. Somehow, the sleeves were like banners that wrapped around Cheng Shanming’s blade hand.

This was one of the moves of the “Assault of Dragon and Snake”, the “Rising

Wave of the Dragon and Snake”. Both arms were like spears, while at the same time, they were like flagpoles while their sleeves were the flags with the ability to wrap and bind. The banners would rise and fall in the same manner of a wave. The two arms were like a dragon and snake. Hidden within the depths of the wave was a torrent ready to eat someone.

This strike was to be used with sleeves. If one was bare bodied from the waist up, then there would be the dragon and snake, but no wave to rise up with. Normally, Wang Chao wore long sleeves, and now with Cheng Shanming shredding it apart, he could finally use it. His arms shook like how a banner would with the movements of a dragon and a snake and as well as a wave of water.

A dragon in shallow waters would be played with by the shrimp. But when the dragon returns to the great oceans, it will soar up to the clouds to move the fog.

“Eh?!” When Cheng Shanming had utilized his “Dragging Blade Jin”, he was convinced that he had the upper hand once more. But he hadn’t thought that Wang Chao would use such a bizarre move. The ruined sleeves of Wang Chao had been like a wave from the ocean and wrapped around his arms, neutralizing the power of his pulling motion.

Keenly sensing that a killing move was about to be used, Cheng Shanming’s wrist shook, ripping away Wang Chao’s sleeves and revealing his entire upper arm with a ripping sound.

But, in the instant Cheng Shanming moved to unwrap himself, Wang Chao’s arms stretched and contracted and struck out furtively with a tremendous amount of Smashing Jin that brought forth his still noticeably scary veined arms.

Wang Chao’s bare arm had brought a jabbing motion towards Cheng Shanming’s chest. But his other arm had remained with him and shook slightly like a viper covering itself up. At the same time, his steps stomped upwards with a hoof-like palm that was aimed straight for Cheng Shanming’s tibia.

Cheng Shanming’s eyes widened completely and brought both arms backwards. At the same time, his legs shot backwards, he was retreating!

The exchanges between the two had been hair-raising. If one were to make an error, then blood will be spilt, and a body would fall to the floor. The two were

ying for the advantage, and ultimately, Wang Chao's "Rising Wave of Dragon and Snake" had only made him lose a sleeve while making Cheng Shanming retreat for the first time.

As Cheng Shanming retreated, Wang Chao's inspiration grew. Like Cheng Shanming's shadow, Wang Chao pursued him with the trampling movement of a rampaging horse. Both of his arms swung out with the Pounding Fist and a resounding explosion that continued to force Cheng Shanming back. No matter how much Cheng Shanming fell back, he was utterly incapable of evading this flurry of fists.

Cheng Shanming's footsteps had formed a single line that led him to retreat into a wall with no further room to move back.

Suddenly, his back hit the wall. With a jump up, his arms stabbed into the wall like how a lizard would scale a wall. As he flew up, he managed to dodge Wang Chao's bombardment of Pounding Fists.

Wang Chao's eyes lit up. In this moment Cheng Shanming flew up the wall, Wang Chao immediately stopped his barrage and fell back. With a shake of his entire body, the rumbling sounds of thunder could be heard once more.

Cheng Shanming's retreat had been due to his loss of vigor and Wang Chao's spurt of energy to the point of having no more strength to defend himself properly. With him currently sticking to the wall, this rise into the air had been his forced move to retreat when he couldn't retreat any more.

While this move was clever, it was an empty move. It was a move that required him to circulate his backmost muscles to stick to the wall as he rose like a snake's scale as it climbed a tree. It would allow him to cling to the wall for a sparse few seconds before ultimately dropping down, but this was a move meant for performances rather than fighting. His body could soar into the sky, but not for long. He couldn't borrow strength from any direction either, meaning when he fell, he would fall onto the road of disaster.

Such a move like this was akin to drinking poison to stop the thirst. Although he was able to temporarily dodge Wang Chao's assault, but in the next moment when he would fall, he would not be able to dodge Wang Chao's attack then.

Wang Chao's step back had been to conserve power and bring out the sounds

of thunder once more. Just as he was conserving power, he adjusted himself into the most optimal condition. After several seconds when Cheng Shanming would finally fall, Wang Chao was prompted to strike out with the sounds of thunder.

This strike was one that even an Immortal would find difficult to dodge.

Unexpectedly, Cheng Shanming had managed to place his palms onto two spots on the wall at his highest point. With a sudden clench, rumble! The wall had suddenly a hole in it from when his hands dug into it, slowing down his drop by a single second.

Wang Chao had been prepared for Cheng Shanming's inevitable fall and had prepared himself in advance to conserve all the power he could. But he hadn't thought that his opponent's fingers would be so strong to stick to the wall and then break it in a way to slow down the descent of his body.

This single plan had made a single second of a mistake. And this mistake had caused Wang Chao's muscles, Qi, and Jin to leak out by a small amount.

"An opportunity!" Cheng Shanming began to fall down the wall as if he was sliding on it and planted his feet on the ground.

Wang Chao had made a mistake that costed him some strength. But his skill at hand was still strong like before and wouldn't be blockable by Cheng Shanming. As Cheng Shanming fell, Wang Chao pounced towards him with his arms outstretched like an arrow aided by the wind forward.

When Cheng Shanming made his attempt to dodge before, it had taken a considerable amount of energy. Now that he had grabbed onto the wall to slow down his descent, it had forced his breath out of him. With this next attack from Wang Chao, he would be seeking death if he tried to take it head on.

Suddenly, he took advantage of the sliding movement down the wall to shrink his body into that of a child's size. Both legs made contact with the wall and pressed off against it. Like a ball, Cheng Shanming managed to roll to the side and dodge Wang Chao.

This move had been executed swiftly with the way a monkey shrunk its body and the way a donkey rolled about. It had even managed to evade Wang Chao's fists, legs, and body.

Deeming this move to have failed, Wang Chao still managed to have enough energy to follow Cheng Shanming. Despite his attacks not landing, he had begun to take the upper hand and continue the assault. Seeing Cheng Shanming roll his body out of the way, Wang Chao turned around and pounced like a tiger with the chopping motion to cleave a mountain with his hand at the same time to follow Cheng Shanming's roll away from the wall.

In this moment, Cheng Shanming was quietly complaining to himself. These changes to his form had taken all of his energy and brought him to a disadvantage where danger was still imminent.

"I didn't think that when this youth gained the upper hand, he would chase me down relentlessly. If I wish to regain the advantage, it will be extremely difficult!" Cheng Shanming thought to himself with fierce astonishment. He had been far too surprised at Wang Chao's attainments with martial arts.

Although he had ripped apart Wang Chao's sleeve, he was forced to roll around like a donkey. To the eyes of an outsider, they were at an impasse, but to the eyes of an expert, Cheng Shanming was clearly in extreme danger!

"How is this possible!" Xu Zhen had stood up at the sight of everything. *"Has his martial arts truly reached such a level to where even an expert like Cheng Shanming is unable to regain the upper hand?"*

Chen Aiyang's eyes had been far more specific than Xu Zhen. When he saw the shape the competition was in, he could only sigh in admiration, *"That style of using the sleeves to tie something up, it truly holds a hidden cleverness within the awkwardness of the move. Within this cleverness, there is the potential to kill hidden within it. This move contains the concept of using a flag to wrap and the flagpole as a spear. A mystery of the ancient battlefield's way to kill. If Wang Chao had not such a move, then he would surely be defeated by Cheng Shanming already. Just what kind of person does it take to create such a killing move like this? Cheng Shanming is truly amazing as well to again and again avert disaster after losing the advantage. If it were me in his place, then it would be difficult for me to evade Wang Chao's assault."*

In the time Chen Aiyang was thinking, Wang Chao's tiger pounce and Chopping Jin had already arrived at where Cheng Shanming would roll to!

Cheng Shanming darted upwards from the ground. He had not been worried about Wang Chao's downward chop. Suddenly bringing his hand up from the hip; Cheng Shanming brought his body up and one palm lifted upwards to strike at the adam's apple of Wang Chao.

This hand was a variation of the "Lifting Body Palm" of Baguazhang. In other disciplines, this was called the "Rising Palm". It required the body to slightly crouch before lifting and extending in an instant so that the hand would scoop up from the hip ferociously to strike at the enemy's chin, throat, or face.

Bang! Cheng Shanming's "Lifting Body Palm" collided with Wang Chao's "Chopping Jin of the tiger stance". Abruptly expanding his fingers, Wang Chao's two hands transformed into the claws of an eagle and grabbed at the palms of Cheng Shanming.

Cheng Shanming's other hand came rushing forward, transforming from palm to a claw as well. With both arms pushing against, Cheng Shanming and Wang Chao were now both grabbing at each other.

Wang Chao's foot had been like the hoof of a horse and rose up to stamp on Cheng Shanming. In reaction, Cheng Shanming's two legs rose up to defend himself. With a fierce explosion of wind, the shoes of both people had burst apart at the seams.

Borrowing the resulting power, Wang Chao let go with his claw and pressed with both arms to bring his body soaring straight up to use the "Flying Horse Treading on Sparrow".

When Cheng Shanming saw Wang Chao's movements, he instantly realized the situation wasn't looking good! Seeing his soar up, Cheng Shanming felt an ill omen stir and immediately brought both arms back to protect his chest while also moving back.

But he hadn't thought that this fierce foot of Wang Chao had been a you die or I die last resort. A single kick had blown away his hands while the other foot landed squarely onto his chest.

Receiving the blow on his chest, Cheng Shanming shook for a moment as he felt his chest sink in by an inch. Manipulating his Jin into a needle-like form, he stabbed out at Wang Chao's leg in retaliation.

At that moment, Wang Chao's third leg had stamped onto Cheng Shanming's throat.

Moving his palm down, Cheng Shanming moved to protect his throat. At the same time, his other fist slammed against Wang Chao's other foot so that both sides would suffer an injury as a result.

Cheng Shanming knew that his opponent's leg strength was far too strong and that his own hand wouldn't be enough to prevent his throat from being crushed. At the same time, his fist would be strong enough to shatter his opponent's leg.

But a life for a foot, that was not a good deal.

But suddenly, Wang Chao's leg turned into a point instead of stamping his throat. Stepping on Cheng Shanming's hand, he borrowed it to get a momentum away from him. As a result, Wang Chao's leg was safe.

Wang Chao's retreat had been especially risky and had forced him to give up the upper hand he had. If Cheng Shanming had charged forward, then no matter how strong he was, death would be all that awaited him. The Flying Horse Treading on Sparrow was a last resort that would end the life of one person.

When Cheng Shanming saw Wang Chao retreat, he had wanted to chase him. But he suddenly thought it to be inappropriate and immediately stopped himself without the intention to attack.

"He was taking a chance on mercy!"

Chapter 113: Being Ordinary is to be Innocent, but Being Talented in Martial Arts is to be Guilty

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Seeing that Cheng Shanming didn't leap forward, Wang Chao let out a brief sigh in relief. His entire body loosened like the tides receding away without the slightest amount of power.

His right leg pressed against the ground while his left leg stood on its toe as if he was trying to loosen the blood vessels in it.

This was the result of Cheng Shanming's chest breaking out with Hidden Jin in retaliation. Stabbing into his leg, Wang Chao had felt an uncomfortable feeling in it.

When Wang Chao used his "Flying Horse Treading on Sparrow", he had borrowed the Jin of Cheng Shanming's arm to launch upwards. Then, he stamped fiercely down with his second kick onto his opponent's chest. If it were a regular person, then they would have their chest smashed to bits and their inner organs crushed, resulting in their swan song.

But Cheng Shanming had already reached the Transforming Jin realm with his Baguazhang. His entire body could break out with Hidden Jin from any point, and in both soft and hard amounts. In the face of danger, he could break out without much thought. He was not that far away from the "A feather cannot be added, and a fly cannot alight" stage.

While an expert of martial arts with enough command over Hidden Jin were to be hit with a wooden staff by a regular person, they would be able to defend themselves from harm. But they would not be capable of defending themselves from another practitioner's strongest leg and fist.

Even Yang Luchan or Dong Haichuan wouldn't be able to stand their ground and withstand the Hidden Jin reinforced strike of a master without injury.

But in that instant, Cheng Shanming had manipulated his chest muscles to affect the joints and brought his inner organs back an inch before using the Hidden Jin to strengthen his heart, muscles, and bones. In that instant of collision, the Hidden Jin had stabbed into Wang Chao's leg.

Because their shoes had been reduced to scrap cloth, leaving Wang Chao barefooted and allowing the Hidden Jin easy access.

It hadn't even been ten minutes since the start of the fight, but danger had been all around as the two men teetered on the line between life and death, providing the ultimate thrilling experience for everyone.

In the final most moment, Wang Chao could have crushed Cheng Shanming's throat and end his life. But he had recollected his Jin so that it went from hard to soft Jin and leapt off instead.

From this, one could infer that Wang Chao had been holding back so as to spare Cheng Shanming's heart. That had been half of the reason. The other half had been because Cheng Shanming's final strike had been especially terrifying. When Cheng Shanming's palm moved to strike Wang Chao's leg, it's power was inhuman. Even if Wang Chao had killed his opponent, he wouldn't be able to keep his own leg afterwards.

With Cheng Shanming's palm strength, if it connected, then Wang Chao's leg would be shattered in the joint. The outer muscles would suffer from necrosis, and the injuries would be totally untreatable. All that was left was amputation and then have a prosthetic limb to replace it.

In the case of that, it would be hard to say whether or not Wang Chao would become like [Tieguai Li](#).

It was not a situation where both sides would lose, so Wang Chao had naturally desired not to exchange his leg for Cheng Shanming's life and took the risk to show mercy. His retreat was basically the same as being in danger. If Cheng Shanming were to pounce at that moment, then he would gain the upper hand once more.

As long as the master of Baguazhang gained the upper hand, then Wang Chao would for sure be killed within a dozen exchanges.

“His skill at martial arts is more pure than mine. Just now, my fist was one with the universe and reached a never before seen heights. After that barrage where all my talent was brought out, I barely avoided losing the upper hand. If not for sis Chen’s “Rising Wave of the Dragon and Snake”, then I would have lost. This Cheng Shanming is very close to overpassing his ancestor Cheng Tinghua.”

When Wang Chao retreated, he had bet completely on morality.

But clearly, Cheng Shanming had inherited the spirit of Cheng Tinghua’s Martial Way and heroic air. He had not pounced forward and instead moved back.

Combat experience could not be faked. It could only be gained through actual experience.

Experience is an extremely rich way of learning. Aside from real combat, one had to look at the person and see their personality. Opponents with different personalities would choose different ways to deal with their opponent. This was what it meant to have a high quality match between experts.

If it were Xu Zhen, then Wang Chao wouldn’t retreat in this case. Instead, he would try to kill his opponent. If he retreated, then the enemy would make sure to take advantage of the chance and strike back. A counter attack to kill, that was how it worked.

Seeing Wang Chao loosen his muscles and drop all his hostility, Cheng Shanming stood there without moving a muscle. With his eyes, he stared at Wang Chao for the longest time.

Wang Chao was also evening out his Qi so as to loosen the numbness in his left leg. After being struck by the Hidden Jin in Cheng Shanming’s chest, it had been like his leg was struck by lightning. He had practically lost all sense of feeling in his leg, and his opponent’s skill was still far more pure than his. This was leading into a bad situation.

The sudden stop of a fierce battle had caused the entire lounge to go so quiet, a pin dropping could be heard. Between the two masters, Cheng Shanming and Wang Chao, both of them were no longer in their prime state as before.

Both fighters were barefooted and Wang Chao’s entire upper sleeve had been

torn off so that his arm could be seen. Cheng Shanming's clothes were crumpled and his flesh was red from where he had rolled over the glass. Such, his stature right now was similar to that of a beggar.

"Master Cheng, your Baguazhang is far too pure. There should be no need to compete anymore." Wang Chao spoke, breaking the atmosphere.

Cheng Shanming let out a loud exhale, causing his long black beard to rise and fall. "What a youngster. How spectacular. From the very beginning, my inspiration was not yet at your level, and in the final moment, you had even showed mercy and did not crush my throat. I cannot continue like this, so let us end this match then. You are a friend of Chen Aiyang; because of his injuries, you became his support with a loyal spirit. I have neither grievance nor hatred with you, so there is no need to fight to the death. But Chen Aiyang on the other hand. He has killed my brother in martial arts, how could I let a grudge like this fade into nothing so easily? At the same time, he is injured, I cannot take advantage of him like this. I will wait for when he recovers, and by then we will fight!"

At that moment, Chen Aiyang nodded his head, "Master Cheng, I will accept your challenge at any time. Shall we conclude this competition then??"

With a chuckle, Cheng Shanming looked to Wang Chao, "Youngster, who knows just how much you will improve in another three years?"

With that, Cheng Shanming turned around and left the lounge.

"Mister Cheng, mister Cheng!" As soon as Cheng Shanming left, president Shen Hong of the Chinese Revival Society was flustered and immediately chased after him, unsure of what to do.

He had originally planned to use Cheng Shanming's anger towards Chen Aiyang to his advantage to fight against the Chenshi Corporation and take back the golden profits of the foreign exchange business. He had even planned it out to take place the following day on a tanker in the oceans. Even if he lost, then he could still resort to another plan in the form of an ambush.

In the end, he was a business who walked the black path and did not adhere to the rules of the Wulin. A secret way of doing business that meant if he did not win, he would assassinate. If he did not assassinate, then he would make use of

guns or even an all out battle.

But Chen Libo had been a crafty old fox. Without even knowing it, he had completely ruined Shen Hong's plans. When Shen Hong brought Cheng Shanming over, it had been so that the two sides could get to know each other first before fighting tomorrow in an official match. But he hadn't anticipated that Wang Chao would be the second coming of Cheng Yaojin showing up suddenly on the way.

TL Note: Cheng Yaojin showing up along the way means for someone to accidentally ruin a plan or to be a busybody.

Even if it was just Wang Chao, Shen Hong would still find a way. But, Chen Libo had managed to invite the "Prince" of Singapore, Lee Hsien Yang. Lee Hsien Yang's words and actions had forced Shen Hong with no way to refuting anything.

Lee Hsien Yang was the symbol of the Singaporean government and not some sort of gang or business. In southern Asia, aside from the leaders of the other nations, generals, or navy commanders, not many would be able to get away with not giving him any face.

The Chinese Revival Society had many other businesses other than the foreign transport in Singapore. Thus, they could absolutely not afford to have a falling out with the "Prince". Lee Hsien Yang's words would not allow Shen Hong to contradict him.

With this match ending in an inconclusive ending, Shen Hong had been sent into a flurry and didn't know what to do. Cheng Shanming wasn't a boxer under the hand of the Chinese Revival Society, so he could not be bossed around either.

"What, did you want me to fight again for the sake of winning a victory?"

Cheng Shanming suddenly spoke out Shen Hong's intentions with a hard stare that frightened Shen Hong into a cold sweat. Taking several steps back in fear, he watched Cheng Shanming walk out.

"Since today's match ended in a tie, then there can be no winnings from this match. However, if those who participated are still interested, please do not

collect your money yet and wait a month. We will have one more match with the Chinese Revival Society in a month. If you choose to leave your money with me, then I will give interest ten times higher than what a bank would give. If you do not wish to bet anymore and wish to withdraw, I have a gift for you.”

Chen Libo laughed loud and clear almost as if he had just ate his most favourite of food. The face of a man who had just recovered from an illness couldn't be seen anywhere on his face. Turning to Shen Hong, he spoke, “President Shen, since today's match was inconclusive, shall we bet next month for the permanent right of attribution of the foreign trade? If you don't wish to bet, then we hope that your Chinese Revival Society will not bring up such an issue like this again. Our Chenshi Corporation and your Huaxing Chamber of Commerce are both major enterprises. In front of all these people and Lee Hsien Yang, I would like to make a genuine conclusion so as to prevent any further trouble and for the stability of the straits.”

“Permanent right of attribution...” Shen Hong spoke with a myriad of emotions. He had come here today with complete confidence and many men in order to cover Chen Libo. Not to be outdone and show weakness, he spoke, “If elder Chen wishes for such, then our Chinese Revival Society will accompany you on that.”

“Great! And your lawyers?” Chen Libo laughed. “Since it's so lively, let's have our lawyers draft up a contract right now and have us sign it for next month. In any case, I will have to retire soon. Before I leave, allow me to experience the thrill of life once more. Aside from the permanent right of attribution, why don't we add onto the money from the last bet. 4 billion RMB, president Shen, what do you say?”

“This old man has gone crazy! But looking at Chen Aiyang, I doubt his wounds will recover completely in a month. I'll have the lawyers try to fight for more money then.”

Shen Hong's mind began to quickly do the calculations before finally waving his hand to call out to the people behind him, “I'll have my lawyers come and draft up an official contract with the Chenshi Corporation then.”

After exiting the lounge, Shen Hong immediately ordered his subordinates,

“Did you find Chen Shanming? In the next few days, stalk him from the shadows. Every action, every move, I want it reported to me!”

“President, Cheng Shanming has returned to his hotel for a change of clothes. But this contract next month, shouldn’t we confer with the other board members? I have a feeling that this Chen Libo is up to something suspicious.” An aide spoke.

“I’ve ridden the tiger today, I cannot dismount from it so easily. With so many people there along with Lee Hsien Yang, if I were to show weakness, then it would spread like wildfire. And if that happens, then I won’t be able to work as easily as before. My power within the chamber of commerce would take a great fall as well. But for this competition, Chen Aiyang will definitely not recover in time for it. What is most worrisome is that youth who fought with Cheng Shanming today! Where in the world did the Chenshi Corporation hire such a terrifying master? I don’t believe he’s one of them, but investigate him thoroughly. If nothing of interest pops up, then I want you to get rid of him by tomorrow!”

A malevolent glare appeared in Shen Hong’s eyes.

“But that Cheng Shanming is quite the experienced fighter. To travel thousands of miles to carry out vengeance by his own fists, his mind has a screw loose. We cannot let him go back. Even if we must subdue him by force, we must make him a fighter for us!”

Zhang Guangming had been invited by the Chinese Revival Society and was then killed by Chen Aiyang. When Cheng Shanming heard of the news, he came rushing thousands of miles away all the way from Canada and went to the Chinese Revival Society for information. It had been with great joy that the Chinese Revival Society told him, but he had not been stuck under their management by the end.

Now, Shen Hong had other plans in his heart. He would use force to make sure that Cheng Shanming would stay.

“That Cheng Shanming is quite dangerous.” Just at that moment, the violent winds had temporarily abated as Chen Aiyang spoke to Wang Chao.

Chapter 114: Just Blow Them Up

Chapter 114: Just Blow Them Up

The night was getting late, and the banquet at the Chenshi Corporation was already nearing its end. But Wang Chao had no interest in staying any longer.

There had been no substantial ending to the fight between Wang Chao and Cheng Shanming. At the very least, all they had to show for it was a free match for all of the upper-class citizens of Singapore to enjoy.

For the sake of his friend, he had fought to the death. But a group of pig fat-for-brains men had used it to gamble and bet for their own viewing pleasures. This type of spectacle had made Wang Chao feel displeased, and after a while, nauseous even.

But that was how the modern world had developed. No matter how strong a person was, it's only use was for the entertainment of someone else. Even in a competition, it was no different than the underground fights to the death. The only difference was the status of the audience, that's all.

Thus, when Cheng Shanming left, Wang Chao found himself uninterested and withdrew from the banquet. After a change of clothes, he and Chen Aiyang moved to the top of the skyscraper.

The full moon rose over the oceans with its pearly silver luster over the waters. Underneath, the waves rose and fell and the winds brought forth a refreshing breeze and water vapor. With this, Wang Chao could break from the noisy and nasty air from below and feel his spirit calm and clean once more. All of the impurities from his body and mind had been basked by the moonlight and wiped clean without a speck of dust.

Seeing the moonlight reflect off the waves of the ocean, Wang Chao's mind began to fall into a serene and clean state. Naturally, he was cultivating with the essence of the moonlight while being one with the universe.

"Chen Shanming is quite strong; he must have a substantial amount of power in Canada. I doubt he'd be controlled by Shen Hong or the Chinese Revival

Society.” Hearing Chen Aiyang suddenly talk about how strong Cheng Shanming was, a thought occurred to Wang Chao, “When I was fighting with him, I could tell that his strength and experience is vast and rich. He’s definitely not someone who trains exclusively behind closed doors. He has definitely fought in life-or-death battles before. For a person to fight in actual combat without the inspiration or head for it will definitely die early.”

“You say that, but the Chinese Revival Society have been of the black path since their creation. They are merciless and are adept at conspiracies. Shen Hong will definitely have some hired guns with excellent marksmanship and assassination skills at the ready. If not Cheng Shanming, I am worried that they will try to put you at a disadvantage.” Chen Bin spoke behind Chen Aiyang and explained the situation to Wang Chao. In the breeze, her hair fluttered gently in it.

“For us of the Chenshi Corporation, they will not dare make a move. But for an outsider like you who helped my brother out despite the official competition with higher stakes being next month, the Chinese Revival Society will not take this lying down. By next month, my wounds will have properly healed. I am confident that no matter what expert the Chinese Revival Society invites, I will be able to fight properly. You should return to the mainland tomorrow and not get mixed up with this anymore.”

“That won’t do. Your injuries originally needed half a month to heal. But when you showed me the Flying Horse Treading on Sparrow, you injured your inner organs even more. A month most likely won’t be enough. If Cheng Shanming were to fight you, then you will eat up a major loss. To be frank, Cheng Shanming is the strongest opponent I have ever met. His martial arts is more pure than mine, and he is capable of Transforming Jin. When my leg struck his chest, he had broke out with Hidden Jin in retaliation instinctively. If it were not for my fist taking the upper hand prior to that, then I would have lost at his hands. All of my skills have been revealed to him, the next time won’t be so fortunate for me then. My fist today had been of extraordinary might, if I were to attempt the same fist again, I doubt I will be able to muster out the same strength.”

Wang Chao’s words had been spoken from the heart. Today’s fight had consisted of him letting forth a fist that was one with the universe. With a spurt

of inspiration, he had been able to take the upper hand and reveal his strength.

In terms of martial arts, Cheng Shanming was better than his. But having better martial arts did not mean having a guaranteed win. Countless of seniors in the past have proved that. A match to the death required experience, skill, and inspiration. A practitioner at the Clear Jin stage could kill an expert at the Hidden Jin stage if their footwork was good enough.

In a fight of martial arts, having pure martial arts only played half the part in a victory.

Hearing this, Chen Aiyang looked to Wang Chao and shook his head, “You are misleading yourself. The fist you made today will always be available to you. I’ve fought with you many times before, so I know your character well. I’ve no doubt in my judgement. Your determination and vitality has a silent driving force behind it. Naturally, you have an overwhelming amount of presence to you. It affects your thoughts, and every fist or foot you move will carry this presence and inspiration with it. The more spirited and strong your opponent is, the more intent and inspiration you break out with. If even an opponent with an even higher level of martial arts were to come by you, they would be shocked by your inspiration and lose the upper hand. As long as you face off against a strong opponent, you will be able to unleash a level of martial arts that is stronger than what you are normally capable of. This is what you are hiding within your intent; if you don’t come across a strong person, you will not be able to show it—it’s as simple as that. For a practitioner to blindly train himself, that will not do. One must coordinate with the intent and emotions. With emotions, one will be engrossed in their training and forget the pains of life and death and love and hate. This way of learning the fist is what it truly means to be a practitioner, and you have long since practiced in a specialized manner such as this. Otherwise, you would not be able to bring out the dormant strength hidden within you when pressured by a stronger opponent..While I was able to walk on the journey of cultivation before you, your cultivation of the intent and inspiration has long since left me behind in the dust. When I fully recover and fight against you, I will no longer be a match for you! A person like you is perhaps meant to live a life of the Martial Way through and through.”

Wang Chao smiled, “I am not that mysterious.”

Chen Aiyang's eyes turned to look at the moon out over the skies, "Cheng Shanming is an expert that I bear no ill will to. If he continues to be the representative for the Chinese Revival Society a month from now, then whoever lives and whoever dies will not be an answer I could give with satisfaction."

"That much I know, I have a plan however." Wang Chao spoke. "He is still in Singapore. I will go find him. I can't say whether or not I will be able to shake him of his hatred with you, but at the very least, I will try to persuade him to not get involved with the Chinese Revival Society. Perhaps tomorrow we will be able to convince him to fight you in half a month for a single decisive battle."

"That method works!" Chen Bin's eyes lit up, "If Cheng Shanming does not fight next month, then I don't see just where the Chinese Revival Society will be able to find a martial artist to fight my brother! A master of martial arts is no different than from a master of gambling. Neither can be invited whenever wanted."

"There are such people as masters of gambling?" Wang Chao asked.

"Of course. We are in southern Asia, with businesses fighting against businesses with heavy losses, there are two ways to resolve conflict once the casualties become unbearable. One is a competition of martial arts. The other is a gambling match. Have you seen the film of Chow Yun-Fat, *God of Gamblers*? In truth, the gambling system in that film is not much different than how it is in real life. But both businesses usually have many con artists. Even our Chenshi Corporation has several." Chen Bin explained.

"Con artists are easy to train, but experts of martial arts are not as easy. If they aren't able to have Cheng Shanming fight, then what other fighter would they be able to use? Since they have signed the contract, they don't even have the luxury of regret."

"Ai, by now, learning the fist has very few bonuses besides being healthy. For it to stand side by side with a con artist as being one of the way to solves a conflict, wouldn't this sound like a joke to anyone else?" Wang Chao sighed as he thought about those who fought in the underground. Even more mournful were the boxers who were sponsored by companies. At the very least, some had been able to open their own schools and wore boxing gloves to put up a performance for

the television. Wrestling couldn't even compare to what a practitioner of the Martial Way did.

"Fine, I will go explain the situation to Cheng Shanming. If he leaves Singapore tomorrow, then it will be difficult to send a message to him." Wang Chao turned around to go downstairs.

"One moment, I'll go with you." Zhu Jia and Chen Bin suddenly spoke out at same time. Then, turning to look at each other, their faces turned slightly red as sparks flew in between them with a hostile air.

"Zhu Jia, you should stay here. Chen Bin, your brother killed Zhang Guangming and earned Cheng Shangming's ire. Naturally, you can't go either. I'll go myself."

"The Chinese Revival Society holds sway within Singapore. If you go by yourself, I'm afraid danger will pop up. Let me have some people go with you at the very least then?" Chen Aiyang spoke in concern.

"Haha, didn't I already say? If a martial artist has no power after fighting so many life or death battles, then no matter how many times they have won, they won't survive for long. Even I have some power." Wang Chao gave a secretive smile, causing Chen Aiyang to feel relieved and smiled in return.

"Where is Chen Shanming living in?" Wang Chao asked.

"Thirty or so kilometers away from the shorelines, there is a single mountain where plenty of villas were made. Two of them belong to Shen Hong where three of his lovers live in. Although he has rented out several rooms at the Lion City Hotel, I am sure this is just a fallback for him. He is definitely keeping Cheng Shanming in the villas. However, you could go to the hotel first to see. If he is not there, then he will definitely be at the villas."

Chen Aiyang immediately made a phone call. Soon afterwards, Lin Liqiang came up and had a single map with him. This map had detailed points of where the Chinese Revival Society would be marked on it.

There was no other choice. Although looking for Cheng Shanming to temporarily put the match on hold was a simple matter to talk about, this entire ordeal was one business trying to dig a hole into the other. Four billion RMB was at stake along with a foreign trade route. This type of capital was more than

enough to let over a hundred people live their lives in luxury.

When Wang Chao had all the streets memorized, he left the corporation. Upon stepping onto the streets, a voice suddenly could be heard coming from within his collar.

This familiar voice had belonged to Lin Yanan.

Wang Chao had confidence that he would be able to walk into the territory of the Chinese Revival Society and talk Cheng Shanming into temporarily putting the match on hold. All of that was because of Lin Yanan who had arrived in Singapore several days beforehand.

Strolling to the shoreline, Wang Chao could see Lin Yanan and Boulder, Axe, and Hammer. The three of them had been specially trained soldiers from the borders of China and India.

“You’re finally here. We got here two days ago, but we had to take a boat since it was hard bringing weapons over.” Lin Yanan spoke.

“How many people are here. Are all the weapons on you smuggled ones?” Wang Chao asked.

“Smuggle?” Boulder began to laugh before whispering to Wang Chao, “My dear master Wang, just how did you become a lieutenant commander for the army? Is your way of thinking not yet used to the organization and still stuck thinking about the underworld? We military men, the South Sea Fleet of Southeast Asia, have to smuggle?” Nay, even the Singaporean government has to respect our authority. But this time, we infiltrated a warship going along the Malay Peninsula. Our identities and equipment are currently that of the largest military for hire organization on the Vietnamese Gulf of Tonkin, the Sea Shark Army.”

Wang Chao smiled. His way of thinking had certainly not yet caught up with the organization and was still entrenched within the illegal and dark ways of the underworld. Lin Yanan using her connections from the navy to the South Sea Fleet to enter Singapore was merely a small appetizer of her abilities.

As things stood, the navy didn’t have the strength of the aircraft carriers of America, but within Southeast Asia, when they mobilize, they would definitely be

capable of creating large waves. Whatever pirates, for-hire militia, gangs, or any other underworld power that existed, they were like ants in comparison to the South Sea Fleet. Boulder and the rest truly had no need to smuggle.

“How are things looking like on your end?” Lin Yanan asked.

Wang Chao immediately explained what had happened for the past two days to the group. After listening to it all, Lin Yanan’s blinked slowly as she begun to analyze the current situation.

“I’m going to Cheng Shanming to explain the situation to him. Can you guys go investigate just what power the Chinese Revival Society has put in place? After I get an idea, I will go in secretly to talk with Cheng Shanming, that’s all.” Wang Chao spoke.

Lin Yanan smiled, “Why go through all that trouble? We can just blow up Shen Hong’s villa and have Cheng Shanming come out. Cheng Shanming is an expert, let’s see if he will serve the nation. With this, we could even shift the blame onto the Chenshi Corporation. These two enterprises are both major entities within the underworld of Southeast Asia. If both of them take a hit, that will be for the best for the maritime security as well. Last time, the Chenshi Corporation used their businesses to smuggle drugs into the mainlands. That act is far too brazen of them.

Chapter 115: The Marksmanship of the Cheng School of Baguazhang

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“Blow up Shen Hong’s villa and blame the Chenshi Corporation? Then force Cheng Shanming out to see if he’s willing to work with the nation? That’s a little...”

Hearing Lin Yanan’s words, Wang Chao felt shocked. Both his eyes looked at the female naval officer for a moment to see if she was joking or not. But when he saw it wasn’t, he let out a shocked breath of air.

“This is Singapore, and while it is under the protection of America, what kind of conflict would happen because of this? Although you put up makeup and pretend to be someone else, there will be a trace. The Americans have plenty of power in Singapore, if they do an investigation, everything would make sense. I doubt we should take this course of action.”

While Wang Chao devoted himself to martial arts, he wasn’t some sort saint that would ignore the happenings of the outside world. Such things like common sense was known to him as well.

Singapore’s location was directly on the hook of the Strait of Melaka. This geographical location was the most important one in Southeast Asia and was also the outlier of the nation.

The entire Southeast Asia was a place where crimes against humanity was committed such as prostitution, drugs, firefights, and pirating would happen one after another. But this specific spot on the Strait of Melaka was like the eye of the storm and was called the world’s safest area. Everything could be attributed to an example of how the American government was proficient in controlling them.

When the Americans planted a naval base in Okinawa, Japan, they had controlled the entire maritime space in Asia.

This wasn't Guangzhou where they could openly use a rocket launcher to open doors. Although Lin Yanan and the others all held special identities, they had to be especially careful now to not cause any major trouble, or an international scandal could be caused.

"It's true Singapore is under the protection of America." Lin Yanan spoke while shaking her head, "But, the situation now is not like the situation several years ago. Southeast Asia is a pack of cards waiting to be reshuffled once more. The Americans cannot forever hold sovereignty over the waters of Asia. When we came, we had already asked for instructions. A game of powers is a long-term process to unfold. We ordinary people won't understand it, and the two of us will never be able to, but as long as we do as the organization instructs and asks, we will be fine."

"This time, the thoughts of the organization can be summed up in three words, 'Do not worry'. With this thought, we shall carry out the plan."

With that, Lin Yanan turned around, "Boulder, send out a message to everyone to gather up! We will draw close to the Chinese Revival Society by the shorelines and investigate the surroundings. Try not to use the large-caliber bullets if you can. If we startle the Singaporean police, then they are not to be trifled with. As long as we aren't caught, everything will be fine. If we are caught, the organization will disavow you."

Lin Yanan's words had not gone unnoticed by Wang Chao. If they were not caught, then even if the Singaporean and American government were to realize who was responsible, nothing could be done. However, if they were caught, then they would have to die for their nation. Whenever a soldier from a country is sent on such a mission, being casted out was a common thing to expect.

"Understood!" Boulder gave a deep shout of understanding while Axe and Hammer turned around to walk away. Not too long, they had quickly disappeared into the forests near the parks without a trace.

"They'll be..." Wang Chao spoke.

"We have a secret institution within Singapore with acquaintances within it. Thus, we are familiar with how Singapore works, so no mistakes will be made. Come, let's wait and call for a car to get to the scene. It won't be good if Boulder

is the one that meets with Cheng Shanming instead of you.”

Wang Chao had never imagined that an originally dangerous and complicated matter would suddenly become a walk in the park after Lin Yanan was done planning everything. He could have taken his time and walked there to his destination, but a car ride had been given to him.

“Are we really going to blame the Chenshi Corporation?” Lin Yanan and Wang Chao were in no hurry and walked casually along the shorelines.

As he thought of Lin Yanan’s plans, Wang Chao couldn’t help but think about Chen Aiyang and Chen Bin. Such an action like this, wouldn’t that cause harm to the two of them? As a friend, he didn’t wish to do that.

Lin Yanan gave Wang Chao a look as if her eyes could see through his mind, “Your friendship with Chen Aiyang and the relationship between the Chenshi Corporation and them are two different matters. You know that the Chenshi Corporation uses every means possible in order to smuggle all sorts of drugs from the coasts into the mainlands? With just Guangdong along, the Chenshi Corporation has already transported several thousand kilograms. Remember, this isn’t just a few kilograms, this is several thousand kilograms. More than a ton. All from just a single year of trafficking.”

“A ton of drugs?” Wang Chao thought. “If the nation knows about this, why haven’t they done something about it?”

“Of course we fight it, there’s just far too much to fight. In this world, there is white, and there is black. To destroy the drug rings is impossible. The Chenshi Corporation has connections with the drug traffickers in Vietnam, Laos, Myanmar, and even Thailand. These same people are involved with even the government, so if we wanted to completely destroy them, we would need the navy to surround them on the open seas. Think about it, if we were to mobilize a large-scale operation in the Asian waters, would they not cause an international scandal? Who knows what type of paper the Americans would write about it.”

“Not only has the Chenshi Corporation dabbled with drug trafficking, but one of their major businesses is in ammunition and firearm smuggling. You should differentiate between your personal and business friendship with Chen Aiyang.”

“That is to be expected. Public is public, private is private. Chen Aiyang and

Chen Bin are friends of mine in the martial arts world, and I will not interfere with them in any other aspect. If the organization has made their mind, I will not meddle. The Chenshi Corporation isn't lead by the two either." Wang Chao sighed.

As Lin Yanan was explaining the underhand business deals of the Chenshi Corporation, a signal could be heard originating from her lapels.

"Let's go then." Lin Yanan smiled. Wang Chao nodded and the two immediately got back into a car to head towards the villa of Shen Hong.

Roughly thirty kilometers away from the shorelines in a villa, Cheng Shanming had already changed into a different suit of clothes and sat in a large room.

In the middle of the room was a single wooden chair befitting that of a master. By its side was a sleek and glossy wooden staff with a noticeable grain design.

Calmly, Cheng Shanming sat on the chair with as much movement as a stone statue. In truth, his inner mind was nowhere as calm as he tried to calm himself.

"I never would have thought that the martial arts world of China hadn't decayed yet. There are many experienced youths, and the youth I fought with tonight was especially different. The sounds of thunder has reached his fist, and although he has not yet reached the Transforming Jin stage, his fists carry a unyielding nature to it as well as an impeccable inspiration. Even I was of no match to him in that aspect. At the very beginning, I had been at the disadvantage and was even being beaten. Despite my martial arts being better, I was pressured in an instant by his inspiration."

On one hand, Cheng Shanming was thinking back to the battle he had fought Wang Chao in, and on the other hand, his ear was constantly trembling as he listened to the noises coming from all around him.

There were many places around him that exuded sound in a noisy manner.

He knew that Shen Hong had already hired some people to monitor his movements. He had long since lost his own freedom to move about.

"What a group of pipsqueaks, they wish to limit my movement?" Cheng Shanming let out a small smirk, "While the situation in Southeast Asia is quite complicated, my elder martial brother is something else. We both left our

homelands for North America, and that should have been fine. But he ended up going to the damnable lands of Vietnam. As a result, he lost his independence and then his life.”

“The Chinese Revival Society wishes to borrow my martial arts to gamble with the Chenshi corporation, but why would I let their dreams be so easily fulfilled? If not for Shen Hong controlling my elder martial brother, then he wouldn’t have rushed to his death on the stage. Hmph! The cause of my brother’s death can be blamed on the Chinese Revival Society as well. This time, if I don’t cause them to go bankrupt, just how would I complete my vengeance?”

Cheng Shanming had a small icy smile as he continue to think.

He was a man that knew who to blame, and who to thank. Although Chen Aiyang had been the one to kill Zhang Guangming on the stage, the blame could be split with the Chinese Revival Society. Every single competition who had a master die were forced to participate due to a hidden reason. This time, Cheng Shanming had came to take revenge on Chen Aiyang. But most importantly, he would take vengeance on the Chinese Revival Society.

On a similar note, Zhang Wei’s leap into the sea after his battle with Wang Chao couldn’t be completely blamed on him. If the friends of Zhang Wei were to realize the situation behind the fight, then roughly 60% of the blame could be pinned on the Ike Corporation which had forced Zhang Wei to fight.

“Now is not the time. When I return to Canada, I will send another letter over to challenge Chen Aiyang to an official match later. For now, I believe I should go. Just what fighter would the Chinese Revival Society find to replace me in next month’s battle?”

“This villa has five different sentries in the eastern, southern, western, and northern corners. Each one of them should have guns while the last sentry is in the flower garden with a rather impressive ambush set up When I came, I saw each of them had plenty of calluses on their trigger fingers. They must have trained daily with a gun. If I don’t escape tonight, then tomorrow when Shen Hong brings us out from Singapore to the Chinese Revival Society, escape will be even harder! This is Singapore, as long as I can make my getaway here, they will not dare to send assassins after me. My disciples can prepare a boat for me. If I

just make my escape, I will be able to get onto it and head straight for Malaysia. From there, I will be able to return to North America where I can enjoy watching the two companies fight it out.”

Cheng Shanming was an exceptional person in Canada. This was not limited to martial arts or fighting; his way of thinking had been an anomaly in comparison. He had both wisdom and courage that allowed him to strategize confidently.

This time when he had realized he would have to fight with and for the Chinese Revival Society, he had secretly made some plans.

He had many disciples in Canada after branching out his Cheng school of Baguazhang. Amongst these disciples were the children of the rich and powerful who could help him in many ways. Several of these disciples had already managed to procure him a boat. As long as he made it out of Singapore, he would be able to embark the boat and escape to Malaysia first and then return to Canada.

“I came to take revenge for brother Zhang Guangming. A simple match will not suffice. I must ensure that both the Chinese Revival Society and the Chenshi Corporation end up both losing.”

At that moment, his came to a single conclusion. Turning around and bring his spear up, he brought the chair he had been sitting on flying out the window and onto the courtyards with a shattering sound.

This sound had caused a commotion which brought many people running.

Because Shen Hong was in Singapore and not his main home, he had to hire several people to secretly monitor Cheng Shanming. However, because he couldn't say that out loud and had to show a respectful attitude to him, he had allowed Cheng Shanming to have a spear to wield in his room.

Originally, he had planned on making his escape on the way here. However, Shen Hong's people had been watching him closely, and he was afraid of causing a commotion that would cause the police of Singapore to come. The Singaporean police had many connections to the Chenshi Corporation; Cheng Shanming had no desire to escape the wolf's den that was the Chinese Revival Society and into the tiger's cave that was the Chenshi Corporation.

His thoughts had been detailed and his plans meticulous. Each and every aspect had been carefully thought of.

So it was only now that he made a move.

“When I was in Canada, I’ve encountered bullets from different gangs many times before. Did they wish to entrap me with such a small amount of guns? It’s unfortunate, if only elder Cheng had understood the might of firearms, then he would have devised a way to dodge them more efficiently and not met an end like he did.”

Practitioners of the Cheng-style Baguazhang had skills specializing in dodging bullets after the elder Cheng Tinghua died from them. As time went on, they had many stances and movements that allowed for them to dodge gunfire.

In Canada, Cheng Shanming had encountered gun users many times over. As a result, he had been careful and was never too cock. When there was cover, he would take it. When there was an opening, he would take it. And when he was close enough, he would kill them.

As the chair fell into the garden and shattered the peace; Cheng Shanming’s spear was thrust through the window. Following the spear was Cheng Shanming himself who landed on the ground as nimbly as a cat and fiercely brought the spear in a ready position!

His spear shot out like lightning and was instantly thrust into one of the sentries who popped out from his northwestern spot.

This man hadn’t even been able to let out a sound before he was killed by Cheng Shanming.

At the same time, Cheng Shanming rolled over not a second too soon to avoid the gunfire of another. His spear lashed out and instantly brought the pistol flying away from the man who had fired.

Grabbing the pistol out of midair, Cheng Shanming hadn’t even needed to look before pulling the trigger of the pistol thrice.

Bang bang bang! Three separate gunshots into three separate corners had caused for three separate men to cry out in pain as they were shot to death.

Cheng Shanming was an expert with the gun as well! At this, it seemed that his skill couldn't be too far away from Boulder and the other soldiers!

Chapter 116: The Essence Must Remain in the Homelands

Chapter 116: The Essence Must Remain Within the Homelands

“You!” In a blink of an eye, the remaining shooter in the garden had heard the three gunshots and immediately whirled around to face Cheng Shanming. A pistol flew up right in front of him to shoot.

But Cheng Shanming was even faster! Nimbly moving his hand, a bullet was shot from his gun and entered straight through the forehead of the sentry! Red and white sparks could be seen flying as the gun was shot. At the same time, Cheng Shanming had leapt behind a nearby pillar which later exploded with sparks from where the gunner had shot. Cheng Shanming had managed to dodge it.

The gunners of the Chinese Revival Society were specially trained. But, Cheng Shanming’s marksmanship was far more terrifying than they had initially thought. He could compare to the commando unit of his nation, and furthermore, he was an expert of the Wulin! With his martial arts attaining perfection along with his movements, he could be considered to be a monster!

Most importantly, he had honed his body to combine the teaching of Baguazhang with how to shoot a gun. Like the leap of a monster out for blood, he would be able to kill his enemies ten times out of ten.

That was far more terrifying than any commando soldiers.

After the ancestor of the Cheng-style school of Baguazhang died from being shot, his successors had learned from his mistakes. Combining Baguazhang with marksmanship had led to a freakishly strong skill that exuded a terrifying killing potential.

Heading off into Southeast Asia to take vengeance for his elder martial brother Zhang Guangming; it was this marksmanship that Cheng Shanming could rely on. With a gun in hand, he was unmatched under the heavens.

“To adapt with the times is the Way of the King. For an expert to wield a gun, even an Immortal of Daoism would not be able to defend themselves.”

Cheng Shanming had shot dead three people in one moment and then the fourth without ever getting hurt. Blowing away the smoke from the muzzle of the gun, Cheng Shanming before pulling out the spear from one of the bodies. With the blood dripping down from it, the spear was truly a dreadful sight to behold.

Whether it was a spear of the past or a pistol of the present times, when it was in Cheng Shanming hands, both weapons had a mind of their own.

His marksmanship and spear techniques had already attained perfection along with his martial arts.

TL Note: In Chinese, 枪法 can refer to both a spear or a gun, making this a pun. In the modern era, it would almost exclusively mean marksmanship.

“Oy, why was there gunfire outside?” As soon as Cheng Shanming killed the four sentries, he hadn’t loosened up. Just as he was about to use his spear to vault over the walls, a sudden shot could be heard coming from the entrance. This gunshot was extremely faint and he was just barely able to hear it. The gun that was shot surely had to have an advanced form of a silencer added onto it.

When it came to understanding the firearms of today’s era, Cheng Shanming wasn’t at the level of a specialized person, but he could still teach a person a thing or two about it. Whether it was the model, assembly, way to hold, the calibre or the range of a gun, Cheng Shanming knew of it.

Crash! Crash! Five men dressed in pure black could be seen flying over the walls while another seven men came crashing through the entrance. Rolling on the ground, each one of them held their guns towards any possible hiding spot in sight.

“Have the hostiles been taken care of?”

“Captain, there were four sentries here earlier, but they’ve been killed already!” One of the men who had rolled over the walls whispered, but Cheng Shanming could hear the voice clearly.

“Killed? What’s going on? Did they have some sort of internal strife? Have you

found Cheng Shanming yet? He's quite big in stature and has a long beard. If you find him, he is not to be harmed at all costs."

It appeared that Boulder and his team had already taken care of the outside and were just coming in to besiege the place.

Boulder and his team were experts in assaults with their advanced technology and skillsets. Shen Hong may be the vice-president of the Chinese Revival Society and commandeered plenty of power, but this was Singapore so he wasn't able to carry many guards. As things stood, Singapore was a peaceful place and didn't have many criminal gang wars happen.

Within the first engagement, Boulder and his team had already disposed of any resistance and made it inside.

The gunfire that Cheng Shanming had heard had been from Boulder and his team when they were outside the villa.

Shen Hong had already been shot through the throat and died with blood coming out from his wounds without a sound to be heard.

"Cheng Shanming isn't here? I don't see anyone inside."

"What, he's not here? Search the insides now!"

A series of responses could be heard as Cheng Shanming tried to reduce his body size while hiding within a nearby tree's shade. Even his breathing couldn't be heard.

Cheng Shanming had been in shock as he listened to these men, *"Who are they? With that behavior, they must be from the special forces. Could they be from the Chenshi Corporation? No, can't be. There is no way the Chenshi Corporation would use so many hired guns in Singapore. Even a rabbit knows not to eat the grass in front of its burrow. So just who are these people? What should I do? There's still three bullets in this pistol, and there's more than three people down there. If I don't resolve this, then I'll be shot to death."*

In an instant, Cheng Shanming's mind had spun with plans and thoughts, but none of them had been enough for him to find a solution.

In the face of all this, he could only pray he wasn't caught. He was skilled in the

usage of a hun and martial arts, but he wasn't immortal.

At that moment, a single figure came walking in.

"Have you found Cheng Shanming yet?" This person was Lin Yanan. Seeing the situation under control, she had walked in with Wang Chao.

"Now's my chance. To capture a traitor, one should first capture the king. That female is the leader, if I capture her, I can get away from here. I just need a better angle before I make my move. The people behind her won't use their guns; even if they are true with their aim, this pressure would be enough to hamper them. Within twenty meters, one second is all I need to make my leap!"

Just as Lin Yanan appeared, Cheng Shanming leapt into action!

Crash! His spear had made an arc as it propelled him forward like an arrow leaving the bowstring. In an instant, he had cleared the pond, pavilion, and stairs only to land right in front of Lin Yanan to grab at her.

Cheng Shanming's martial arts had already reached an unbelievable height. In that leap, he had been like a cheetah chasing after a goat. With the borrowed momentum from his spear, his speed had multiplied. Even the soldiers on site wouldn't be able to react to this..

An expert of the Wulin was suited to become an assassin. In close distances, a man was as strong as a nation. When the distance was closed, then even a gun was of no use.

Bang! A figure from behind Lin Yanan immediately let loose the sounds of thunder. With the air exploding with the sound, his fist had flew towards Cheng Shanming.

"Where did an expert like this come from!" Cheng Shanming was startled. His arm immediately wound around the fist and tried to twist it in such a manner to dissolve the Jin within it.

"Master Cheng, stay your hand!"

"You? Are these men yours?"

As the two men squared off, Cheng Shanming suddenly realized the fist he had struck against had belonged to Wang Chao.

As soon as he heard Wang Chao call out for him to stop, he hadn't continued his attack. His body landed on the ground while the gun in his hand pointed downwards before spinning around his finger.

"What a guy, so master Cheng is an expert capable of using a gun!" Lin Yanan had been startled at that moment, but every soldier with her had already gathered behind Cheng Shanming's back.

"Hurry up and leave this place, the police have already been notified! Get out of here and regroup at our old location!" Lin Yanan looked at his watch and cried out a warning.

"Master Cheng, we bear no ill will. Let us go, I'll explain everything later." Wang Chao spoke.

Lin Yanan turned around to go while all the other soldiers flew into action and disappeared without a trace in a blink of an eye.

"What a swift group of soldiers. I didn't think that you would have so much influence like this." Cheng Shanming looked at Wang Chao with his beard floating in the wind. Placing his gun in his sleeves, he turned around to retrieve his spear before also washing his hands of the blood by the pond.

"Let's go."

As the three walked out, Boulder had somehow managed to bring out a rather ordinary looking car for Cheng Shanming to enter with his spear.

"Would it be possible for you to send me to the piers?" Cheng Shanming spoke calmly.

"Of course, but master Cheng, I came here with a request for this time. Would it be possible for you to temporarily hold off your fight with master Chen Aiyang next month?" Wang Chao and Lin Yanan looked at Cheng Shanming.

"Haha, I was originally planning on not fighting next month. The Chinese Revival Society had forced my brother to fight to his death, just why would I let such a thing slide? I was already planning on returning to Canada tonight, when you came rushing in, I had already killed those sentries on the outside." Cheng Shanming laughed.

“Master Cheng, you are quite adept with the gun.” Lin Yanan spoke, “Are you trained in marksmanship?”

Cheng Shanming stroked his beard for a moment before sighing, “The ancestor of our Cheng-sect Baguazhang was killed by gunfire. How could we not take that as lesson? Hundreds of years later, foreigners came with their strong boats, cannons and guns and blew apart the gates to our nation. We took that as a lesson that would never be forgotten. Even us martial artists must strive to move forward with the times to keep up with the tides of the modern era. Otherwise, we will be sapped away by the tides and disappear without a trace. It is especially important one learns how to use a gun overseas. No matter how strong one is in martial arts, they will be a dead man nonetheless. Being able to use a gun and being able to use martial arts makes one have very few men capable of fighting them in this world.”

“I hadn’t imagined that amongst the Chinese overseas, the martial artists would have such an open-minded person as master Cheng.” Lin Yanan remarked.

“There is no other choice. With the pressure of living, one has no other choice but to adapt to live. One has to adapt to the environment, or else risk the environment rejecting you.” Cheng Shanming’s eyes had a cloudy expression to them. “We practitioners of Baguazhang must study how to use a gun. Study both martial arts and firearm and combine footwork with marksmanship so that you may stand strong with your feet on the ground. When I was 20 years old, I had already practiced shooting a gun for three years. To be honest, between both areas, I am most pleased with my marksmanship.”

“Master Cheng, the path of Chinese Boxing has many different variations to it. Even if one is a genius, they will almost certainly never reach a level of supremacy, a realm where it is instinctual to avoid danger, and a realm where the spirit comes back in full circle. If one is concentrated in his path, how could he seek another path? One must try to attain as high of a realm of martial arts as they can or risk having no hope.”

Wang Chao’s eyebrows furrowed together.

Staring at Wang Chao for a moment before shaking his head, Cheng Shanming spoke, “Attaining the utmost Way with martial arts has always been a hope with

no substance. Three hundred years ago, those grandmasters who have reached such a stage can be counted on a single hand. Reaching the highest levels of martial arts requires talent, diligence, concentration, and most importantly, luck. There is no shortage to talent, and neither is there in diligence and concentration. However, people who have all of the above are truly lacking in numbers. I am not like them, I can only move on to find another way.”

“To attain the utmost Way of martial arts requires cultivating the body. But in the end, one cannot gain immortality and fly towards the heavens. It is nothing more than a dream that cannot be attained in reality. To have a dream as a youngster is good, but it is bad to be detached from reality.”

Wang Chao looked at Cheng Shanming for a moment before suddenly saying, “Master Cheng, please excuse me for speaking bluntly. Your martial arts is beyond mine, and your Jin has already attained the Transforming Jin. But this is the accumulation of the many breakthroughs you’ve managed over the years. By now, you are 40 years old, correct?”

“Correct, I am 42 years old this year.” Cheng Shanming’s eyes flickered as he was trying to figure out what Wang Chao was getting at.”

“Your martial arts may be better than mine, but in a battle to the death, your inspiration does not compare to mine. Even if we fought again, you would lose the upper hand.”

Wang Chao’s sudden words had made Lin Yanan startled with surprise.

“With the tides of time and the barrage of firearms, your confidence in Chinese boxing has wavered. When your confidence wavers, how could you speak of having more inspiration or spirit? Even if things were truly like this, we martial artists must carry this thought over our hearts. If we have hope, do we need dreams? How could one press forward without this inspiration? In truth, knowing that it is impossible is where we practitioners gain inspiration.”

“You also speak correctly however. A practitioner must be determined in order to fight with reality, even if it means to sacrifice one’s life. Thus, luck plays a major factor in this. It would seem that I am a person of determination and luck then.”

Cheng Shanming grew silent. After some time, he finally spoke, “Just who are

you?”

“I am Chinese of course. A man of China.”

Cheng Shanming’s eyes lit up, “I’ve got it, so you’re...”

The car came to a stop as it reached the piers.

Dismounting from the car, Cheng Shanming turned to Wang Chao, “I have taken the side-route and have no luck guiding me. I have comprehended many thing with my fists that cannot be left in North America. The essence of the Cheng school of Baguazhang must remain within our homelands. I gift them to you in hopes that it will help you move forward.”

Cheng Shanming hadn’t said to pass on, but rather, to gift. Clearly, he had begun to see Wang Chao as a man of the same generation as he.

Chapter 117: Underwater Martial Arts

Chapter 117: Underwater Martial Arts

“Master Cheng, do you mean to say...?” Wang Chao knew from Cheng Shanming’s words that he had wished to give Wang Chao what he himself had comprehended over the years. In the past, learning the ways of the fist had many taboos. The secrets to a school was especially precious; if a single word or movement was leaked out, it was enough justification to kill to stop the leak.

The era of today was not as strict; but the teachings of a school was still not easily divulged to an outsider.

Chen Aiyang’s “Flying Horse Treading on Sparrow” had been taught to Wang Chao for the sake of mastering it. Chen Aiyang had taught it to Wang Chao so that his friend may live.

Cheng Shanming and Wang Chao had only met once before. Neither of them were friends, and neither were they enemies then, but now there was a feeling of comradery. Yet, how was such a thing good enough to impart the secrets of their discipline to another?

An expert capable of Transforming Jin placed martial arts secondly. The most important thing was to slowly teach through the lessons of experience.

Ever since the Wushu of the ancient past, there had been true and false methods of learning. Given a secret book, if one were to study and learn from it, it was possible to become muddle-headed from it.

But a person with experience was by no means fake. Cheng Shanming had said he would present what he had learned to Wang Chao, which would mean to teach him both martial arts and experience. When it came to walking down a detour or the right path, this specific example was a windfall of riches and wealth.

“In my years of living, I have already established a business and home in Canada. There is where my roots have been planted, and never will I be able to return my roots here. My body will live in Canada, and my bones will be buried in

Canada. You seek martial arts in your heart, and at your age, you've already reached where your muscles and bones act as one, the sounds of thunder follow the fist, and have already touched upon the principle of martial arts reaching into nothingness. What little experience I have will be negligible, but I can see that you have studied Baguazhang as well. I can only hope, you will see the many schools of it, and master them all to become a grandmaster. This is the only contribution I can make for the sake of Chinese martial arts."

"In the expansion of today, martial arts has become something sentimental and has not yet disappeared without a trace in the world. I have learned the ways of the gun, but my martial arts has become secondary to myself."

In the short several hours, Wang Chao and Cheng Shanming had fought once more with words. Cheng Shanming had took Wang Chao to be a person with moral standing. But his art laid within marksmanship instead of martial arts. His movements were adapted to such an art and as well as his thoughts.

When it came to Wang Chao's history, Cheng Shanming had guessed correctly. His fists weren't as pure as it could be in martial arts, but his experience had given Wang Chao some thoughts to reflect on. In the future, if there was a chance to recollect on it, it would serve him plenty.

"To bury his bones in his homelands..."

Wang Chao thought over Cheng Shanming's words as he thought about the grief a Chinese person overseas would feel now that the leaves of their lives would never return to the roots of their lives.

"A pair of elder and junior with different perspectives. In comparison, the elder Cheng Shanming has the openminded thinking of a youngster. While Wang Chao follows the teaching of the old, how interesting. The elder is openminded while the junior is inflexible—isn't this inverted?"

Lin Yanan watched Cheng Shanming and Wang Chao reply to each other with great interest.

"You are a practitioner of Bajiquan then." Cheng Shanming turned to look at Cheng Shanming. "It's unfortunate that your Bajiquan is not pure."

Lin Yanan looked down, "Master Cheng has learned the Huo school of

Bajiquan; a style that has been taught with the Cheng school of Baguazhang. My Bajiquan is only a subsidiary, it is no wonder mine cannot be considered to be as genuine as yours.”

“Haha.” Cheng Shanming began to laugh. Holding his spear, he walked towards the beach. At this time, the sun had not yet begun to shine, but the waves and ocean breeze could still be heard. But still, the light coming from the nearby city was quite bright enough for the people on the beach to be seen.

Cheng Shanming did not say a word and instead brought his spear up fiercely! Shua! The spear shook as it brought out the buzzing sounds of a swarm of bees.

At the same time, Cheng Shanming’s body had begun to shake along with the spear. At a glance, it was unclear whether it was the man shaking the spear, or the spear shaking the man.

A single sound of thunder could be heard coming from Cheng Shanming’s abdomen as his clothes began to crackle with sound.

In this current moment, Cheng Shanming was like a deity with his beard flying up.

With a single breath, Cheng Shanming expelled a mighty “Ha!” sound that was similar to the cries of a swarm of soldiers.

Simultaneously, Cheng Shanming’s body flew forward and his spear shook along with the “Ha” sound. The air had been slapped apart by the intense movements of the spear and made it seem like a wave of air was being blown everywhere.

Feeling the forceful waves of the spear, Lin Yanan couldn’t help but take several steps back.

A single foot came crashing onto the ground, causing the grains of sand beneath Cheng Shanming’s feet to cave in. It was as if there had been a cave in, but his feet hadn’t been affected in the slightest.

With his lapels like the wind, Cheng Shanming and his spear stabbed forward. The entire body of the spear had seemed as if it was the body of a dragon coming to life.

But his clothes seemed like something was supporting it and did not budge an inch while his beard danced in the wind.

Wang Chao's eyes swiveled to look at Cheng Shanming step forward as he hopped and leap and shook his spear over the sand. Each strike of the spear contained a mysterious intention behind it that any regular martial artist wouldn't be able to understand. But for a martial artist as accomplished as Wang Chao, he could understand the Jin and movements completely. Like chef Ting from The Dexterous Butcher, he did not need to use his eyes to observe the movements.

Every five spear thrusts, there was a single stroke of inspiration and Jin that reached the peak of spirit.

And in those instances, his chest and abdomen would let out two distinctive burst of sounds; the "Hengha" sounds.

Wang Chao's eyes observed the way Cheng Shanming's body burst with Jin, swallowed the air, trembled his body, stepped forward, and focus his spirit. From this, he gradually begun to understand the secrets of Bajiquan's "Hengha" to wash the marrow.

Wang Chao had originally learned the "Tiger's Thunder" while Chen Aiyang had the "Fishing Toad Jin". One tempered the muscles and bones while the other tempered and cultivated the inner organs. One was external, the other was external, but while both took different paths, they led to the same destination. And now, the Bajiquan's technique of "Hengha" was nothing more but a principle of two ways to temper the marrow. Circulating Jin and breathing were two different things in the end.

Cheng Shanming was deliberately teaching Wang Chao, so each circulation of Jin and process of breathing was shown clearly with each move of his spear. He was practically a breathing textbook of the classics; and the more Wang Chao looked, the more he understood.

Wang Chao knew that if Cheng Shanming taught his disciples, he wouldn't be using this manner to teach. He would definitely use a set of movements closer to what one would see in a performance for them to slowly understand and practice on their own for several days to get used to it. When they finished, they

would learn the drill again so that they could learn the posture and gain the spirit of the moves. If one had the posture and understanding of it, then that was the goal of cultivation.

If what you learned wasn't standard, then that meant to say you are an idiot. You had no talent, and you would forever be inferior. When the time came for the master to teach, he would teach nothing new to you.

When a master taught his style and training methods, it was never in a completely thorough manner, but rather in a piece by piece process. This way, the disciple would be able to practice by themselves. Such a manner of teaching wasn't meant to preserve the teachings, but rather to test the disciple's perception and understanding to see if they were able to be entranced by it.

Tang Zichen had done the same thing when she taught Wang Chao in the park several years ago. First, she would teach him the horse stance before disappearing for several days to see if he would have it.

Fortunately, Wang Chao had managed to understand and was willing to be polished, causing Tang Zichen to be pleasantly surprised.

Otherwise, Tang Zichen would have left a long time ago with refusal to teach a high school student.

But this time, Cheng Shanming was using a detailed performance since he knew that Wang Chao was a master as well. His martial arts was high, and his inspiration was stronger than Cheng Shanming—there was no point in testing him.

And so he had found it perfect to bring out all of his intentions, spirit, and inspiration forth into his movements.

In the midst of the performance of the spear play, the eastern skies had already begun to leak red into the dawn white sky. The various objects on the beach could be seen clearly with the ocean waters a transparent blue.

“Our Cheng-style Baguazhang has a secret way of movement. The Rising Drill and Falling Overturn. It is comparable to a fish swimming in the waters. To practice, one must enter a body of water and then take in a deep breath before inciting the inner organs.”

Suddenly, Cheng Shanming's spear stabbed straight into the sands. Both of his palms pressed against each other as he took in such a deep breath that his adam's apple shook. As the breath entered his body, Wang Chao could see his intestines begin to grow active before letting loose the rhythmic rumbling sounds of thunder.

"The bones and inner organs of this man is far too strong. If it weren't for the fact he is more interested in learning the gun and his inspiration is weaker than mine, then if he were to dedicate himself to martial arts, I would not be a match for him!"

Wang Chao could see that Cheng Shanming's intestines shook powerfully with the sounds of thunder as he took in a deep breath. From this, he could see that the man had combined his internal and external forces into one. His inner organs were far stronger than Chen Aiyang's as well.

But if Chen Aiyang were to reach Cheng Shanming's age, then he wouldn't necessarily be weaker to him then.

The both of them were geniuses.

But, if the two of them were to truly fight to the death to the best of their abilities, it would take Chen Aiyang and Wang Chao combined to be a match for him. Cheng Shanming's marksmanship had already reached perfection as well, this was much more than what a special force soldier could offer in China.

Suddenly, after his breath of air, Cheng Shanming's body threw itself into the shallow waters of the beach.

After entering the waters, his feet stepped deeper and deeper into the seabed. Soon, the water had reached to the top of his head.

His entire body had been submerged in the ocean waters

Wang Chao charged into the ocean as well, only to stop when the water had reached his waists.

When Wang Chao had entered the waters, Cheng Shanming was on the seabeds with both palms moving in a circular motion left to right before moving forward abruptly. Unexpectedly, he was performing a set of movements in Baguazhang underwater.

Cheng Shanming's movement had been firm and steady as his body gently bobbed slightly underwater. His entire body seemed to have forgotten about the need to breathe, and his movements now had been completely reliant on that first breath he taken above water! This was a testament to how strong the man's lungs were.

His feet stamped into the seabed as he strode and pounced with both palms moving wide apart before falling back with time.

His entire body leaked with Jin as the water began to swirl. A large whirlpool began to form in the ocean as his force brought even the sand swirling around him with the water.

Before the set of movement had even finished, Wang Chao couldn't even see Cheng Shanming's figure underwater anymore. All he could see was the turbid waters as it swirled around Cheng Shanming revolution after revolution almost as if a sea monster was within the center doing some sort of ritual.

Suddenly, Wang Chao felt the ground underneath him tremble for a moment as a single humanoid figure leapt out from the waters like a carp leaping out from the pond.

It was Cheng Shanming who had flown upwards. His movements from the bottom of the ocean had been similar to an extreme form of the carp who had leapt over the dragon's gate.

After leaping out from the water, he landed back down onto the surface of the water. But the ocean had only reached up to two inches above his knee, but not quite the entire thigh.

Step by step, Cheng Shanming moved away from the ocean and towards the beach. His face was rather red after the display. It seemed that a considerable amount of energy and spirit had been used up in his movements.

"Practice the fist, movements, stance, and breathing in the water so that you feel no restriction in any than you would in dry land. Just how much skill is needed for this? This requires a powerful lung. It is no wonder such a way of training is the most painful and dangerous. It is no wonder Cheng Shanming was able to achieve the Transforming Jin."

When Wang Chao saw how Cheng Shanming had moved and struck with his palms in a way that seemed as if he wasn't in water, Wang Chao could only sigh in admiration.

When Cheng Shanming stepped onto the beach, his entire body had been dripping with seawater. "Learning underwater requires two years beforehand to learn to breathe to strengthen the inner organs. By then, one may enter the water. In the initial period, one has to wear iron clothes so that they may stabilize their footing and focus on their movements without being affected by the buoyancy. However, with your skill level, you don't need the iron clothes. Familiarizing yourself with the properties of water to get to the level I achieved isn't as hard as it seems. The changes in the water can be felt by the pores. Not too long after, it will be easy to be felt with the body. This is one of the ways to learning the Transforming Jin through the way of practicing."

"With your skill level, you don't need to practice how to breathe. You've managed the sounds of thunder and managed to permeate your inner organs with its sounds. A single breath from you is already strong enough and is comparable to mine. The only difference is experience. You aren't able to change from hard to soft. The flow of water is soft, and when you strike out with your palms and feet, the way the water assaults your entire body will show you the way of soft Hidden Jin."

"My martial arts was all learned underneath the surface of water."

Cheng Shanming shook his body the way a dog would to shake off the water that clung to him. After he had finished shaking, his entire body seemed to be completely dry except from the clothes which had already seemed as if it was beginning to dry.

"My experiences was all learned from practicing like so. My disciples have prepared a boat for me to leave today in order to avoid trouble at night. We will meet again, I hope."

As Cheng Shanming spoke, he walked farther and farther away. Wang Chao looked onto him until Cheng Shanming entered a nearby freighter and disappeared from sight.

Chapter 118: The Four Year Old Score Between Tang Zichen and Wang Chao

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“If this man didn’t focus on learning the ways of the gun, then it was possible his martial arts could have reached the highest realms of it.”

Seeing the large freighter let out a loud whistling sound and departing from the piers, it slowly drifted away into the ocean and out of sight before Wang Chao let out a sigh.

“How unfortunate, he has said his combination of marksmanship with his martial arts and movements has a specialized method to it and hasn’t revealed it to the public. Otherwise, these techniques would have a very high application to it. If he became the instructor for the military, it would serve our nation well.”

Lin Yanan could see that Cheng Shanming’s display of martial arts had been very practical. Without hesitation, Cheng Shanming could be said to be an extremely terrifying person. In comparison, Wang Chao knew nothing of how to use a gun. With just his martial arts, he wouldn’t be too big of a danger in the current world. But a man like Cheng Shanming, if he was hired as a soldier of guerilla warfare, his killing potential was unimaginable.

“If only our nation had more of such a talent....” Lin Yanan thought to herself.

Boulder and his team were amazing, and their marksmanship was accurate and swift. But compared to Cheng Shanming, they were like a fledgling wizard in front of a grand magus.

In a simple simulation, if Cheng Shanming and Boulder were to engage each other in open fire, Boulder would die for sure.

Cheng Shanming’s movements were as swift as a ghost. His eyes were as bright as lightning and could move and dodge with instinct. By the time Boulder pulled the trigger and shot a bullet, Cheng Shanming would have moved places a long time ago.

If Wang Chao had this method, then even if he was by himself, pointing a gun would be of no use to him. At a twitch of a muscle, he would be able to dodge.

But if a person had honed his martial arts to a level of instant reactions, then there would be no signs of their opponent breaking out with Jin. If such an expert like this fired a gun, Wang Chao would have no chance to defend himself.

Without question, Cheng Shanming was such an expert.

“His martial arts is high, and could beat me in terms of fists. But in inspiration and spirit, he loses to me by a head.”

Wang Chao knew that Cheng Shanming was keeping up with the trend of learning how to use a gun, but in doing so, he had lost his confidence in Chinese boxing. His heart began to depend upon firearms, and no longer persevered with his skill in martial arts. Just how would it be possible for him to be able to release a fist that was one with the universe then?

But still, Wang Chao respected Cheng Shanming for his presence and conduct.

Especially the performance of Cheng Shanming’s mysterious spear of Bajiquan and the “Hengha” sounds of training. This was a treasure amongst treasure.

Although Wang Chao hadn’t learned Bajiquan, he at the very least had some knowledge on the other disciplines.

Cheng Shangming’s practice had originated from Huo Qingyun’s traditional school of Bajiquan whose history could be traced back to Li Shuwen. This school of Bajiquan was even more traditional than the school Zhao Xinglong and Lin Yanan both knew. From the way to breaking out with Jin, shaking the body, and breathing, Cheng Shanming’s way could be considered to be a textbook example of the classics.

Even more precious was the fact that Cheng Shanming had opened up the way for Wang Chao to reach the Transforming Jin stage.

Practicing martial arts underwater. Break out with Jin with the body, and allow the water to act against every single pore with softness as it flowed around it. Such a method would allow a person to feel the hard and soft Hidden Jin throughout the human body.

A person had to learn Hidden Jin in both hard and soft. But when the time came to break out with Jin, the hardest places to do so was the face and genitals.

In Wang Chao's experience with martial arts, he had managed to bring both the soft and hard Jin out from his hands, feet, abdomen, back, waist, and neck. All that was left was the face and genitals.

Both of these spots were the hardest areas to circulate Jin to. With Wang Chao's current progress, Wang Chao was slowly but surely moving forward. His internal and external body parts had the sounds of thunder slowly permeating it so that his strength would increase. With time, he would grasp the fundamentals of what was needed in order to advance.

With Chen Aiyang's optimistic thoughts, he estimated that Wang Chao would reach the Transforming Jin in two or three years.

If Wang Chao were to come across some sort of slip up, or he became too distracted by the mundane world, then this estimation would take an even longer amount of time. Five years, ten years, or perhaps Wang Chao would be stuck at this level for his entire life.

However, with Cheng Shanming's mention of practicing underwater to feel the softness of water on his pores, Wang Chao had been enlightened. Perhaps this was a type of practice that doubled the results for half the work.

Even training methods had to be proper when it came to martial arts. There were some methods that had half the effects for double the work, and then there were methods that doubled the results for half the work. While all methods led to the same destination, the amount of time wasted differed.

When Wang Chao entered the organization, he had been given quite the treatment and protection. But it had also come with responsibility. It could not be said for certain that the day would come for a mission that would delay Wang Chao's pursuit in martial arts.

Reach the Transforming Jin early and break through the bottleneck. Wang Chao had felt that there was still plenty of time for him to pursue the pinnacle of martial arts.

It was only at the pinnacle that he thought that he would be able to come

across Tang Zichen. He had wished to recount to her his experiences, sufferings, the ideology he had comprehended, and the joys and sorrows he had lived through.

The Wang Chao of today was a master of martial arts who had been undefeated ever since his grand reveal. He had never suffered a loss, and his name had been spread far within China. However, in front of Tang Zichen, Wang Chao still couldn't help but feel as if he was a primary school student with no achievements.

If one did not finish their study, how could they see their teacher?

"This trip to Singapore has given me plenty of benefits. The biggest has been knowing of sis Chen's whereabouts. At the very least, when I search for her in the future, I will have a concrete idea. Right now, I must focus on improving my martial arts to reach a state of nothing. Then when I meet sis Chen once more, I can show her the fruit of my labors. When sis Chen left me, I was a simple high schooler that knew nothing. When I meet her again, I will be a grandmaster of the Wudao that can proudly stand by her side. What a happy sight that will be."

Wang Chao's heart—aside from the aspirations and great dreams of accomplishment, he had only wished to show sis Chen just how far he had gone. Like this, his heart was as pure as a newborn.

Conspiracies and machinations of others, those held no sway over his heart. He simply did not care for any of it.

"We should return. Our matter with the Chenshi Corporation has come to an end, the rest is a personal matter. Cheng Shanming is gone, and Chen Aiyang and his sister will be able to rest for now. I don't wish to take part in the internal power struggle of the Chen family either. The plots and plans of the old elder Chen Libo is far too many for us to properly defend ourselves against."

Wang Chao had suddenly thought of returning home.

"What do the higher-ups say to do now?" Although he had thoughts of returning home, he still needed to ask about what the higher-ups had wanted now.

"There has been no orders yet, only that you are to keep up a friendship with

Chen Aiyang while paying close attention to the Chenshi Corporation. They don't wish for us to make a single bite for the assets of the Chenshi Corporation. We've killed Shen Hong, so we should leave Singapore as soon as we can to avoid the Singaporean police and the interference of the Americans. So, you should leave today while we return by boat."

Lin Yanan continued, "This month, we will watch the nation from the sides. There will definitely be a huge battle of firearms between the Chenshi Corporation and the Chinese Revival Society. We will wait for that to pass, and depending on the circumstances, a new mission may pop up.

Wang Chao thought for a moment; the situation was really as Lin Yanan said. The Chinese Revival Society and Chen Aiyang had a match next month, but with Shen Hong dead and Cheng Shanming gone, this troublesome situation had become extremely hectic. Clearly, staying in Singapore was not the right choice to make.

"Fine, I'll bid farewell to Chen Aiyang tomorrow and head back to Shandong to rest."

Lin Yanan's eye turned to Wang Chao before she nodded her head, "Take care of yourself. Protect Zhu Jia and make sure she doesn't get in any trouble."

Wang Chao smiled, but he did not speak and instead watched as Lin Yanan disappeared into the road.

At this moment, the sun had already rose up over the ocean and illuminated the sky.

"I've gotten rid of Shen Hong, and Cheng Shanming has obediently left Singapore. I too, must leave. I'm afraid there will be trouble for you two, but I hope that you will be prepared for it."

An hour later, Wang Chao met up with the Chen siblings once more.

Wang Chao hadn't hid a thing and explained the situation to Chen Aiyang and Chen Bin, allowing them to prepare for the worst.

"What, you've killed Shen Hong?" Chen Aiyang's eyes widened in complete shock as he looked at Wang Chao. Chen Bin was also surprised.

“You....you...how could you do that? By doing this, you’ve given us a large amount of troubles.”

“Chen Bin’s forehead had begun to pool with sweat while her face paled.

“Sister, don’t be like that.” Chen Aiyang waved his hand before sighing. “Ai, I know that you aren’t able to move as you please either. With your status, you cannot do as you wish. But since you’ve been open with us, that much demonstrates your true feelings. If only we hadn’t this restriction put onto us. If only we were simply two friends of the Wulin, how enjoyable our exchanges would be.”

Wang Chao smiled, “I have always considered you two to be my friends in the Wulin.”

“But since you killed Shen Hong, you must leave right away! Sister, arrange for a secret flight, he must leave Singapore by this afternoon! Otherwise, the Singaporean police and American agencies will blockade the entire city and make it impossible to leave. The elder can’t learn of this either.”

Chen Aiyang had suddenly stood straight up and spoke with urgency.

“I’ve already a flight prepared for Vietnam! I prepared for this in secret a few months ago; even the elder doesn’t know. From Vietnam, you can go to Hong Kong. You’ll be safe then.” Chen Bin suddenly spoke.

“What, sister, you had this hidden up your sleeves?” Chen Aiyang was startled.

“Brother, the elder isn’t a benevolent person. We have our businesses in Hong Kong, if anything were to happen, we could fly on over and work by ourselves!” Chen Bin spoke seriously.

But Zhu Jia watched Chen Bin with an inward gasp, “This Chen Bin is quite the schemer. If she and Wang Chao were to remain together, who knows just what might change between them?”

“Then there’s no time to lose, take him there straight away!”

Not too long after Wang Chao and Zhu Jia left, several Americans and could be seen walking into one of the general rooms of the Singaporean Police Department at noon. Several high ranking police officers could be seen already

waiting inside.

“Yesterday night, a firefight broke out in one of the shoreline villas. The owner and a dozen other men were shot to death, what happened? Just how could such a malicious event happen?”

A single American with blue eyes and an eagle-beak nose glared as he asked one of the Singaporean police members.

“This was a matter regarding the Chenshi Corporation. One of the ones that died is the leader of one of the largest criminal organizations in Hong Kong, the Chinese Revival Society. Their dispute with the Chenshi Corporation is a well known thing. We’ve already started the appropriate investigations, I am sure we’ll get the results soon enough.”

The police officer that was asked gave a detailed description of what they knew before handing several photographs of what was taken from Shen Hong’s villa.

“God fucking damn it! This information is useless! I demand the Singaporean police to seal off all airports and outgoing seaports! I want that Chinese youth arrested straight away and handed over to me!”

With a crash, the American man had thrown off all the reports on the table down to the floor in a fit of anger. Then, he took out a single picture from his pocket.

This was a picture of Wang Chao.

“Mr. Smith, please calm yourself. This is Singapore, a sovereign nation, and not a colony! You are a part of Interpol, but you are not our boss. You have no authority to command us to do anything in this police department.” A police officer rapped a finger on the table as he put on a look of disapproval towards the American.

“Oh my god.” The eagle-nosed American let out a single cry before holding his head in his hands. “You have absolutely no idea just how terrifying this youth really is.”

As he spoke, the American named Smith slapped a second picture onto the table. This time the picture revealed a purple-dressed woman, and underneath the photo was a series of intelligence they had of her.

“This is the leader of a large-scaled terrorist organization in Africa. You have no idea how much trouble she has given us in Africa!” Smith pointed at the picture. “Good God, the existence of this person is even more terrifying than the Arabic terrorist group Al-Qaeda.”

“What does that have to do with Singapore.” The police officer gave a neutral smile.

“Of course there’s a connection. According to our intel, she was here in Singapore just last week. The youth I’m telling you to arrest has a connection with this head of the terrorist group. Four years ago, our men were trying to infiltrate S province in China when they were killed. This youth was most likely with her at the time!”

Smith had leapt to his feat as he spoke, but his words had been almost incoherent.

Chapter 119: Inner Sight!!

Chapter 119: Inner Sight!

Four years ago, Tang Zichen had actually been in the Tianxing district. In there, she had faced off against Yang Yingming and the two mercenaries codenamed Evil Wolf and Violent Bear. The three of them stood on top of the secret service world, but in the end, they had all been killed by her. However, due to the arrangements on their parts, their organizations had received some information even after their death.

Although they had been situated within China, the Americans weren't capable of infiltrating it completely. At the very best, they were able to scan the surface, but that was all they could do. Tang Zichen and Wang Chao had lived together for two years, the traces from that would no doubt be trackable.

For a yankee to die there, many inquiries would most certainly be made, whether it be over or under the table.

"This man has been in Singapore?"

Several of the higher ranking police officers had managed to understand what Smith was getting at.

One of the police officers took the photo and began to scrutinize it. As he looked, not a single emotion had been betrayed in his face. The only thing he had done was to slowly put down the photograph, "But, Mr. Smith. Last week, this woman truly did come into Singapore with an official of the European summit, Mr. Thomas. However, their entry was done through the legal channels. This other person has quite the identity then. In accordance with the wishes of Interpol, what should we do then?"

"Investigate the Chenshi Corporation pronto. Seal off the airports, arrest that Chinese youth, and then hand him over to me!" Smith commanded.

This American who went by the name of Smith was a member of Interpol on the outside and oversaw the crimes that would happen in Singapore. But he was like Cao Yi and held a secret identity. In secret, he was a liaison officer for the US

Central Intelligence Agency stationed within Singapore.

When it came to Smith's secret identity, several police officers in Singapore weren't idiots. They had all but confirmed it, but when it came to his public identity, no one dared try to expose him.

"These Americans have always been so unbridled. China, the European Union, and America have fought over Africa for profit, but something like this is quite chaotic, and is not worth us getting involved in. Your fights with terrorism has nothing to do with us. However, the Americans wouldn't openly violate the law, instead, they will drag things on. Let's see what they shall do. We will be motionless, and we will watch what they will do next."

Several of the police officers had shared similar thoughts. "Seeing this information, that girl is not only a high profile terrorist, but she is also connected to the European Union in too many ways to count. If we were to cause trouble with her, then Singapore may very likely come across a terrorist attack. If we aren't subtle enough, then we may become a victim of terrorism like you Americans. Investigating the Chenshi Corporation this time will be very difficult. Not only is Chen Aiyang a high ranking military instructor for our police department, he holds a rank higher than ours. If we wish to investigate him, then wouldn't that be the same as depriving ourselves of our own apple to eat?"

"Mr. Smith, when it comes to investigating the Chenshi Corporation, we will have to ask the higher-ups for permission first. Sealing off the airports seems like an unnecessary move as well. We are able to keep a close watch over them, but wouldn't it be better for Interpol to have us aid you in your attempts to search and arrest him in either airport or piers?"

Mr. Smith's eyes narrowed together as he listened. His hand slapped against the table violently as he gave a malicious glare at the surrounding police officers. Wanting nothing more to curse them, the American manage to hold in his anger and spat, "Then we shall."

Walking out from the police department, Smith spat out a single glob of saliva from his mouth before fishing out his cell phone. Dialing in a number, he spoke, "Headquarters? I need reinforcements to deal with that Chinese kid, Wang Chao. He has some potential worth to him. As long as we are able to arrest and

interrogate him, we will be able to find some startling secrets!”

Oblivious to the fact that America had their eyes on him, Wang Chao and Zhu Jia were both on the flight prepared by Chen Bin. First, they would fly towards Vietnam. And from there, they would fly to Hong Kong and back to Qingdao, Shandong.

Chen Aiyang and Chen Bin were well deserving of being drug traffickers with their connections in Vietnam. Throughout the commercial flight through the territories, Wang Chao and Zhu Jia hadn't come across any unexpected mishaps and were able to peacefully and quietly return to Shandong.

This trip to Singapore had only taken up a single week, but Wang Chao felt as if he had benefitted greatly from the trip.

Chen Aiyang's "Flying Horse Treading on Sparrow", the mystical display of skill, softness and hardness aiding each other, death hidden within ferocity, and powerful beyond all else.

Wang Chao had originally been very extensive with his training. After training for so long, his legs had been capable of breaking out with soft Hidden Jin. He was finally capable of taking eight steps up a wall, almost similar to the way martial artists in Wuxia films were capable of "flying".

The "Flying Horse Treading on Sparrow" was the horse stance followed by the sparrow stance. Similar to how a sparrow streaming across water and a goshawk overturning, when the two stances were combined and Chen Aiyang's killing move was perfected, it would be the same as Wang Chao perfecting the goshawk stance.

Of the 12 stances, Wang Chao was now proficient with the dragon, tiger, snake, eagle, monkey, sparrow, and goshawk stances. Each one of these 8 stances could be said to learnt to a master level by Wang Chao. Each strike from each action could break out with the sounds of thunder and the gusts of wind.

Of the remaining four stances, the bear, chicken, crocodile, and phoenix, he was familiar with. As long as he carefully trained in it and comprehended the spirit and form within the stances, mastery would come sooner or later.

In truth, his skill with martial arts had already led him to a stage where his

muscles and bones moved as one, the sounds of thunder could be heard, the interior and exterior parts of his body could work together, and the sounds of thunder had permeated his inner organs.

His entire body could break out with Hidden Jin with ease and harm aside from his face and genitals.

In a professional way of saying, those two spots were Wang Chao's "Achilles' Heel".

If he was able to perfect these two spots and bring the Hidden Jin all over his body, then his pores would become extremely sensitive down to the finest detail. In an instant, he would enter the echelons where those on the pinnacle stood at.

If his Hidden Jin were to reach his face, it wasn't a simple matter as being able to endure a bone-crunching fist to the face.

But vision! Hearing! Smell! Every sense would be strengthened.

Hidden Jin to the face meant the mouth, eyes, ears, and nose; the four organs would be refined and tempered.

At that point, it would require a single movement, a single sound, or the faintest smell of an enemy for them to be detected. With a single thought and breaking out of Jin, one would be able to dodge any attack that comes their way and then kill their enemy.

For a person who reached the Transforming Jin to strengthen his vision, hearing, and smell; being able to dodge two or three bullets from any normal gun wouldn't be anything too difficult.

Back when Cheng Tinghua's nephew, Cheng Yougong and Li Shuwen's disciple, Huo Diange exchanged their teachings. The Bajiquan sect and Baguazhang sect had fused together and produced many outstanding disciples. Cheng Shanming was undoubtedly one of those outstanding individuals.

Bajiquan was extremely fierce, and Baguazhang was tricky in its movements. One discipline was hard, the other was soft; one steady, the other slippery. When combined together, they brought out the best in each other.

Cheng Shanming's "Hengha" sounds to refine the marrow and temper the

muscles originated from Bajiquan. With a single blade made from a hand, it could be as hard as a mountain cleaving axe, or as soft as a rattan stripe of silk.

His technique, the “Dragging Blade Jin” was a perfect amalgamation of the two.

When Wang Chao and Cheng Shanming fought, Wang Chao may have been able to release a fist that was one with the universe and take the upper hand beautifully, when Cheng Shanming brought out his killing move, both sides had lost their momentum.

That day, if Wang Chao did not hold back, then he would have been able to shatter Cheng Shanming’s throat with his foot.

But Cheng Shanming would have shattered Wang Chao’s leg. A death for a permanent deformity, such a result like this was not desired by anyone.

For an expert like Cheng Shanming, it would require an incredibly heavy price in order to kill him. In order to defeat him without any damage to oneself, it would require an expert who has reached a state of nothingness with his martial arts

“Practicing Jin underwater, truly, that is a challenging way to practice.”

In the sandy beaches of Laoshan, the fine sunlight shined bright and the winds blew ripples across the oceans so that the fish swimming underneath could be seen. This piece of land was a very well-known tourist spot with its original environment still intact. A simple breath of nature could be experienced here, and such a feeling like that allowed for Wang Chao to train in peace.

His hand dragged a basketball-sized sphere almost effortlessly.

This sphere was the very same mercury-filled lead balls back in the Tianxing district meant to practice martial arts. Over here, he would use them as a way to ensure his body would not float back up from underwater and counteract the underwater currents.

His legs stood waist deep within the ocean waters. He could see the seabed right in front of him, but despite that, it was very deep. Drowning here wouldn’t be too hard.

“Was there a training method like this? When I practice my fist in the ocean, my fist strikes the waves with a straightened back and avoid breathing with the waves. But during this, the lungs take damage and bring harm to the body. For you, you’ll be standing underwater....is...isn’t that terrifying? How will you breathe?”

Zhao Xinglong stood nearby the waters and watched as Wang Chao brought the lead balls one step closer and closer to the seabed. In the end, the water had reached Wang Chao’s neck. When Zhao Xinglong saw that, he had been frightened.

“Your muscles and inner organs haven’t yet been refined enough. Naturally, you will not be able to copy this. When I went to Singapore, I learned one of the traditional methods of refining the marrow of the Bajiquan discipline. Wait for me to go underwater and understand it for myself before I explain anymore for you.”

Wang Chao gave a smile before taking one final breath. With that, his entire body fell into the water.

Upon entering the waters, Wang Chao had felt extremely powerless. Water entered his ears and nose and even began to press against every single pore on his body.

His entire body had been extremely sensitive. So when the seawater rushed against his body, he was clearly able to feel the distinct sensation.

Glub, glub! With the lead ball, Wang Chao’s body was anchored to the seabed without a chance of floating back up.

At the same time, the water currents pressed into his pores—especially around the portion where his lungs were. The pressure had been enough for the air within his lungs to be squeezed out, causing a choking sensation to occur.

With a slight movement, Wang Chao tried to take two steps further before. With both hand forming palms, he turned the lead ball around himself before using the Chopping Jin of the tiger stance and then the Eagle Claw of the eagle stance. Straight after using both moves, Wang Chao immediately felt as if his lungs were about to explode.

“Breaking out with Jin underwater truly is a hundred times more dangerous than on land! Each movement causes an unbelievable amount of pressure on both the heart and lungs.”

Before the Chopping Jin to Eagle Claw had even finished, Wang Chao felt himself at his limits. A chain of bubbles burst forth from his lips while an annoying amount of pain could be felt in his lungs.

Knowing that he couldn't take it any more, Wang Chao dropped the ball and kicked off to the surface.

“How refreshing.”

When he took in a deep breath, he immediately an unprecedented amount of soothingness. This single breath of air had traveled through his internal organs and all the way through his muscles and pores.

When the water had pressed against his pores underwater, his lungs had felt some sort of liberation.

After he broke the surface of the water, Wang Chao had felt all his pores begin to breathe at once. Each exhale and inhale had practically shot straight through his pores and internal organs.

“The breath travels through the organs and ends at the skin. It seems that my martial arts has indeed truly reached the inner organs.”

With this inhale and exhale, Wang Chao had been able to confirm his own skill.

Taking in another deep breath, Wang Chao allowed for the air to streamline through his lungs and began to emit a rumbling sound within his throat. After all had been steady once more, Wang Chao's legs brought him deeper into the waters once more. With a hook and kick of his leg, the lead ball was in Wang Chao's hand once more.

With a turn of his body, Wang Chao began to experienced the variations of the water current on his body. Moving through the motions, Wang Chao began to practice the Jin of Taichi.

When the water current crashed into him, he was able to experience its momentum.

Then at last, Wang Chao's breath had run out once more. Treading up to the surface, Wang Chao took in a deep breath once again.

For four or five days, Wang Chao played with the lead ball underwater and took over a thousand trips. Each trip for air, Wang Chao had gathered his mind and experienced the way his lungs would squirm and expand with each time.

After so many times of concentrating his senses whenever Wang Chao inhaled and exhaled, Wang Chao had finally realized that he had begun to imagine a picture of his own lungs in his mind.

With this sensation, it was almost as if his eyes were able to sense his own lungs.

After one's martial arts had reached a level like this, the natural phenomenon known as "Inner Sight" was inevitable.

This was not an example of Wang Chao's eyes actually seeing the lungs in his body, but rather him being familiar with his lungs to the extreme.

A blind person would be able to visualize an accurate imagery of an object after a process of feeling an item a hundred to a thousand times over.

To be able to have this "Inner Sight" was an indicator that one's martial arts had truly reached their internal organs.

Chapter 120: When Fighting, First Strike at their Courage!

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Legend has it that when a Daoist practiced breathing, they would gain supernatural senses afterwards. They would be able to see their internal organs, the energy channels underneath their skin, blood vessels and even their own palm profiles. Everything could be seen clearly and distinctively almost as if they could see through their entire person. This was the technique of Inner Sight.

Naturally, the eyes of a human was not capable of truly seeing through things. But an expert who had learned to breathe to refine his internal organs could feel every single minute change to it to the point where he could mentally visualize every single change to perfection. This was the level of being extremely familiar with one's body.

“Seeing without seeing.”

This was an ideology of Zen Buddhism in regards to opening up the mind's eye.

Using the physical eye was vulnerable to illusions and could not distinguish fake from true. Using the mind's eye would ignore any illusions completely.

A blind person could not see. But in their hearts, they were far more perspicacious than any person with sight.

For a practitioner, after they brought their Jin through their internal organs, they would be able to eliminate any distracting thoughts with each inhale and exhale. Through this, they would be extremely perceptive of their inner organs. With time, one would inevitably be extremely understanding of their inner organs to the point of being able to understand it better than being able to see it with their physical eyes. This was what it mean to have reached a point of “Inner Sight”.

In the future, if the inner organs were to ever become ill, then a person with the Inner Sight would be able to “see” it and develop the proper

countermeasures and treatment.

Only the person who drinks the water knows if it is hot or cold. This was what it meant to truly cultivate.

In the process of training martial arts, learning to fight and kill was secondary. The methodology of cultivation had already attained the next level and truly helped prolong one's life.

The Hidden Jin underwater was like an innumerable amount of enemies, each one struck out at any possible part of the body.

Wang Chao brought the lead ball around his body as a way to circulate his Jin in a perfect rotation. As his entire body began to use the Listening Jin of Taichi to neutralize the hidden water currents, he felt as if he was a fish swimming in the water without feeling any obstructions in his path.

For four or five days straight under the gentle temperatures, the ocean had been quite gentle underneath the peaceful waves. Wang Chao had already gotten used to the nature of water. By now, he could hold the lead ball and perform a series of palm movement of Baguazhang before finally coming up for air.

Each movement had involved the lung. Gathering his spirit, Wang Chao had finally been able of "Inner Sight". He could "see" his own lungs and every single vein and pulmonary alveolus. But the heart, liver and gallbladder, spleen, intestines, and the others were still very fuzzy. He had no sense of them, which made sense since he was not familiar with them.

In these days, Zhao Xinglong had followed Wang Chao's oceanside practice. But his martial arts was too far away from Wang Chao's. Zhao Xinglong had not been able to master his Hidden Jin and permeate it into his organs and through his pores.

But after making a complete recovery from having his bones broken by Miyagi Hanshin, Zhao Xinglong had thrown away everything and practiced diligently. Under this single-minded effort, his improvement rate had been exceedingly fast. His main discipline was Bajiquan and also dabbled in Pigua and Tongbeiquan. He had originally reached a level of mastery with them, but because his practice had not been pure, his skill with Bajiquan had lost his

essence and was very hard to improve afterwards.

But these days, Wang Chao had managed to grope his way around the “Hengha” sounds of Bajiquan and teach it to Zhao Xinglong step by step.

Gradually, Zhao Xinglong had begun to gain a level of understanding of the higher echelons of martial arts. Each palm and each foot had let out a crisp sound almost he was bringing a whip through the air.

“In these four years, I have lived comfortably in both society and university which whittled away at my determination. As a result, my martial arts declined, and if I were fighting in the underground rings at that point, then I surely wouldn’t have lost so easily to the hands of the Japanese!”

Zhao Xinglong suddenly brought his elbow out with his right arm like a bullet. A slapping sound could be heard clearly as his palm broke the surface of the ocean and sprayed water everywhere.

The waves after that grew even more violent and assaulted Zhao Xinglong’s face as he stood belly deep within the waters. His legs dug violently into the sand as he steadied his position. His palms stuck to his robes before breaking out with Jin. Each fist struck again and again along with his robes for a gust of wind to appear. Sharp and clear, the waves broke apart with a melodious sound as the hand and wave met.

This was the way to break out with Jin in Tongbei. Tongbei emphasized staying close to the clothes to break out with a popping sound. Each sound had to do with the strike. Bajiquan, Piguaquan, and Tongbeiquan. Zhao Xinglong grew even more proficient with them the more he practiced. In his heart, he grew happier and happier as he was borne anew from the dispirited mood he once had.

In that time where he had lost to the Japanese martial artists, Zhao Xinglong’s martial arts had already degraded. After several years of an easygoing campus life and a career as a white collar, Zhao Xinglong had grown decadent. But now, Wang Chao had stirred his emotions once more and allowed him to set his foot back onto the proper path to seek martial arts.

“Why are the waves growing stronger and stronger? There’s a heavy wind as well, and rain too? Crap, a storm’s coming!”

Zhao Xinglong immediately realized that the waves were growing higher and higher and stronger and stronger. Even in his horse stance, he was forced back several steps.

His martial arts had been vast improvements. In his horse stance, even the ordinary person would be incapable of making him move. But now, his mind was extremely vigilant with this scene. Tilting his head up, he could see a curtain of water come crashing down. His ears whistled with the sounds of wind, and the horizon had no longer been a straight line with all the waves. Each wave began to grow taller in height than a person was tall, and the power in each of the waves carried a thunderous force that could topple even the mountains almost.

“If the weather wishes to change, it changes, how moody it is. Just now, it was as calm as a sleeping child, but in the blink of an eye, it has transformed into a demon.” Zhao Xinglong immediately ran back from the beach. Several steps after he had stepped onto the dry sands, the previously calm oceans had become a raging demon that swept away at everything with a power that would frighten anyone.

“Crap, Wang Chao is still in the oceans practicing! What a great storm! I can only imagine what it’s like underwater! If an accident happens, then he won’t likely recover from this!”

Zhao Xinglong suddenly remembered that Wang Chao was still underneath the waters. With the storm so great, even a single story house would be smashed apart, so what did that mean for a single person?

For the past five to six days, the weather had been calm and peaceful. Like Zhao Xinglong, Wang Chao was training every day as if it was habit. Since he was so deeply engrossed, he had not noticed the sudden changes in the weather.

Splash! Dropping into the water, Zhao Xinglong charged into the area where Wang Chao. But because the storm had been far too violent, he had been tossed about from the very moment he entered the water. Whatever horse stance, Piguaquan, Bajiquan, or Tongbeiquan would not help him here.

The storm had been as if it had the occult force of a million pounds so that no human could possibly stand it.

“Pft!” When the water entered Zhao Xinglong’s mouth, he felt a tart and fishy

taste. No matter how much he struggled, it had been no use. In a flash, he was at the seabeds of the ocean. Current after current, Zhao Xinglong was smashed deeper and deeper in.

“Damn! Today is the day I die!” Zhao Xinglong felt despair in his heart. Tenaciously holding back the remaining breath he had, he desperately wanted to kick back up to the surface to breathe. But no matter where he looked, water was all that was there; there was nowhere to go to breathe.

Just at that moment, a powerful arm had grabbed hold of his arm. This hand had been like an iron hook with the Jin permeating into its muscles and marrow, causing it to be unbending to the elements.

The hand continued to grab hold of him as the owner walked across the seabed and back towards the shores. No matter how strong the currents were, it had been no different to him.

Soon, Zhao Xinglong felt a bright light attack his eyes and the pressure around him fall away and allow him to breathe. In this moment, the feeling of being born anew had begun to swell up within his mind.

As he looked to who had grabbed him, he had realized it was indeed Wang Chao.

In the other hand, Wang Chao held the mercury-filled ball. Looking at the overwhelming power of the storm in front of them, Wang Chao smiled, “This weather changes quite fast. I was nearly buried in the sand.”

“Is your martial arts that strong? In such a heavy storm, how did you walk through it as if it wasn’t even there?” Zhao Xinglong had managed to escape alive only because of Wang Chao and his grab.

“The power hidden within the water is constantly changing, but when you learn to take advantage of their power, it will be of no hindrance to you. But your inner organs aren’t that strong yet. Even if you understand the essence of this, it won’t serve you well.”

Wang Chao spun the ball around violently with a sizzling sound as the mercury inside sloshed about like a small bell. “This storm has a nice timing. With the fierce surge of the water currents now, it will be very suitable to my training.

However, you still aren't capable of entering."

With that, Wang Chao walked back into the water.

With the storm overhead, the water beneath was surging with a hidden power that was almost as if multiple experts were breaking out with Hidden Jin. Wave after wave, the water would assault every inch of Wang Chao's skin, whether it be his waist, chest, genitals or face.

Wang Chao continued to use the Hidden Jin in his body to anchor himself to the ground and tremble his body in a way similar to the "Rooster Ruffling Feathers". The Hidden Jin would rush out from the pores and defend the body from the power in the currents. However, his face and genitals had still been subjected to the painful rush from the currents.

The storm had quickly gone past, allowing for the water to calm down once more. Beaten and exhausted, Wang Chao had finally walked back forth from the shores and returned to the school.

After that day, Wang Chao would return to the oceans whenever it was calm and gentle to practice underwaters. When the weather was stormy and chaotic, he would go deeper within the oceans.

Zhao Xinglong had discovered that Wang Chao's everyday practice had changed as well. No longer did he practice the Chopping Jin of the tiger stance or the eagle stance. He hadn't even practiced any of the sets of Xingyiquan.

Wang Chao's everyday practice had now consisted of his hand clenching an invisible object to form a fist. When both of his arms rotated, the Jin that came forth would be as fierce as if he held two hammers in his hands as he danced.

"What discipline are you working on now?" Zhao Xinglong had asked.

"This is the five fists of Taichi, Move, Parry, and Punch! Parry and Punch! Under Elbow Punch! Lower Point Punch! Force Punch!

"At first, my martial arts was still lacking. Against an enemy, I used the movements of Baguazhang in order to find an opening. After my martial arts grew better, I was able to fight with firm grit, stability, and with Xingyiquan. Within Xingyiquan is the spear, and the way of the spear is filled with many variations to make it tricky. But with the spear, it contains many false moves, but

even these false moves can just as easily become true. Against an enemy, a firm strike hides deceit. Within Taichi, it is comprised of hard Jin completely without the use of deceit, similar to Li Yuanba in the *Dramatized History of Sui and Tang*.”

“When fighting, strike at their courage. In a match against an enemy, if one is able to quell the courage of their enemy, then the battle is already half won. With my fists against an enemy, two punches is all it requires without any changes. All that is needed is pure hard Jin. My own courage will be bolstered, and my fist will slam into the opponent’s head.” Wang Chao smiled.

“When fighting, strike at their courage....” Zhao Xinglong seemed as if he had understood something.

Wang Chao had deliberately enlightened Zhao Xinglong and laughed, “Try it out and see.”

Stepping forward, Wang Chao’s hands extended apart. This was the “Step Forward, Move, Parry, and Punch” form. Zhao Xinglong had only felt that Wang Chao’s punch had been like the giant wave with a hidden surge of power within it. Although there had been no crisp sound, the wind the fist brought had been thunderous and made him feel unwell.

Pa! Using his own hand to intercept, Zhao Xinglong had immediately felt his blood and breath tremble in that split-second. Not understanding what had happened, his body was thrown off his feet and soared across the air as if flying.

Chapter 121: The Banquet Before the Shaolin Temple Enters the Stock Market

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“What a guy, your fist is so strong, I felt my entire body shake at a single touch of our arms. It was like you forced my entire blood vessels and muscles to shake. I can still feel the ringing in my ears.”

When Zhao Xinglong’s arm made contact with Wang Chao’s, his entire body was sent flying until he slammed into a wall.

When he got up, his entire brain was dizzy. Sparks flew around his eyes and all of his internal organs seemed to have moved from their initial positions. He had even felt a slight puking sensation travel up his throat.

Wang Chao’s “Move, Parry, and Punch” had given him an impression: It was as if he was standing in front of a gigantic drum. With the jolting motion of the drums as it was vigorously beaten, his blood began to boil and he could see stars in his eyes.

“Taichi’s Hammer Jin gives off the impression of a giant bass drum being beaten. Take a look at the performances of Li Yuanba and his giant hammers. With a single swing of his hammer, even if his enemy tries to use their weapon to block it, it will be futile. Upon contact, the hammer will bring out a vibrating force that’ll shatter the guard. It’s express use is of the “Vibration” Jin. When a true grandmaster of Taichi fights, when their fist makes contact and the Jin explodes forth, it will be as if they are bringing out a vibration throughout their body. When you and I crossed fists and you felt your blood boil and saw stars, that was the most gentle result.”

Wang Chao released his fists and loosened his stance, causing his body to grow soft. Without any semblance of strength, when he tried to emulate the hammer fists to beat the drums, the majestic power was not the same as before.

“Then what is most important in this fist?” Zhao Xinglong asked.

“The most important part is when the fists collide. The enemy’s entire body will be shaken and the Jin will be distributed throughout the body.”

Wang Chao walked out from the room and then to the pond right outside the school where fish were bred. Pointing at the calm surface, he spoke to Zhao Xinglong, “When a grandmaster of Taichi uses his fists as a hammer to strike, they don’t place importance on striking at the vital parts. That is because whenever they strike with their Hammer Jin, the shock from the strike will ravage the entire body.”

As he spoke, Wang Chao bent down to the ground and picked up a small stone. Flicking a finger, he tossed it into the pond. With a splashing sound, the stone had caused a wave of ripples to flow outwards with the stone at the epicenter.

“Take a look. This is what the way of breaking out with Jin looks like in principle. However, if one’s martial art is not at a sufficient level, they would not be able to replicate this. When one’s martial arts has truly reached such a level, then no matter where I strike at your body, the bones of your entire body will be shaken to powder.”

“The way of fighting in Taichi is in a circular fashion. This rotation is not soft, but instead, it emits a shock. There is soft and hard Jin in Jin, and similarly, there are a hard rotation, and a soft rotation. When the sounds of a zither is heard, it is a comfortable feeling—that is the sounds of a soft rotation. When the sounds of a drum is heard, it is a bloodcurdling sound that shocks the eardrums and heart—that is the sounds of a hard rotation. Taichi follows this same concept of a hard rotation.”

Wang Chao’s eyebrows narrowed together as he revealed a pitiful expression. “The way of fighting in Taichi emphasizes the “Pounding Hammer”. With the Pounding Jin, the hair explodes upwards and is capable of sending a person flying away. But to truly kill a person, it requires the intent of the “Hammer”. With this intent, the force creates a vibration that can rattle the enemy’s bones and rupture the qi and blood. The way of practicing Taichi is to cultivate health—the soft rotation. The way of fighting is to kill—the hard rotation. If a martial artists were to understand the way of breaking out with the hard rotation, then they could throw away all other variations and dodging. With a single strike to the enemy, no matter where that strike lands, it will defeat the enemy. When Li

Yuanba fought, wherever his hammer struck, it would kill regardless of the spot struck. Although he was a fictional person, the principle of a hard rotation was not at all fictional. When Sun Lu-tang learnt Xingyuan, and Baguazhang, he came to understand the way of breaking out with a hard rotation as his martial arts grew deeper. By then, he understood the true Taichi style, and thus his own discipline came to be known as the Sun Style Taichi.”

Zhao Xinglong suddenly asked, “Is that how it is? In the world of martial arts, Taichi is the profound discipline?”

Wang Chao shook his head, “One style of Taichi is not the same as another. But this hard rotation is all correlated to Taichi. You can see that I am by no means an expert of Taichi. All I can do is practice these fist stances. I can also break out with this hard rotation and strike and spread the power throughout the body. Sun Lu-tang himself did not master Taichi. All he did was borrow the stances of Hao Weizhen’s style of Taichi for his own.”

“So your martial arts has already reached the level of the grandmaster Sun Lutang?” Zhao Xinglong spoke in disbelief.

Breaking out into laughter, Wang Chao answered, “Impossible, understanding is one thing, but applying it into practice is another matter altogether. When I use my fists to break out with the hard rotation Jin, I can disturb your Qi and blood and send your body flying, but I cannot shake your entire body and joints. Naturally, you are a practitioner as well. Your muscles and bones are strong. If an ordinary person were to be hit by my fist today, then their entire body would be a different matter. For men like Yang Luchan and Sun Lu-tang, when they broke out with Jin, it didn’t matter how strong one’s bones and muscles were. Upon contact with their fists, one’s body joints and bones would be completely shattered and blood would spill through all the orifices. To be apt, my martial arts right now is quite shallow still.”

“At a single touch of the fist, it spreads throughout the enemy’s bones and organs? Such a Jin like this, who would even be able to go against such a strike? It doesn’t require hitting a vital part at all.” Zhao Xinglong was astonished.

“That is the pinnacle force of Transforming Jin. Clear Jin explodes, Hidden Jin shocks. It is unfortunate that I can only unleash this hard rotation from just both

hands. It isn't strong enough either, in comparison, this is only a sixth of what the Transforming Jin is capable of."

"That Chen Aiyang is known as the master of Taichi. How is his usage of the hard rotation Jin?" Zhao Xinglong asked.

"The path Chen Aiyang walks is different from mine. His 'Fishing Toad Jin' is a way to practice breathing to strengthen the organs first before strengthening the muscles and bones. I strengthen the muscles and bones with the sounds of thunder first before spreading to the inner organs. His way of fighting emphasizes a whip-like motion like the Chopping Jin. He has not yet reached this level of hard rotation. But even then, my fists of Taichi would not be able to move his bones if we were to fight. If we fought, then I would instead make use of my movements to dodge and strike his vital parts instead."

These past few days, Wang Chao had brought the lead ball around his body while he was underwater. When it was stormy, the pressure underwater was even greater. No matter how much the water currents struck his body, because of how short of a time duration he was training, his face and genitals was still not capable of breaking out with Hidden Jin.

But, because of the strength of the water currents, his body was able to understand the vibrational power of the hard rotation. In these days, he had relinquished all other disciplines of martial arts from his mind and concentrated solely on five fists of Taichi to practice this type of power.

Being able to understand the shock from the hard rotation to strike at the entire body, Wang Chao had benefitted greatly from the videotape of Chen Aiyang against Tang Zichen.

In that battle, Chen Aiyang's whip movement and Tang Zichen's Pounding Hammer had met many times. Whether it was the foot or hand, the amount of power from it was overwhelming.

Afterwards, Chen Aiyang had even told Wang Chao that each time their hands had met, the force from his opponent had caused his eardrums to ring, his eyes to see stars, his joints to feel misplaced, and his blood vessels to begin to rupture.

To paint a better picture, it was as if a person was within a giant metal drum

while someone was beating on it from the outside.

If the match had continued, Chen Aiyang had doubts on how long his body could last before it died due to shock.

Although their hands and feet had crossed, the Jin from the enemy had been brought to every single part of his body. The force of the Pounding Hammer of the hard rotation, this was one of the pinnacle skills of Transforming Jin. It was far more deadly than any other ways of breaking out with Jin.

When the hard rotation Jin of Taichi was learnt to the highest levels, then it didn't matter how much of an expert the enemy was or how strong their muscles and bones were. Without striking at a vital part, one just had to merely touch for the fist to unleash a shocking vibration to damage the enemy's body and rupture the vessels.

But with his current progress with the five fists of Taichi, both of his hands were now experienced with the hard rotation of Taichi and how to break out with Jin for the both of them. However, its strength wasn't enough to compare to Li Yuanba. For him, he was able to kill anyone just by striking once no matter where he struck.

Perhaps when he was able to bring out the Hidden Jin throughout his entire body and combine his internal and external body with the sounds of thunder to temper his marrow, organs, bones, blood and skin, he would be able to. When his intent returns to nothing and when he would be able to dodge by instinct, he would be capable of bringing out the full power of the hard rotation of Taichi.

When that time came for his entire body to break out with Jin, then whether it was his shoulder, head, arm, waist, or even crotch, he would be able to kill.

Even using his back would be able to send a ripple of vibrations into his opponent's body and destroy it.

With Presence, one could intimidate the enemy. A single glance was all it took for a person to lose courage and the will to fight.

"What're you talking about now?" Just as Wang Chao finished speaking with Zhao Xinglong of the principle of the hard rotation, Lin Yanan walked in.

When Wang Chao saw her enter, he knew straight away that there had to be

something that came up.

Ever since the day they came back to Shandong from Singapore, Zhu Jia had gone back to her job at the CCTV station. Since her vacation was up, all she could do was to keep in touch with Wang Chao.

The school Wang Chao had in Laoshan had reached a boiling point in popularity. With publicity being thrown everywhere, plenty of people had wished to learn the craft. Lin Yanan had even went into Qingdao City to create a branch institution.

But even in this school where Wang Chao was nominally the head teacher, he had never shown up to personally teach any disciples.

The teachers of the school were comprised mainly of some high salary martial artists amongst the people. Some were from the Shandong Institute of Guoshu, and Lin Yanan had even scooped out some men from the Taekwondo and Karate dojos.

Sometimes, Zhao Xinglong would make a guest appearance and teach.

The Laoshan School of Internal Martial Arts was currently developing into a business while maintaining a strict amount of cultural influences. It was following the business tactics of the Shaolin Temple as well.

“Take a look at this, do you know what this is?”

Lin Yanan turned over her hand to reveal a gold invitation card. On it was the single word for “Buddha” engraved in a way that would reflect light.

Turning the card over, Wang Chao could see on it, “The Shaolin Temple will enter the stock market tomorrow. We would like to extend an invitation to all of our comrades in the martial arts world, so if Master Wang Chao would please come.”

Inspecting the card, Wang Chao was at a loss for words, “What is going on here?”

Lin Yanan smiled, “It’s written clearly on the card. The Shaolin Temple has finally entered the American NASDAQ. This must be the celebratory banquet to broaden their influence and show off their goodwill. They’ve invited all the

people within the martial arts world, meaning this is your invitation card!”

“The Shaolin Temple has entered the American NASDAQ market?” Wang Chao was shocked to hear Lin Yanan’s words. “That is incredible news.”

Lin Yanan was unconvinced, “It’s nothing special. The Shaolin Temple has already tourism, classes, Buddhist gifts and others that were commercialized. In these years, they had even begun to expand into the media world like Hollywood in America. There are many action stars famous for their acrobatic fighting—many of them are from Shaolin Temple. Furthermore, they have the support of many people .Do you really think the abbot of Shaolin is in the National People’s Congress for no reason?”

“The Shandong Institute here has been a subsidiary of the Shaolin Temple. In the past few days, our school has been taking plenty of their business.” Zhao Xinglong spoke.

“Since we have begun to dig into their market, according to logic, someone will definitely come by to challenge us. So why is it that these past few days have been so peaceful? Why send an invite then?” Wang Chao knew that the well known institute was a subsidiary of the Shaolin Temple a long time ago.

“Your fame has already preceded you for being the one to force Zhang Wei into the sea! You even killed the talent of Japan, Ye Xuan. With these two things, you’ve already become well known in the martial arts world. Did you really think that no one knew of you and that you were an obscure nobody? Who would dare come be a challenger? Wouldn’t they be asking for a beating then? You are already considered a master of the martial arts world!”

Lin Yanan spoke bluntly. It was at this point that Wang Chao had realized he was now a master that was well known in the martial arts world

“This time the Shaolin Temple has been the recipient of someone’s support. However, in the recent years, they have been quite close with the Americans. Although it was generally about business, there are some key points that are well worth a second look over. The organization will look over this to make sure soon.” Lin Yanan spoke.

Wang Chao nodded his head in understanding.

The Shaolin Temple was beginning to expand into the media world of the American Hollywood. This was definitely due to the cooperation of several American companies, otherwise, the Shaolin Temple would never dare try to enter themselves. Something in this cooperation sounded quite suspicious. With there being a sudden enter into the stock market, many suspicious points could be seen pointing at it.

“Liao Junhua and Dai Jun have both received invitations as well. Even their master Zhu Hongzhi has sent back an answer.”

“Is there anyone else?” Wang Chao asked.

“There are many, whether they have no name or fame. There will definitely be the corrupt officials, but the martial artists invited will definitely have a reputation to their names.”

Chapter 122: A Trap (One)

Chapter 122: A Trap (One)

“So the Shaolin Temple is going onto the stock market and wish to invite all martial artists within the martial arts world. No matter how much I look at this, doesn’t it feel like a modern gathering of the Wulin? The location on this card doesn’t Mt. Song in Henan, but Hong Kong? This isn’t a joke I hope!”

When Wang Chao looked at the invitation, he had realized the invitation card said to meet up in Hong Kong this time. In his heart, he couldn’t help but feel an unimaginable feeling well up in his head.

“It’s not a joke at all.” Lin Yanan smiled. “The Shaolin Temple has many disciples that went overseas to expand. Some became famous while some grew rich and powerful. Their connections have expanded, in Hong Kong most especially. And now, the Shaolin Temple has grown exceedingly well. So having a gathering in Hong Kong, is there really anything strange about that? Did you think this would be something out of a novel and be an invitation for a hero? A gathering of the entire Wulin to choose someone to be the leader?”

“It’s a good thing that this time the meeting will be in Hong Kong rather than in America. The Shaolin Temple will protect you in Hong Kong.”

Wang Chao shook his head, “There are many experts in China, do you remember when we went to the homelands of Zhang Wei? His martial brother Leung Jingmen and the Daoist monk with the surname of Xu. The both of them are capable of Hidden Jin despite the lack of combat experience. But they are not fighters, they are men of Wushu instead. People like this are definitely numerous within the country. They’re hidden and silent, but would the Shaolin Temple invite such men one by one? Even if they were invited, would they go to Hong Kong?”

The martial art sects of today’s era were practically all but gone. The remaining experts had already hidden themselves amongst the people. Some went into business, some became officials, officers, politicians, or teachers. Very few would go into the underground or open a school to train disciples.

The very notion of a martial art sect was extremely faint now with the experts all hidden away.

Only the Shaolin had developed economically and politically. They were completely deserving to being known as the leaders of the Wulin.

But Wang Chao couldn't understand one thing. What was the point of this meeting? Was it to illustrate one's position within the Wulin?

But since there was no Wulin now, the way the Shaolin Temple was operating, it was like lighting a lantern for a blind man to use.

"The Shaolin Temple is inviting the well known figures! Well. Known! Do you not understand these two words? In other words, those who have financial strength, know martial arts, are well known, and are a part of the upper-class. It isn't anything as chaotic of a mess you're thinking of like the Wulin or the Beggar's Union with their beggars. If you know martial arts, but have no money or no status, why would the Shaolin Temple invite you? To sweep their grounds maybe?"

Lin Yanan rolled her eyes to Wang Chao, "The Shaolin Temple has reformed and expanded quite quickly for 30 to 40 years. Many foreigners have come to Mt. Song to practice martial arts and diversifying the staff. Several foreigners are quite rich and powerful when they became a disciple for the Shaolin Temple. This way, the foreign connections of the Shaolin Temple has grown majorly! According to the organization, even the Morgan Financial Group, Disney, Rockefeller and several other groups in America have their men practicing Shaolin. Naturally, some of them admire Chinese martial arts and have nothing better to do with their money than to play around. But that doesn't mean to say the same for all."

Wang Chao had thought for a moment. Things were really as she said. After 30 or 40 years of reforms, the Shaolin Temple had become well known overseas. Many foreigners had came running to Mt. Song to learn martial arts, causing the Shaolin Temple and several foreign powers to become intertwined. In the name of Shaolin, many martial arts school had already opened up in America, Europe, and other countries. It could be said that they had truly charged out from Asia and onto the world stage.

“For the Shaolin Temple to suddenly open up to the stock market, it is quite doubtful. The powers they are involved with are certainly quite deep, this must be carefully investigated!” Lin Yanan spoke. “However, the Shaolin Temple matter has to be done discreetly, and not openly.”

“In brief, we should go to Hong Kong first. Investigating the Shaolin Temple isn’t something that can be done in one or two days. Let’s go and see first. With your identity, the organization will benefit greatly from this.” Lin Yanan nodded her head.

Just as Lin Yanan and Wang Chao had finished talking about the invitation from the Shaolin Temple, Wang Chao’s cellphone in the room began to ring.

The caller was Liao Junhua.

Shandong, Ji’nan.

Bang! Two fists collided together before Liao Junhua took three steps back. All he could feel was his entire body trembling as a buzzing sound could be heard in his ears.

“How did your martial arts improve that fast so quickly?” Liao Junhua was amazed. “I heard that you went to Singapore recently and fought against a Canadian master of the Cheng Style Baguazhang in a match, is that right?”

“You get your news quite fast.” After being forced back by the “Parry and Punch”, Liao Junhua had experienced the use of the hard rotation Jin by Wang Chao. After that, Wang Chao explained the matter with Cheng Shanming and their competition.

After hearing that Cheng Shanming was capable of Transforming Jin and was a student of marksmanship, Liao Junhua clicked his tongue.

“When I was in the American Chinese circles, I once heard of a Canadian expert of Cheng Style Baguazhang. But I never faced off against him! It’s no wonder your martial arts has improved if you were practicing rigorously underwater! Is the effect truly that big? One of these days, I’ll have to try it myself.”

“We can talk about that later. I came to ask you, what is going on with the Shaolin Temple?” Wang Chao asked.

“With your school opening up in Shandong, you are taking a piece of the market from the Shandong Institute of Guoshu. Furthermore, with a name like yours, if the Shaolin Temple didn’t invite you to the meeting, who would they invite then?”

“I heard that you were given an invite as well?”

“Correct.” Liao Junhua nodded. “However, I don’t have any leisure time to go and help these monks with whatever. I advise you not to go either. Word about these monks aren’t very good.”

“Does the Shaolin Temple even have any more fighting monks?” Wang Chao asked. “If they are all pig-headed and fat-bellied, then there really is no point in going.”

“Of course!” Liao Junhua’s eyes flashed brightly. “The Shaolin Temple still have genuine martial arts. Mt Song still has Mt. Taishi and Mt. Xiaoshi. The Shaolin Temple teaches martial arts on Mt. Taishi while Mt. Xiaoshi is focused completely on economics. The monks who are more astute than others, know how to do business, and earn profit are gathered there. They have many experts, but because of the deep bonds they have with foreign powers, I have no desire to go wading in the pool of water that is the Shaolin Temple.”

Wang Chao thought for a moment. Liao Junhua’s situation was quite special, he did not wish to form a relationship with the monks at all.

“If they have any experts, then I should take a look.”

“Then be careful of one thing. Do not compare notes with any of the monks. I’m not afraid of them by any means, but the moment you injure one of them, they will not leave matters at that.” Liao Junhua warned.

Three days later, Wang Chao and Lin Yanan arrived at the Hong Kong airports. After disembarking from the airplane, they saw two tall monks dressed in yellow robes and holding a giant sign.

On the sign read, “Welcome, Master Wang Chao.”

These two monks were extremely eye-catching and could be seen at a glance. Naturally, Wang Chao and Lin Yanan saw them and walked on over.

The two monks had been watching the entrance of the airport closely, but when they saw Lin Yanan and Wang Chao walking towards them, they gave each other a glance. As their eyes sparked up, a nervous look overcame their faces.

“Eh? What are they nervous about?” Lin Yanan spoke with confusion when she saw their expressions.

“If I may ask, are you Master Wang Chao?” The two monks suddenly asked.

“Are you from the Shaolin Temple?” Wang Chao looked at the monks. Their temples were bulging outwards and their physiques were well-built. Their palms were fair in skin tone and held no dead skin. But their knuckles had the faint traces of scarring.

These two monks had clearly trained their old skin away and were able of breaking out with Hidden Jin.

“The Shaolin Temple truly does have genuine martial arts if they are able of sending out any random two monks like this. Are all the monks capable of that? That’d be quite....” Wang Chao thought.

Lin Yanan’s eyebrows furrowed deeper and deeper.

“We are the monks in charge of receiving the guests for the Shaolin Temple. If we may, do you have your invitation card, Master Wang?”

Wang Chao took out his invitation card and allowed one of the monks to take it. After examination, the two monks gave a look of relief to each other.

“Master Wang, if you could please follow me?” One of the monks gave a nod. Instead of returning the card, he gave a gesture to Wang Chao to follow.

Wang Chao and Lin Yanan both followed the monks to the edge of the airport where a car could be seen waiting for them.

One of the monks opened up the door to the driver’s seat and climbed in. It seemed that he would be driving the car himself, leaving Wang Chao astonished.

“Master Wang, if you could please.” The other monk opened the door to let Wang Chao and Lin Yanan enter first. With a close of the door, he entered the backseat with them.

“Yong Bao, start the car now.”

Vroom!!! The car rumbled to life before driving away from the airport in an instant. Traveling on the road for a while, they finally arrived at a mountain path.

“If I could ask the master, what is your Dharma name?” Lin Yanan suddenly asked the monk sitting in the back with them.

“This poor monk’s Dharma name is Yong He.

“The generation name of Yong? That’s the same generation as the abbot Shi Yongxin.” Lin Yanan suddenly asked.

“Uh....” The monk suddenly realized something wasn’t right and his face scrunched up in anxiety.

“Wang Chao, move!” Lin Yanan suddenly forced Wang Chao aside with her elbow before breaking the glass to the driver’s compartment to grab at the nape of Yong Bao’s neck with her other hand.

Chapter 123: A Trap (Two)

Chapter 123: A Trap (Two)

Lin Yanan's hand had become a claw that clutched at the nape of Yong Bao as he drove the car from upfront.

Lin Yanan was a martial artist who had trained in Baguazhang to a level of maturity. Although her claw strength wasn't enough to shatter a wooden stick, it was more than enough to easily snap the neck of a person.

But the monk Yong Bao looked as if he had felt nothing. He had only turned his head, causing Lin Yanan to feel as if she was grabbing onto the skin of an elephant. Durable yet soft to the touch, her strength was completely useless against it.

At the same time when Yong Bao twisted his neck, Lin Yanan's palm grew wet as she felt millions of needle stab into it.

"Aiya!" Lin Yanan was startled. She hadn't thought that her enemy would be able of breaking out with Jin from his neck. Hurriedly withdrawing her hand, her entire body flew up from her seated position and shot forth with her elbow like a spear. With a crashing sound, it came striking towards Yong Bao's skull.

This strong elbow of Baguazhang was sent towards one of the weakest parts of the human body, the skull. Even the monk Yong Bao could not move with delay like he had done earlier. Stamping onto the brakes fiercely, the entire car came to a sudden stop on the road!

When the car came to a screeching halt, Lin Yanan's body grew unsettled. As she flew forward, her entire strength was diverted and ended up missing. Yong Bao turned around and brought his tiger-like claw hands towards Lin Yanan's wrists.

Yong Bao's tiger claw had brought forth a gust of wind with its fast and furious delivery. With both arms moving in a chain of motions, this was one of the Five Animal Fists of Shaolin, the "Leopard Chain Strike".

“What’s going on?” Wang Chao watched as Yong Bao struck out. He knew the situation was not looking good, Yong Bao’s skill at martial arts was far beyond what Lin Yanan was capable of. When the two moved against each other, Wang Chao didn’t know what to expect.

But Yong Bao’s “Leopard Chain Strike” was unbelievably fierce. If it were to hit Lin Yanan’s wrist, then the bones within would be pulverized. Wang Chao couldn’t just sit there blankly and watch it happen.

Bang! Wang Chao’s entire body broke out with Jin so strong that a gust of wind broke out within the car. With a single “Under Elbow Punch”, he struck at Yong Bao’s claw hand.

As the fists slammed against each other, Yong Bao could only feel a jolt of thunder surge into his body and seemed to shake at his blood vessels. As his heart began to quicken, his entire body began to feel pain as if the joints were being misaligned.

Crash! Yong Bao flew forward and came hurtling through the now broken windshield of the car on his way out.

Wang Chao’s “Under Elbow Punch” had been filled with the Jin of the hard rotation and had forced Yong Bao out from the car with speed.

He was using his strength for real this time, unlike when he was experimenting with Zhao Xinglong and Liao Junhua and had only used five percent of his strength.

In an instant, Yong Bao had been knocked straight through the windshield. In the moment Yong Bao flew out the windshield, Wang Chao’s ears trembled as he felt the hair on the back of his head spike up and grow taut. From this, he knew that someone was about to attack from behind.

Needless to say, it was Yong He who was sitting behind them.

Yong He’s hand had been like a beak and pecked at Wang Chao’s temple. Another fist came up to strike at Wang Chao’s head.

Wang Chao’s body crouched down and dodged the strike. With one foot, he kicked out the car door and pulled Lin Yanan out of the car with a fierce hop.

Just as Wang Chao and Lin Yanan escaped from the car, Yong He leapt with them. Yong Bao had stood back up by this point and shook his muscles. Then, the two warrior monks moved to the front and back of Wang Chao and Lin Yanan as a way to block the both of them.

“What is going on? Why did they suddenly attack us?” Wang Chao looked at the two Shaolin monks with narrow eyes and questioned Lin Yanan.

“Yong He and Yong Bao are both warrior monks from Mt. Taishi, just why would they receive us? These two monks have a name that isn’t far from your own; they are from the same generation as the current abbot, Shi Yongxin.” Lin Yanan kneaded an inflamed red hand. This was the same hand that had been struck by Yong Bao’s Hidden Jin after she grabbed his neck.

“Shaolin has Animal Imitation Boxing. Dragon, tiger, leopard, crane, and snake, those five animal shapes are usually learned to complete mastery by five people per generation. The dharma names of these two is in accordance with the five animal fists and their masters. Within the Shaolin Temple, their position is no less than Shi Yongxin. These two today came here with the intent of dealing with us.”

“Oh! Dealing with us?” Wang Chao looked to the two monks.

“You’ve sharp eyes to be able to see through us like that!” Yong Bao stared at Lin Yanan with a strict expression before shouting, “We have been commissioned by Interpol to bring back the terrorists for investigation. You two are terrorists, and Interpol have already been keeping watch on the both of you. Master Wang, it’s almost unbelievable that you were actually the scum of our martial arts world, to be involved in terrorism and assassination!”

“Wha—? Since when was I involved with terrorism and watched by Interpol? Do the monks of the Shaolin Temple have some sort of brain defect?” Wang Chao was stunned at this outrageous claim.

But Lin Yanan wasn’t surprised. “Yong Bao, Yong He, perhaps one of your past disciples, teachers, or disciple of disciples are American? Or perhaps a part of the American police? Even if we were terrorists, we have done nothing wrong to warrant America or Interpol to come to Hong Kong to arrest us. If you coordinate with the American police and the Chinese police were to find out,

then we will all miss out on the fruit to eat on!”

“The Americans must have caught onto what we did in Singapore. There’s no way the Americans will let you go now. The Shaolin Temple and foreign powers are definitely working together.. I never thought that their relationship would be this deep through to brazenly capture someone in Hong Kong. If I’m not wrong, then these two monks are driving us towards the secret extraction zone of the Americans rather than the gathering in Shaolin Temple. From there, we will be extracted to a ship with ease. Hong Kong isn’t like the mainlands, it would be very easy for the Americans to emigrate us.”

Wang Chao gave a quick but detailed explanation to Wang Chao.

“Could it be that the stock market act was fact, and the actual goal was for the Shaolin Temple to capture me?” Wang Chao realized.

“No, that’s not it. The Shaolin Temple has truly entered the stock market. The Americans used this timing to have these stupid monks lay a trap to ambush you. The banquet will continue, but you not being there isn’t anything special, yet at the same time, you being there will change nothing.” Lin Yanan’s mind was currently working at high speeds and had deduced the situation nearly 90% way through.

“It was fortunate that I felt something was fishy about this and that these monks weren’t good at covering up their details! Otherwise, we would have been led to the American ambush zone. Even if we had all of the power in the heavens, we wouldn’t be able to run! We would definitely be extracted out of the country. By that time, who knows what kind of treatment awaits us?! From these monks alone, I knew straight away that they had to do with the foreign powers and would be an accomplice! I was careless, I should have planned for this earlier!” Lin Yanan spoke rather bitterly.

Everything had been explained quite clearly.

When the Shaolin Temples reformed and developed for 30-40 years, they had taken on many foreign disciples. Some of them had a very secret relationship.

If there was an American disciple amongst the Shaolin monks, then they could capitalize on this chance to speak to one of the masters and say, “One of the guests you invited is an extremely dangerous terrorist. I hope that you could help

us out in secret. There will be plenty of good benefits after it is over.”

After Hong Kong was returned to China, it was still a country divided up into two systems. The people of Hong Kong ruled it, but the government was substantially different than the mainland. This made several things to be more convenient for the Americans to choose Hong Kong to be the place to kidnap Wang Chao with great success. If it was Shandong, then there was a huge chance of their own persons being kidnapped instead.

“We were in Singapore for a few matters, but we haven’t done anything to warrant the attention of the Americans.” Wang Chao gave a hard look to the monk Yong Bao.

Yong Bao and Yong He’s martial arts was on a higher level than that of Liao Junhua. Their status was even higher as well—it was about the equivalent to the ones in charge of the Arhat Hall in many novels.

They could be considered the top masters of the Shaolin warrior monks. For such a trifling affair that happened in Singapore, were they really going to use their connections to the Shaolin Temple and bring out two expert masters?

Wang Chao didn’t feel that he was worth such interest just yet.

“You have another mystery to your identity.” Lin Yanan bit her lips as she gave Wang Chao a look.

“What mystery is there to me?” Wang Chao had been surprised to hear Lin Yanan speak before a sudden thought occurred to him.

“Could it be....sis Chen?” A single thought flashed through Wang Chao’s mind.

Wang Chao no longer had any free movement after he joined with the organization. His identity was not at all innocent either anymore with the martial arts he had learned from the Tianxing district’s villa.

Before, there was nothing to worry about. But ever since he saw Tang Zichen fight Chen Aiyang and then the series of events afterwards, he had finally felt a small bit of anxiety in his heart.

Tang Zichen was without a doubt a foreign power. Wang Chao on the other hand....in this international game, he was stuck in between in a difficult position.

With Lin Yanan's declaration, it signified that she had already learned of Tang Zichen's identity from him.

The other mystery was Tang Zichen. Wang Chao was no idiot, so he realized the situation straight away.

"Oh! I've finally managed to make my way into your world." In that instant, Wang Chao felt an indescribable feeling well up within him, but he didn't know just what it felt like.

In the instant Wang Chao's thoughts had vacated his mind, the monk Yong Bao dashed forward with both arms linked together. As his feet traveled a straight line, he flew towards Wang Chao to attack.

From behind, Yong He gave a leap of seven to eight meters. From his robes he took out a small and dainty cell phone and pressed down onto a single key. Clearly, this was a way to send a signal!

Chapter 124: Inner Pound, Force Punch, and Yoga

Chapter 124: Inner Pound, Force Punch, and Yoga

“How progressive the times have been.”

Seeing how the monk Yong He had taken out a cellphone to send out a signal, Wang Chao felt it similar to how the boss of a gang would call out to his underlings. So an utterly ridiculous thought had entered his head as a result.

Associating his line of thoughts with the unpredictable marksmanship of the Baguazhang master Cheng Shanming to the level of proficiency the monk Yong Bao had with driving, Wang Chao had to concede. The Wulin and its practitioners of today was undoubtedly stained with the taste of today's era.

Just at that moment, a yellow blur flashed right in front of him while two fists broke through the air in a series of blows.

Before Yong Bao could even land a hit, the tearing sounds of the air snapping could be heard in Wang Chao's eyes. There was such an overwhelming amount of hostility that Wang Chao couldn't help but have his hair stick up in anticipation.

Yong Bao's forward leap and barrage of strikes was somewhat familiar to the “Pounding of the Horse Stance” in Xingyiquan. However, the posture was slightly different.

Yong Bao was using one of the more distinctive branches of Shaolin, “Rolling Fist”. Both arms were straightforward in its movements, and a single glance could tell that it was from the Longfist of Northern Shaolin. Compared to Xingyiquan which required sticking close to the opponent, the Rolling Fist was completely different.

The postures were close enough, but the intent behind the strikes were different, leading to an effect that was worlds apart from each other.

Yong Bao's string of attacks were aimed towards Wang Chao's face, while at the same time, his right leg came up to step onto Wang Chao's leg.

This foot press was one of the leg techniques, “Iron Stamp”, of the Shaolin hard leg style. In a fight, it specialized in stamping down with force. Yong Bao was a great warrior monk on Mt. Taishi. Now at the age of 40, if he were to use the Iron Stamp to break out with Jin, he could crush a hundred bricks to dust in a short amount of time as proof as his prowess with martial arts.

If Wang Chao were to be hit by this, if his feet bones weren’t shattered, he would still suffer a serious injury.

This domineering style of Yong Bao was to capitalize on the chance to capture. With a fierce and sudden explosion of attacks, any regular person wouldn’t be able to escape.

It had originally been a three way lock, but after Wang Chao learned from Lin Yanan that his relationship with Tang Zichen had been investigated, his heart had been sent into a deep shock. Yong Bao had taken notice of his opponent’s wavering Qi and presence, and decided to take the first initiative.

Furthermore, he had struck first so as to give Yong He time to send out the signal to prepare for their men to capture Wang Chao and Lin Yanan.

“If the airport would have allowed me a gun, then I would have asked teacher for a gun. Rumors had it that Wang Chao was very strong, but I didn’t think to see that he was even stronger than we thought!”

After sending the message, Yong He smashed the cellphone with a cracking sound before accurately throwing the pieces at the back of Wang Chao’s head.

It would appear that Yong He was quite decent with using concealed weapons.

In the recent struggle within the car, Yong He had personally bore witness to Wang Chao’s “Under the Elbow Punch” sending Yong Bao straight through the windshield of the car with shock. He had recovered quickly however and called for reinforcements. After using the remnants of the phone to throw and attack Wang Chao, this series of actions had only displayed the fighting and reactive ability of the Shaolin warrior monks.

Clearly, Yong He was no idiotic monk that blindly cultivated his strength, but he was an old hand rich with combat experience.

“What a guy! This monk has experienced combat before, and a lot of it!”

When Wang Chao saw Yong Bao taking the initiative, he knew that this monk was not the same as Zhang Wei's martial brother Leung Jingmen and the Daoist monk. Their martial arts were high, but they were lacking actual combat experience. In a battle to the death, they would feel hesitation and fear both arm and leg of their enemies.

“The warrior monks of the Shaolin Temple, just where did they go fight to the death? Perhaps they fought in the underground arenas?”

Although his mind was in doubt, Wang Chao was still prudent with his martial arts. Taking back his leg to dodge Yong Bao's stamp, he moved forward with one leg in front and the other deep behind like a plow deep in the earth as it tilled the fields.

The leg plows the earth as steady as Mt. Tai itself!

Wang Chao's hand turned into a fist before moving to the front of his solar plexus. With a fierce burst of Jin down through his legs and into the ground, the entire road seemed to have shaken a little bit.

This was Wang Chao borrowing the “Pounding Hammer” of Taichi to generate Jin. Abandoning grace, deception, and sinister factors generally used in a fight, he would have his intent to strike explode outwards for an extremely shocking amount of power. With a fierce blow to shake the body, anyone hit would be blown away by it.

In the world of Chinese Boxing, in terms of unyielding strength, this ranked first.

First comes “Inner Pound” which would be followed by the “Step Forward and Punch Downwards” for the shocking blow.

Wang Chao's martial arts had already reached a master level of where the “sound follows the fist”. And after going to Singapore, he was able to discern the two types of Clear and Hidden Jin his legs and couple hard and soft together by talking with Chen Aiyang. With that, he had been able to walk 8 steps up a wall without falling.

Lastly, his match with Cheng Shanming had given him the experience of watching Cheng Shanming practice underwater. After Wang Chao returned to

Laoshan, he used the lead ball to practice underwater himself to finally allow his body to experience the true meaning of the hard rotation. With his present study of martial arts, he had turned complicated into simplistic.

Cheng Shanming had already reached the Transforming Jin realm, but his heart was not as steadfast as Wang Chao's. His bravery was not as fierce, and his inspiration was not as expansive. And with him walking a crooked path by learning marksmanship, he was unable to understand the ideology of the hard rotation in Taichi.

When Yong Bao's foot stepped on air and both of his fists failed to hit Wang Chao's face, he knew the situation wasn't going well.

Afterwards, the two warrior monks began to feel a slight trembling sensation underneath their feet, causing them to feel even more shocked.

In that instant, their opponent exploded outwards with a fist from the center with the force of a cannon.

As this cannon exploded, the recoil from it was extremely massive, causing the earth to quake.

Wang Chao's "Inner Pound" had already reached a level so strong that the recoil was as if he had shot a cannon. From his legs, the force would be transmitted into the ground and shake it.

For the power to burst out from one's fist like that, would anyone in the world be able to block this?

Yong Bao's feet had been trained to the point of being as sensitive as his face was. So when he felt the tremors, he didn't even need to think to know that Wang Chao's fist could not be blocked. If he were to try and meet it head on, then he would most definitely be sent flying back like before.

"This Wang Chao's martial arts is simply....stronger than when I was a youth. Even in the American underground rings, none of the heavyweight boxing champions or killing machines were capable of a fist stronger than this."

Yong Bao's feet slid across the ground and back a meter so as to dodge Wang Chao's "Inner Pound" But as he dodged, all he could see was black before a gust of wind blasted him.

Wang Chao's "Move Forward and Punch Downwards" required a downwards strike from top to bottom. Covering his entire forehead, nose, chest, abdomen, and genitalia, Wang Chao would be able to strike at any of the vital parts.

The "Force Punch" came crashing down with the force of Mt. Tai, causing Yong Bao's ears to tremble as if he was listening to the rumbling sounds of thunder in the air. He had only felt the power of his opponent increase in a single surge like a roll of thunder. Like a giant Peng spreading its wings out, the wind could be felt from a mile away.

"Ha!" Clenching both fists, Yong Bao let out a long sigh after drumming up his intestines within his body. The breath that escaped from his chest had sounded similar to the war cry of an elephant.

Borrowing the sound within his body to generate even more strength, he lifted both hands into the air like a hegemon holding a cauldron overhead and tried to hold off against Wang Chao's "Force Punch".

Kacha! The ground beneath Yong Bao's foot began to fracture and subside. His knees began to bend as a result of not being able to withstand the weight before finally falling to the ground in a kneeling position.

"How dangerous!" As he knelt, Yong Bao felt his entire body go numb. With an exhale, he went from kneeling to a rolling position. With the "Donkey Roll", he had been able to roll away and escape from danger.

"A breathing exercise from Yoga?"

In that instant, Yong Bao had been able to emit a loud sound from his throat and expel it outwards. Using that energy, he brought it to his hands to support himself against the "Force Punch" before rolling out.

When Wang Chao heard Yong Bao's voice, he had guessed that it was a breathing exercise from Yoga.

Parts of Yoga could be traced back to Shaolin.

A master of Yoga in India could take in a single breath to temper their inner organs to an unbelievable level. They could capture water with their anus, and they could even suck water through their genitalia to their urinary bladder.

The Shaolin Temple's way of breathing to strengthen the inner organs contained the way to let out the war cry of an elephant. This method of cultivation originated from one of the ancient schools of Yoga in India.

While Wang Chao was not one that practiced breathing and instead focused on strengthening his muscles, he was still at a stage of being capable of "Inner Sight".

His heart and lungs were several times stronger than the ordinary person.

So he was fully capable of understanding that Yong Bao's martial art had reached a stage of maturity. He was one that was well deserving of being one of the ones to uphold the front of one of the Shaolin Temple warrior monks.

But he did not take the opportunity to move forward to strike and kill Yong Bao. Instead, he leapt backwards.

That was because there was still the warrior monk Yong He.

Yong He was currently fighting with Lin Yanan.

When Yong He had used his cell phone as a means to throw them at the back of Wang Chao's head as a throwing weapon, Wang Chao didn't bother to dodge—but that wasn't because he didn't know that it was coming. It was only because he realized Lin Yanan had lashed out with a fist and knocked away the fragments.

When one reached a level of martial arts that Wang Chao had, then all the pores on the human body were practically eyes. There was no blind spot in his area of defense.

After throwing the cellphone, Yong He came rushing forward. Both hands turned into beaks that jabbed at Lin Yanan's eyes. But after being blocked, Yong He swayed a bit before dropping his beaks downwards towards Lin Yanan's shoulders.

When fighting, first strike at their courage. When striking at their courage, strike the eyes first. Attacking the enemy's eyes was the most common way to easily to make them lose their courage and retreat. Yong He's way of fighting was truly exquisite in its approach.

He wanted to capture Lin Yanan in order to force Wang Chao's hand and into

submission.

In that moment, a single black car suddenly came swerving onto the roads.

Chapter 125: The First Confrontation Between Guoshu and Gun (One)

Chapter 125: The First Confrontation Between Guoshu and Gun (One)

After Yong Bao had been forced out of the car window, he was then forced to make use of the breathing exercises of Yoga and then the “Donkey Roll” to escape with his life after Wang Chao had used the “Inner Pound” and “Move Forward and Punch Downwards”.

When the two crossed fists, determining who was the superior one had only taken a single split-second.

Although Yong Bao was stronger in martial arts and had more combat experience, even he wasn't able to defend himself against the explosive Jin from Wang Chao's hard rotation.

If it were just Yong Bao by himself, then it was an undeniable fact that he would not be able to last long to Wang Chao before losing. But he had Yong He, a practitioner of the Shaolin Crane Fist with a exquisite skill level in it. Moving towards Lin Yanan, he had first struck at her eyes before moving to strike even more at her courage.

Lin Yanan wasn't all too bad with her martial arts, but even she couldn't compare to a warrior monk of Shaolin like Yong He.

Yong He and Yong Bao were both filled with a rather rich experience that could almost pass off as an epic. When they were young, they won over and over again in the American underground arenas. Eventually, the both of them were entered in the American Shaolin Temple schools. Because of their aptitudes, they were noticed and brought in as disciples.

As time went on, the two continued to fight in America and earned so many enemies that it forced them to flee to Mt. Song. Hiding for seven years there, they managed to become one of the higher ranking seniors within the Shaolin Temple.

They were people that became monks despite not being trained for it. They did not have the same air of a master that converted to Buddhism, but because of this, they were able to withstand Wang Chao's presence without fear. If they were someone that had never experienced a battle to the death, then they would have long since lost their confidence if they went against Wang Chao.

As long as a person has experienced a life or death battle many times, then whenever they prepared to fight, they would leak out a presence that would terrify any regular person.

The warrior monks of the Shaolin Temple fought for the sake of the face of it. They simply could not have men who hadn't experienced such battles represent them.

With his combat experience, Yong He knew that when fighting, one needed to intimidate first. And the best way to intimidate was to attack the eyes. So in a single movement, he had gained control of the situation.

Not even two exchanges later, Lin Yanan was suddenly put in a precarious situation. Repeatedly dodging to the best of her abilities, she was just barely managing to not get caught by the monk.

Winning was one thing, capturing a person alive was another. Capturing a person alive was ten times more difficult than winning and killing. Although Yong He was far stronger than Lin Yanan, he could not just effortlessly capture her.

Just as Yong He was about to forego everything and go all out, Wang Chao had suddenly appeared. Overtaking the area, his arm had made a chopping motion straight down onto Yong He's head.

A tiger pounce and chopping fist. Wang Chao's leap had not used the "Pounding Hammer" of Taichi. Instead, he had fallen back onto the Xingyiquan he knew best since it was a faster strike that did not require having to be coming at the person from the front.

While Wang Chao thought his move to be "swift and agile", it was anything but that in Yong He's mind. When Wang Chao leapt, Yong He had realized the tiger's pounce and chopping sounds through the air straight away.

Even after Yong He had practiced a type of martial arts where one had a "Steel

head”, he would not dare try to block such a powerful strike.

Sliding gracefully and crouching down, Yong He’s arms grasped the ground and bounded for the left like an agile monkey. In an instant, he had made his way down the path, and with the usage of both arms and legs, he effortlessly arrived at the rocky hilltop nearby. With this, Wang Chao had no way of chasing him immediately.

The warrior monk Yong He had been like a startled monkey in that moment.

Shaolin had the basis of Xingyiquan in it, so as a senior monk of the “Yong” generation, Yong He had naturally perfected the monkey stance within it to perfection. As a 40 year old, 20 of those years were spent purely on training, and not in vain either. Borrowing the terrain’s power, he had been able to swiftly evade Wang Chao’s chain killing moves.

If one was no match for someone, then outrun them.

If Yong He hadn’t been fast enough to run away and stayed there instead, then Wang Chao would have gone from the chopping motion to the Eagle’s Claw. And from the Eagle’s Claw, the Eagle’s Tear and Eagle’s Rip. Even if Yong He was able to successfully defend himself against that, then he would have been caught in Wang Chao’s fierce energy and would have breathed his life breath in his grasp.

This mountain path lead straight to Victoria Harbor, and was thus very expansive. While the four persons were fighting, many cars could be seen traveling around them without a single one stopping the car to question what was going on, and no police had appeared either. At the very most, people would look for two seconds before quickly continuing on their way.

Hong Kong films were growing more and more popular, so it was a relatively common sight. Two monks, one male, and female. Nothing more needed to be said about this, it was most definitely a Hong Kong film. Many people from Hong Kong had seen such a sight before, so something like this was almost as ordinary as eating rice and drinking water. There was no need to be startled.

However, what all these passersby didn’t know was that the two monks, male, and female were far from playing around. They were not making a film.

“How unfortunate that we weren’t allowed to carry guns in the airport.

Otherwise, we could have easily resolved this matter with the monks. We just need to get in the car and go, there's no need to fight with these monks or the Shaolin Temple, pah!"

When Lin Yanan saw that Wang Chao was forcing back the two monks, she cried out a series of words in a rapid-fire manner.

"Where would we go?!"

"There's the army of Hong Kong nearby. As long as we make contact, then we can borrow their forces along with the Hong Kong police to flush out these men! These two monks are clearly connected to the Americans."

As the two spoke, they arrived near the car. Naturally, Lin Yanan had wanted to drive her and Wang Chao away.

"Thinking of escaping, are we?" At that moment, Yong Bao had reached the other side of the car. Opening the door to the driver's seat, he gave a mighty stamp and kicked the steering wheel with a crackling sound.

The steering wheel flew off through to the other side of the car where it struck Lin Yanan in the face.

Lin Yanan turned an elbow to strike at the steering wheel, but this car would no longer be able to drive.

Wang Chao's eyes flashed once before pulling Lin Yanan backwards several steps.

"You run first! I'll kill these monks!"

"Got it!" Lin Yanan gave a knowing nod before running away in a sprint. As long as she could escape the mountain path and take a taxi, she would be able to avert disaster.

"Yong He, stop that woman, don't let her escape!"

Yong Bao cried out. Without needing to be told, Yong He knew how serious the situation was. With both hands and feet, he moved like a monkey down the rocky hill. With a fierce leap, his arms extended wide like a red-crowned crane taking flight to block Lin Yanan's path.

Just at that moment, Wang Chao's figure appeared out of nowhere. Spearing

forward past Lin Yanan, his hands turned into claws that clutched at Yong He's throat before tearing it out.

This was Wang Chao's "Eagle Claw Lock", a move filled with killing intent. Fighting these two monks had finally incurred his killing intent, and his hand would no longer stay soft, each move was to kill.

Wang Chao's movement and leg work was from his experience with the "Flying Horse Treading on Sparrow", and working a lead ball underwater. The both of them were practically perfect and lightning quick.

With the Baguazhang way of moving, one would open and close, stick close and stay afar, and transverse eight to ten meters in length. With a simple sway, most ordinary people wouldn't be able to make sense of his movements.

Wang Chao's current foot movements were not too far off from the two grandmasters of Xinyiquan and Baguazhang, Guo Yunshen and Cheng Tinghua.

Speaking in terms of the killing potential of a bullet, only in the hands of a gunner like Cheng Shanming would these two grandmasters lose.

Yong He had only just stopped Lin Yanan, so he had not thought that Wang Chao would act so fast. In an instant, he had come from behind her and lashed out with an eagle claw before he could even widen his eyes in surprise.

The hairs on his throat had instantly spiked up one by one so that they protruded in lumps like a frog.

Ignoring Lin Yanan now, both hands lashed out like a "Lion Playing With Ball". Fiercely grabbing hold of Wang Chao's fist, he simultaneously took a step back. Then neutralizing the momentum, he sprung back forward. With a forward chop, he was planning on snapping Wang Chao's arm.

In that moment where Yong He charged forward and chopped, his leg came flying out like an arrow towards Wang Chao's genitalia.

This was the Shaolin style of "18 Capturing Hands" specifically meant to breaking bones, muscles, the genitals, tripping, close combat, and fighting against a sword empty-handedly. Many soldiers and police officers were often times trained in this style that had been formed from Shaolin.

But Wang Chao didn't care that his claw had lost strength. No matter how much Yong He tried, he would not be able to. At the same time, his other hand formed a fist. With a burst of Jin, the ground began to shake with the recoil. This "Earthbreaking Pound" was then sent down at the foot Yong He had lashed out with at his genitals.

Yong He's leg that was aimed at Wang Chao's genitals had a second move. As soon as he saw Wang Chao punch downwards, his leg had made a change to fall back down while the other leg came flying up in its place. This had to be the way of the lame leg of the "Continuous Dual Kicking Form". The first leg was a false strike while the second leg was the actual killing move.

But Wang Chao had another move in preparation as well. The "Groundbreaking Pound" had transformed as well to protect his body to become the "Lower Point Punch".

A switch from the Pound to the Hammer had made him circulate his Jin throughout his entire body forcibly. On his neck, a seemingly single blue snake appeared to be bulging up under his skin in a terrifying fashion.

At the same time, his clothes began to tighten and split open as his muscles puffed up in a series of ripping sounds!

Bang! The fist made contact with Yong He's leg with a bone breaking sound. Blood spilt everywhere as Yong He let out a cry of pain and fell back 8 meters. The part of his leg where Wang Chao's fist had smashed was a mangled mess where the bones and flesh had mixed together.

Bang! Bang bang!

Just as Yong He flew back, a black car came driving forward before coming to a halting stop. From the back came a male and female—the male had been Chinese, but the female was a fair-haired and blue-eyed foreigner.

When the two came out from the car, their hands held a gun and shot at Wang Chao!

Chapter 126: The First Confrontation Between Guoshu and Gun (Second)

Chapter 126: The First Confrontation Between Guoshu and Gun (Second)

Bang! Bang bang! Because of the silencers on the guns, the shots hadn't been too loud, but the bullets themselves had shot straight into the cement and struck it with a disharmonious sound.

In an instant, Wang Chao had pressed himself to the ground almost as if he was doing a pushup. His hands bent at an angle as he crawled forward along with his knees in a reckless charge.

By the time the male and female gunners had stepped out of the black car, Wang Chao had already made his move. Moving in a serpentine motion, his arms and legs crawled across the ground with his chest extremely close to it. Just like how the scales of a snake would slither and slide, his body had contorted just like how a real python would slither over the ground.

Shua shua shua! His speed was absolutely astounding and gave everyone the feeling that a startled snake had suddenly darted out from the grass with a whooshing sound.

Legend has it that when a snake grows extremely strong, their entire body could stand up and their tail would act like a leg. At that moment, the snake could brace itself from even against the wind.

Although it was a legend, Wang Chao's movements of "Snake Probing Through Grass" and "Wind Supporting Snake" were used to their maximum efficiency. His arms, legs, elbow, knee, abdomen, and chest were used in conjunction and lent strength to one another in order to scuttle over the ground as if aided by the "wind".

And so his face had dodged the three bullets by a slight amount.

This could be said to illustrate that fact that not only was Wang Chao faster than the bullets, his eyes were extremely acute along with his reactions. In the

instant the male and female shot their guns, he had seen through their firing path. In that split second where the bullets were shot out, he had darted away out of their range.

These forms of “Snake Probing Through Grass” and “Wind Supporting Snake” were a variation of the snake stance. It lied in between the practicing methods and fighting methods, but it could be used as a way to practice a technique against an opponent.

But the amount of times this could be used against an opponent was rare due to the fact that scuttling across the ground was an incredibly odd move. It was meant to dodge an attack from above right after being thrown to the ground.

It was equivalent in practicality along with the “Kip Up”, “Rising Windmill”, and “Bridge”. Only at a specific situation would these moves save one’s life.

But these two forms of the snake stances were even harder to learn than the “Kip Up” and “Rising Windmill”.

Almost effortlessly, Wang Chao had blew past seven meters towards the shooters. The bullets had barely grazed by his skin and exploded behind him in a fireworks appearance without actually hitting his body.

“A well-done snake stance! Be careful!” Yong Bao immediately saw the similarity of Wang Chao’s movements to that of a four-legged gecko that was scuttling forward at an explosive speed. Growing close to the Yong He who was on the ground some distance away, Yong He immediately let out a startled cry.

“Bang!” Wang Chao tilted his head to the side, but his nose had smelt the burning smell of metal and gunpowder very clearly.

Another bullet had practically taken off the skin of his nose.

The monk Yong He was still on the ground with both of his eyes wide opened. His monk robes were thoroughly drenched, seemingly looking powerless to maintain his strength.

His leg had been struck by Wang Chao’s “Elbow Point Punch” and smashed his bones into pieces. Even his flesh, muscles, and skin had been smashed into a circular wound as if a steam roller had gone over it.

Using the “Five Hammers of Taichi” to couple the soft Clear and Hidden Jin together into a hard rotation, his strength had been overwhelming, a feat that very few could accomplish. Even a steel plank would be smashed apart by his fist if struck by such a blow.

In practicing Taichi, one could achieve an unparalleled amount of softness. Once this softness was perfected in practice, it would nurture the way to the fierce hardness used in fighting.

When practicing, the lighter and more loose it was, the better. When fighting, the fiercer and more smashing, the better.

Originally Wang Chao was not capable of such a sufficient mastery of the domineering techniques of hard style, but because of his practice underwater, his knowledge of the surrounding areas in Xingyiquan had allowed his body to experience and understand the artistic realm Sun Lu-tang himself had once experienced.

Sun Lu-tang was a grandmaster of Xingyiquan, but after he had learned the use of force through a comprehensive mastery of the surrounding areas, he had learned the stances of “Pounding Hammer” in Taichi. From there, he was able to display a path of hardness with his Xingyiquan as well. After exchanging notes with a teacher of Taichi, Hao Weizhen, Sun Lu-tang had learned the stances of Taichi.

And after Wang Chao had exchanged notes with Chen Aiyang of the Li Style, he had gained the essence of Taichi.

Furthermore, Tang Zichen had taught Wang Chao the essence of Taichi as well. She had written in the *True Record of Guoshu* several stances of Taichi. First was the “Three Whips” stances, the “Single Whip”, the “Double Whip”, and the “Open and Closed Whip”. Second was the “Five Hammers”. Third was the “Seven Pounds” with the “Inner Pound”, “Chain Pound”, “Soaring Pound”, and “Groundbreaking Pound”, etcetera.

Because his martial arts wasn't pure, he didn't practice these moves often in fear that he would learn the move in appearance, but not in substance.

The three fighting stances of Taichi were the “Whip”, “Hammer”, and “Pound”. For those without enough strength, they would not be able to convey

the might of the three. They would only be able to perform a series of rather comical stances, turning “Martial Techniques” into “Dancing Techniques”.

TL Note: Martial Technique and Dancing Techniques is a pun. Both are spelt Wushu.

The “Pounding Jin” for example, when a fist strikes out, it must be like a cannon and release a recoil. At a burst, the power would jolt through the legs and into the ground, similar to that of an actual cannonfire.

Those who practiced Taichi to fight were innumerable, but those who had reached such a height were far and few. Amongst a crowd of ten million, only one or two of them would be at such a level.

For those without sufficient strength, they would only be able to cultivate health with Taichi. If they tried to fight, defeat was inevitable.

There had been many examples throughout society. One man who had practiced Taichi for 3-4 years was beaten by a man who fought with mixed martial arts for one year and a half to the point where the parents weren’t able to recognize his face.

In the last year, Wang Chao had learned the essence of Xingyiquan to the point where thunder followed his fist. He hadn’t dared used his Taichi to fight against others, however. That was due to the fact that his martial arts was not pure and he did not yet learn the essence of Taichi.

“A practitioner of Taichi does not leave for ten years” was the very embodiment of this reasoning.

The methods of “Leveraging a thousand with four hundred”, “Pushing Hands”, or “Listening Jin” were ways to practice sensibility and technique.

In an actual battle, one that wished to win with stealth would be a guerilla warfare expert in a large scale battle to ensure a ridiculously easy victory.

If one were to only learn techniques for several years, it would be strange if they weren’t beaten to a pulp if they tried to fight someone.

Yang Luchan’s nickname as “Yang the Invincible” was not because he had only used the way of pushing hands to defeat people, or to listen to Jin to send

people to the ground. It was because it was unknown just how many people his hands had cudged to death, or how many bones he had beaten and broken, or how many inner organs he had destroyed to earn the title.

Those students who secretly trained on sandbags and lifted barbells during the Republic of China in the Central Guoshu Institute were stronger than anyone else.

Yong He's leg strength may be terrifying with the Shaolin's leg technique "Iron Stamp", which could easily shatter a boulder, but in front of Wang Chao's devastatingly hard Hammer Jin, that iron may as well be tofu.

Wang Chao's usage of the snake stance was enough to dodge four bullets. But he was able to tell that the male and female were both expert gunners and so he had tried his best to scuttle and move over the ground in a way that it would be hard for the two gunners to hit him. If he were to stop or take a breather now, then he would immediately be force fed several shelled peanuts.

"My 'Snake Probing Through Grass' and 'Wind Supporting Snake' allows me to move forward 20 meters in an instant, but I will need to take another breath after those 20 meters and stop. If I stop....I have to find a scapegoat!"

As he was scuttling forward, Wang Chao's mind was revolving with thought. In an instant, he had moved to where Yong He was. Twisting his body, both hands grabbed onto Yong He's throat and turned so that he was behind Yong He's back. His entire body was now covered just like a little baby.

The gunshots stopped straight away.

That was because when Wang Chao contracted his body behind Yong He, the male and female had only seen Yong He drop painfully to the ground. Wang Chao had disappeared into thin air, even his clothes couldn't be seen.

"What an amazing Monkey Contracting Body."

When Wang Chao shrunk his body so that it could hide behind Yong He, even the monk couldn't help but sigh in admiration and jealousy. For one who's skill has reached perfection like that, their martial arts was undoubtedly at a very high level.

"The girl over there!"

The female foreigner with fair hair had spoken out in fluent Chinese. As she spoke, the hand holding her gun pointed towards Lin Yanan and fired.

Lin Yanan had already ran far away, but she was not yet out of firing range. When the gun was fired, Wang Chao's eyes followed the bullet to where Lin Yanan was.

Bang! Lin Yanan's body leaned to the side as her arm was struck, causing her to tumble onto the road. With a nimble roll, she fell down the mountain path and disappeared behind a large boulder.

Seeing the turn of events, Wang Chao's heart loosened for a moment. Their opponents were using a low caliber bullet, meaning that the wound wouldn't be too big. Despite it leaving behind a hole, Lin Yanan had undergone special training and martial arts, so the gunshot wouldn't be anything bad provided she wiped the blood away.

"She's hit! She won't be able to run far, let's go!" The male spoke loudly as he went in to chase.

"No need! This is the big catch here. We have to deal with him together, just because the night is long doesn't mean you can dream just as much!" The American woman spoke; she had used a Chinese idiom, meaning that she was clearly educated in China.

"Mister Wang, you can't escape!" The American woman suddenly spoke up loudly before turning to face Yong He and Wang Chao right behind him, "Come on out now."

But Wang Chao remained silent behind Yong He as if he wasn't even there.

Even his breathing couldn't be heard.

Yong Bao, the man, and woman could only see Yong He sitting on the ground with his eyes closed shut, his face a waxen yellow, and his lips beginning to crack due to the loss of blood.

"Ming, Wang Chao couldn't have run off just now, right?" The American spoke with confusion.

"Definitely not. He's still behind master Yong He, but his technique is so clever

so that neither sound or sight can be detected. We can't see him from here.” The male now called Ming spoke out.

“Ah Ming! Is he really a terrorist? Why is his martial arts so strong then? Yong He's leg has been crippled! What are you going to do?” Yong He's eyes flashed suspiciously as he asked Ah Ming.

“Teacher, we didn't lie, though? He is classified as a member of a secret spy organization in the European Union. There is an even more terrifying person above him who defeated Chen Aiyang in Singapore last month. When it comes to Chen Aiyang's name, I am sure teacher knows him. I came to invite you two this time is because his martial arts is unbelievably strong. However, just how did you let our plans fail apart and failed to bring him to the ambush point?”

Ah Ming spoke up with slanted eyes. Moving his body, he leapt up towards the mountain path to find Wang Chao from the side.

At the same time, the American girl had started on the opposite side. Yong Bao leapt up as well towards Yong He.

Three people, one from the left, one from the right, and one straight towards Wang Chao who was hiding right behind the defeated Yong He!

“Crap!” Wang Chao knew that the American girl and Ah Ming were both expert gunners. Although they weren't at the same level of strength as Cheng Shanming, they weren't bad either so his chances of escaping were slim to none. *“If it were just one person, then I could probably escape. But with two gunners and a Shaolin monk, that'll be too difficult.”*

In that instant, Wang Chao's side had already been in range of gunfire.

“Hai!” Wang Chao grabbed onto Yong He's robe and raised him 1.8 meters up. Lifting up the 200 pound monk like a scarecrow, Wang Chao began to revolve the monk his body while he pounced onto the road towards the American.

“Don't shoot!”

Yong Bao shouted out loud, but the american girl hadn't hesitated for even a moment as she let out a shot. As a special service agent, her cold-hearted nature without any apprehension was very noticeable.

Bang! A single round made its way into Yong He's body. Afterwards, the American woman let out another round, but Wang Chao had seemingly disappeared while Yong He's body crumpled to the ground after another gunshot.

"Shit!"

Out of the corner of her eye, the American saw a glimmer along with something making a sound behind her. Turning around, she lifted her gun to shoot again!

But Wang Chao was already up close next to her chest. Holding her tightly on the waist with both arms and sweeping her legs, he picked her up from the ground as easily as plucking a flower. Then just like a beautiful snake, her body began to contort around Wang Chao's body.

"Hngh!" She let out a muffled grunt as the bones in her gun hand was snapped by Wang Chao. As her gun fell to the ground, her body was lifted in the air so that her hidden wasp knife, syringe, and other concealed weaponry was shaken out.

Wang Chao's sweeping technique with his Returning Body Palm had caused her to be sent flying away like a ragdoll afterwards. As a result, her entire skeletal system was temporarily paralyzed and was unable to do anything for that moment.

This was a method people would use when grabbing onto a snake. When the snake was grabbed, shake its body so that the bones would be jolted, and it would be powerless to do a thing.

Wang Chao knew that as a foreign spy, this American viper would definitely not be limited to just a gun. Her body had to have several other items so he had made use of this snake shaking method to dispose of her.

Otherwise, if he was injected with poison or stabbed with something, that would be a great shame for him. The methods a spy had—especially a female spy, Wang Chao was all too knowledgeable about it due to Boulder.

Chapter 127: Do You Wish For Me To Make the Move, or Will You Do It Yourself?

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Wang Chao's usage of the Body Returning Palm was to first lift the person, shake them up, and then throw them about so that their entire body would be paralyzed.

At this moment, the American woman's elbow, shoulder, and knee joints were all dislocated. Almost as if she was pinched by a giant hand, her entire body was filled with pain and was unable to do a thing.

But this woman was specially trained as a special service agent. With just a muffled grunt to show her pain, she did not pass out and maintained the calm composure befitting that of an agent.

With one hand grabbing onto her shirt and another onto her waistband, Wang Chao began to rotate her body with ease. Her entire body had been like a whip that spun fast enough that if it were to rain, not a single droplet would get through her body to Wang Chao.

After several rotations, the woman still hadn't fainted from vertigo. Instead, she continued to let out several gasps, causing Wang Chao to feel some shock. "This woman has quite the unique training. Although she hasn't trained in martial arts, the training methods of America contains some skill."

Although he was thinking that, Wang Chao's hands did not stop moving. With a single step, he flew forward with the woman in hand still like a bird in flight towards the agent Ah Ming.

When Wang Chao grabbed onto the woman, his movements had been impeccably nimble and was a true testament to how strong his martial arts and physical strength was.

He had carried a 180 kilogram mercury filled lead ball into the ocean to

practice, what more was a woman who was around 50 kilograms?

This exchange had made him use a series of movements to their maximum. First with the “Snake Probing Through Grass”, and the “Wind Supporting Snake” to dodge the gunshots and then the “Monkey Contracting Body” to hide behind Yong He’s back and use it as a screen of protection against the bullets. And finally, he had gotten up close to the female gunner and rendered her incapable of fighting any longer.

With the female out of the picture, Wang Chao suddenly felt his entire body relax a smidgen! A gunner with excellent skill may not have been trained in martial arts, but they still posed a threat to him, a threat that was bigger than the two Shaolin monks Yong He and Yong Bao.

That was the power of modern day firearms.

With one of those, even a moderately trained person could defeat an expert of the Wulin. If not for Yong He providing protection, Wang Chao would have been shot already.

After scuttling on the ground to the utmost limits, even an expert like Wang Chao had felt fatigued from it. His inner Qi had begun to spike and was boiling to release.

Up against a gun, the experience was quite different.

In this exchange, his mind and intention had been lifted to the utmost max and caused his body to lose energy by at least half maximum efficiency. This was beginning to be even more taxing than fighting against an expert practitioner of martial arts.

If Wang Chao had not practiced underwater before this, then he surely would not have been able to escape.

Cheng Shanming’s training method involved being as nimble as a fish within water. Originally a technique of the Cheng Style school of Baguazhang, it was used to maintain one’s breath and make one’s movements being able to dodge a bullet with ease.

An expert of the Wulin was one who’s Clear and Hidden Jin had reached into their legs. When they used their legs, the speed would be enough to be as fast as

wind.

As long as their breathing did not stop, they would be able to move fast enough for even an expert gunner to fail to hit their mark.

In the case that a gunner who was also a martial artist were to reach a level of skill where they were able to naturally shoot their weapon without thinking, then any level of movement was useless.

Cheng Shanming was such a gunner, but these two gunners right in front of Wang Chao was not yet at such a level.

Cheng Tinghua's death in the past was due to the fact that he hadn't anticipated the might of firearms. He had blindly went up against his assailants with belief in his own strength that he could defeat them.

In the end when the men from the Eight-Nation Alliance had came in with multiple teams, he had died under the fire several western firearms.

If he had paid attention the might of firearms and escaped up the roof after killing several people faster, then there was a good chance that he might have survived.

But after Cheng Tinghua, many practitioners had begun to realize how powerful firearms were and began to search for a countermeasure.

Then in the Japanese invasion of China in the 19th century, Cheng Tinghua's nephew Cheng Yougong was in Beijing when he was surrounded by the Japanese soldiers. After making use of his martial arts to stick close to the captain of the unit, the captain had been unable to shake him off. In the end, the other soldiers had been too afraid to shoot and ended up giving Cheng Yougong the chance to scale up the wall and run away.

Xingyiquan grandmaster Xue Dian had died by gunfire as well. The people's government's army had used several machine guns to spray and pepper him to death.

With this style, even Sun Lu-tang, Yang Luchan, and Dong Haichuan would die as a result.

But if one's martial arts were to attain a natural state and return to nothing,

then one would be able to detect danger and avoid it.

The male and female agents hadn't been very accurate with their shots, but it had been enough to force Wang Chao to use his martial arts to the extreme and borrow someone to use as a bunker to survive.

If he were up against two ordinary soldiers or police officers, Wang Chao wouldn't even need a bunker. Even if they fired at him, Wang Chao wouldn't be hit. All he would have to do was to wait for them to use up all their ammunition and then proceed to send them flying.

"Hai!" Wang Chao pounced towards Ah Ming in that instant before using the American girl like a staff with a bottle gourd on it to throw and strike at Ah Ming.

When he threw his hostage, Wang Chao's figure immediately arced over to the coiling mountain path where none of the protruding boulders had been able to stop his movements.

"I want him captured!"

Yong Bao followed Wang Chao's movements like a cheetah after an antelope. In a moment he had arrived right behind Wang Chao, and with the claw of a tiger, he struck out at Wang Chao's back ferociously.

Wang Chao had been carrying someone else, so it had affected his movements. Yong Bao's martial arts was not only pure, but with the breathing exercises of Yoga to strengthen his inner organs to an unbelievable degree, his "Cheetah Pouncing After Antelope" contained a killing move within it and chased after Wang Chao with that move.

"How are you feeling?!" Ah Ming was not as cold hearted as his female partner and so when she was tossed over, he had caught her and leapt onto the road to check up on her.

Everywhere under the female agent's chin had been affected by the trembling power of earlier, rendering her unable to talk. All she could do was to give Ah Ming a meaningful look.

Wang Chao had dropped down to where the rocks were and began to scale down the mountain like a monkey would with his hands and feet to dodge Yong Bao as well.

With Yong Bao's movements, Wang Chao had very few methods to act against it. But he had chosen the weaker path of moving away, much to his sorrow.

Because there was still another gunner, if that person were to join up with Yong Bao, then all it would take is a single shot for Wang Chao to die an unjustified death.

And so for whatever reason, Wang Chao couldn't pause for even a second, but he couldn't sprint away either. All the gunner had to do was to wait for Wang Chao to break out into a sprint instead of dodging here and there for a sure shot.

In order for some semblance of peace, Wang Chao's only remaining solution was to get rid of the special agent and Yong Bao.

Ah Ming leapt down with his gun held up. A single bullet had flew by Wang Chao's body and sent him into a boulder. Bounding back up, Wang Chao flew straight for him at an unbelievable speed.

Ah Ming never would have imagined that a person would be able to attain such an incredible speed as Wang Chao had.

"If I knew this earlier, I would have called for more reinforcements. Even one would do to capture him. We really underestimated his strength."

Ah Ming was far stronger than his female partner as he was a disciple of the Shaolin Temple. He was quite proficient in the Tantui of Shaolin, and while he carried his partner, his legs rose and fell to kick in between Wang Chao's knee joint and tibia while also toting his gun. With a bang, a bullet was shot towards Wang Chao's waist.

Even up close, the man was still able to fire. Needless to say, Ah Ming was an even better gunner than his female partner.

Originally, Wang Chao had been paying close attention to only the gun in Ah Ming's hand. But when Wang Chao saw the series of kicks, he knew he couldn't go head to head and immediately dodged it. With a single step, he had crossed over to the left side.

"Careful!"

Yong Bao immediately came up from behind. He could clearly see Wang Chao

dodge to the side in a way that Ah Ming wouldn't be able to protect himself. Immediately charging forward, he took advantage of his forward momentum to strike at Wang Chao with his body.

But Wang Chao was far too nimble in his movements. The first move had been a feint, and another step had brought him to Ah Ming's back. With a single Eagle Claw, he instantly clutched onto the hand Ah Ming was holding his gun with. With a fierce burst of Jin and a sharp cracking sound, the bones in his wrist had shattered so that Ah Ming's wrist was similar to Yong He's leg. Both were mangled to a severe degree, ultimately dropping the gun in Ah Ming's wrist down onto the ground.

Because Ah Ming was carrying someone else, he was not able to move as fast. Otherwise, he still would have had a chance to contend with Wang Chao during the struggle. But now that he had lost his gun, there was no chance for him anymore.

The Eagle Claw was the first technique in a series of moves. Wang Chao would first grab Ah Ming's wrist while the other would reach for his throat and carve it out with his nails.

Bang! The windpipe was crushed along with his throat, causing blood to splash out onto the face of the female agent.

Wang Chao's Eagle Claw was powerful enough to carve out a half inch impression within concrete at a grab. So with a single grab, Ah Ming's throat would easily be crushed into a pulp in a horrifying sight.

Plop! Unclenching his hand, Wang Chao allowed Ah Ming's body to fall to the ground. His chest rose and fell along with a gargling sound as he tried his best to fight for his life.

"Hmph!" Wang Chao was no longer a good-natured person with several deaths by his hands now. Not many things could move him, and so when he let go, the only thing he had worried about was if Ah Ming had some sort of bomb on him.

After seeing Ah Ming struggle to breathe, Wang Chao began to calm down for a moment. Turning around, his eyes fell upon Yong Bao.

"Do you wish for me to make the move, or will you do it yourself?"

Chapter 128: Captured for Interrogation

Chapter 128: Captured for Interrogation

Even at Wang Chao's suggestion, the warrior monk of the Shaolin Temple, Yong Bao, did not get angry. Similarly, he did not shirk back, curse out loud, or even say anything other words.

Instead, he had replied to Wang Chao with the warcry of an elephant. Yong Bao's face grew inexplicably serious without any negative emotions. All that was there were two bright eyes that flickered as bright as two perfectly round night pearls.

Borrowing the breathing exercises of Yoga for aid, he ripped off his yellow monk robes to reveal his body underneath. Bronze in color, his honed muscles was similar to a plate of copper in both firmness and color.

Yong Bao wore a sleeveless shirt that clung to his muscles underneath his robes. Along with skintight trousers, he also wore an equally tight legging.

After he tore off his robes, his style of dress was no longer like a monk that had abstained from meat. Instead, he now resembled a boxing champion that could shake the ring with his name alone and carried a cold killing aura.

Then his arms and legs moved like the wind! Yong Bao's series of movements had been extremely fast—almost like lightning. As soon as he had torn off the robe, he came smashing down onto Wang Chao. Fluttering in the air, his yellow monk robes had been like a cloud that obstructed the view.

At the same time, his forward steps had brought his fist flying forward in a spiralling motion up towards Wang Chao's chin.

Whuuu! The way that this fist was emitting Jin had carried a destructive sound to it as it traveled.

Before Wang Chao could finish speaking, Yong Bao's Longfist had already caused him to falter in his words.

"This warrior monk is truly well experienced in fighting. In an instant, the

threw away the fear of death and removed himself from the sphere of life and death to grab hold of an opportunity to strike. After doing my best to dodge the bullets, my body is spent like an arrow at the end of its path. I had wanted to rest up and recuperate my strength, but who would have imagined he would take this opportunity to seize a chance to win!"

In an instant, Wang Chao had thought of that realization.

He wasn't a robot that knew not of the word 'fatigue'. In that moment where he moved like lightning and killed someone, he had already used up half of his energy. With the Eagle Claw to gouge out Ah Ming's windpipe, he was now especially tired.

Going against a gun and bullet was far more exhausting than going against a martial artist.

With Wang Chao's strength, if he were to fight Yong Bao and Yong He both at the same time, he wouldn't feel tired at all. But after dodging those bullets in such a short time frame, he was already starting to feel exhausted.

Two agents well trained in the use of a gun could defend themselves against 10 experts of the Wulin.

When Wang Chao told Yong Bao to commit suicide, he had done so in hopes that it would infuriate him and stall for time so that he could rest up. But he didn't think that Yong He would instead calm down and strike at him with the fury of a storm.

Yong Bao could tell for himself that Wang Chao was exhausted and without energy or power. Before Wang Chao could calm himself, Yong He wanted to let out one final spurt of energy and strike Wang Chao dead with a clap of thunder

In this battle, Yong He had been killed by gunfire, agent Ah Ming had his throat ripped out, and the woman agent was disposed of at the moment. All that remained was Yong Bao. No matter what, Yong Bao had to make sure Wang Chao died here, or there would be trouble later.

Wang Chao was originally invited to the Shaolin Temple as a guest. Because of Yong He and Yong Bao's relationship to the American agents, they had been quick to capture him. If they had captured him and had the Americans explain

why, then everything would have been fine and good. But if they didn't capture him, then it would be disastrous. Wang Chao was a human being as well. If he were to come across the Shaolin Temple in negotiations in the future, it would be hard to wrestle power away from him.

"If all else fails, then I can inform Shi Yongxin and the government come deal with him. After all, as a spy for the foreigners, they won't dare not deal with him!" Yong Bao had thought.

The Shaolin Temple and the government were linked almost intrinsically. Many disciples were officials, and if there was a famous general in the country, they were a disciple of Shaolin. Even in the central government itself, the Shaolin Temple had a loud voice to say with roots that intertwined with one another.

Hua! Up against Yong Bao's ferocious attack pattern, Wang Chao was no longer going head to head with him like before. Instead, his body moved and swayed as he dodged. With a hand pressed against his ribs, he suddenly bore outwards with a "Snake Drilling Crotch" move. With the palm extended outwards like the head of a cobra, the strike flew towards Yong Bao's crotch.

But this time, there had been no hiss with Wang Chao's snake stance strike! The reason behind was because his physical strength was not yet able to catch up with his martial arts.

Not being able to have the sound follow the fist meant that the practitioner's strength was insufficient. Even if the fist struck, it would not do much damage.

With Yong Bao's trained muscled and his Hidden Jin reaching his arms, legs, chest, back, and neck, Wang Cha's current strength would not be enough to pose a threat or cause any fear in him.

But Wang Chao was currently striking the crotch, an area that could be said to be Yong Bao's Achilles Heel. That had also meant there wasn't enough time to defend himself.

Clamping together his legs and shrinking back his abdomen, Yong Bao immediately moved to protect his genitals. At the same time, he let out a series of strikes towards Wang Chao's forehead.

Twisting his waist, Wang Chao brought his head and neck to sway to the side

and dodged the strikes by a hair-breadth. Using another technique from the snake stance, the “Snake Scaling Tree”, Wang Chao stuck close to Yong Bao’s median line and brought his hand up so that in a moment, they had reached Yong Bao’s eyes. From the snake to the dragon, Wang Chao’s fist extended outwards with two fingers. The “Snake Scaling Tree” immediately became “Twin Dragons Fighting Over Pearl” and moved to gouge out Yong Bao’s eyes.

This form of change, from the “Snake Drilling Crotch” to “Snake Scaling Tree” to “Twin Dragons Fighting Over Pearl” had been a clever sequence of moves that had been inspired by how one would use a stick to fight off a snake trying to bite you.

In the past, Tang Zichen had used this method to gouge out the eyes of the assassin Yang Yingming.

From the “Snake Scaling Tree” to “Twin Dragons Fighting Over Pearl”, his arm morphed into an approach so that it would strike at the throat and eyes. However, because Wang Chao lacked enough strength, he could not emit as much Hidden Jin. Drilling the throat wouldn’t have enough strength backing it up to kill, so it was better to aim for the eyes.

“Hai!” Swallowing a breath of air, Yong Bao’s mouth then released another long hiss as he moved backwards with his legs to dodge Wang Chao’s attempt to gouge his eyes out. Swinging his body, both arms came lashing forward in an attempt to bash down onto Wang Chao’s head.

The trump card of the Shaolin Fist, the elephant stance. Both arms of Yong Bao was like the trunks of two elephants. Within hardness, there was softness.

When Wang Chao failed out gouge out his eyes, he drew back his hand and moved to the side with a nimble speed and a superficial touch. In an instant, he had reached Yong Bao’s right side and dodged the two lashes of his arms. Crouching down with his body, Wang Chao suddenly launched an sideways kick.

This move was the most potentially fatal move of Liao Junhua’s Xinyiquan, “Dog Passing Water”.

Wang Chao’s leg came rushing out with all the strength he could muster. With this opportunity given to him, he had to ensure a kill.

Bang! The leg made contact with the weak knee joint of Yong Bao's right leg. A cracking sound could be heard before Yong Bao let out a howl of pain as he crumpled down to the ground.

This leg had especially targeted the knee joint with all of the strength he could muster. As Wang Chao stepped on Yong Bao, his entire body could be seen sweating droplets the size of soybeans through all his pores. His entire body was now spent—comparable in strength to a commoner now.

“You! Y-you....” Yong Bao struggled to speak out from his crumpled position on the ground. But with his right leg snapped in half almost, the amount of pain had rendered him useless to unleash a counter attack on Wang Chao.

Although Wang Chao's arms and legs were weak, and he himself was breathless, he could still move. After recovering from his kick, Wang Chao's body swayed side to side as he moved away from Yong Bao to pick up the nearby gun on the ground.

Now that all his strength was gone, the gun was his final insurance.

After an intense battle, it was all finally over. Yong He was dead, the agent Ah Ming was dead, the American agent was all but crippled with all her joints dislocated, and Yong Bao's right knee was completely fractured so the pain was nearly on the verge of causing him to faint. All he could do was to remain on the ground without being able to do anything.

All of Wang Chao's strength had left his body, so any practitioner would be easily capable of killing him right now. But any ordinary person wouldn't find it as easy to do so.

“Master Yong Bao, I can shoot you dead any time I want. It would be in your best interest to not move.” Wang Chao held the gun up and pointed it at the still struggling to get up Yong Bao.

This time it was Wang Chao's turn to hold a gun up to threaten someone

“Ugh!” Suddenly, the bloody American woman let out a groan as her joints started to make a cracking sound. Swiveling her head up sharply, she was unexpectedly able to move now.

Wang Chao's ears trembled slightly as he immediately turned his head and

pulled the trigger. A single bullet came bursting out with a bang before striking the woman in the leg.

“Hngh.” The woman’s body grew taut as blood began to leak out from her leg.

When Wang Chao fired, he had planned on killing the woman. But when he made his move, he had instead shot her leg.

However, this would still make her lose the ability to move at the very least.

“You can’t run! Your only option is to kill me now.” Yong Bao gave a bitter smile. “With such a bloodstained area and two corpses, I believe that some person from Hong Kong will realize there is a problem and call for the police. With the police from Hong Kong coming here, you won’t be able to run away.”

“Should I kill these two, or what other choice do I have? How do I take advantage of this?” Wang Chao didn’t listen to Yong Bao’s words at all. Evening out his breath, he would try to rest for another 20 minutes to recover his strength.

On the mountain path, the cars came to and from. Whenever they saw the scene, not a single car would remain behind. Truthfully, Wang Chao was starting to wonder about the insensitivity of the people of Hong Kong.

Then, in half an hour, seven or eight cars suddenly came into view before stopping off on both ends of the road. Afterwards, several dozen men came filing out and cordoned off the area with Lin Yanan and several men in military uniform come walking out.

Wang Chao’s face twitched as he gave an inquiring look to Lin Yanan.

Lin Yanan surveyed the area with some shock in her eyes, “Take them all and tow the cars. Tend to the injured before we start the interrogation!”

Chapter 129: Dealing With the Warrior Monks

Chapter 129: Dealing With the Warrior Monks

“What are you....what is the meaning of this?!”

Yong Bao’s knee had been stepped on, but he had suffered an internal fracture, making movement difficult. He had not shared Yong He’s fate where his flesh and bones had been reduced to a viscous mess that caused him to suffer from blood loss and then faint.

Seeing the group of people, Yong Bao had been at an complete and utter loss, especially since they were from the military. In his heart, there had been a panicked feeling.

“Carry them off, pronto! Tow the two cars away in five minutes, now now!” There was another person who had came out with Lin Yanan with rather ordinary facial appearances but thick eyebrows and big eyes. His physique was rather tall, but skinny, and his age couldn’t have been any older than thirty.

After dismounting from their car, the two officers swept around the area to survey it. Two monks, one injured, one dead. Two agents, one injured, one dead. Giving each other a look, they immediately showed signs of shock and amazement.

When they heard Lin Yanan’s order, the two officers quickly offered their support by ordering their soldiers to start the operation.

At the order, two soldiers immediately moved in on Yong Bao—one on each side. In a moment, they had lifted him up and stuffed him inside a car. There had been no sign of resistance at all in Yong Bao.

Afterwards, Yong He and the agent Ah Ming were placed in two giant body bags while the still alive American agent was placed in the other car with Yong Bao. Accompanying her were two soldiers with the red cross, and in a moment they took out a first aid kit and began to treat the two of them.

“Preferential treatment of a captive, they are quite disciplined.” Wang Chao

was still sitting in the middle of the road. After resting up for half an hour, he had recovered about half his strength. Thinking back to the battle half an hour ago, he was shocked to his core with some fear still lingering in him.

Two special agent gunners and two monks from the Shaolin Temple working together. This type of strength was something that according to logic, no one should be able to escape from. An expert with a gun wasn't something even an Immortal could defend themselves against. But he had been able to resolve the issue by himself.

"If something like this happens again, would the outcome be the same as this one? Being shot to death or seriously injured is very likely!"

Wang Chao let out a sigh as he realized something.

This was an actual display of combat that was not as pure as a fight on the elevated stage would be, but it was far more dangerous than one. Within a fight on the stage, there would at the very least be no guns involved.

"It appears I must continue to practice some maneuvers that could save my life later. When I get back, I should have Boulder and the others try shooting me to see if I can dodge them. I must get comfortable with this, become proficient in dodging, and master it! Only by then I will be able to guarantee my life in the future battles. But death isn't the scary part, it's being captured by the Americans. Not being able to die when one wishes, that would be far too miserable."

Thinking back to his battle, if he was shot in the middle of it and lost his strength, he would have been captured. Just how would his life end up then?

Wang Chao had made up his mind. When he returned, he would definitely have Boulder and the others try to shoot him. By tempered by life or death would surely help him learn a genuine way of dodging bullets!

"Hello, lieutenant commander Wang Chao!" The two young officers quickly finished up their task before walking up to him and giving Wang Chao a nod and handshake.

Wang Chao shook both of their hands with some confusion, *"Since when did I earn a military rank? It couldn't have been too long ago. But their eyes towards*

me is strange, why are they shocked? Then again, I just finished off two special agents with guns and two warrior monks from the Shaolin Temple. Such a conclusion like this is something even I find a little bit incredible."

"On the car now then! We can explain when we get there. Nothing happens much in Hong Kong, so if this were to get out, the entire world would know. We should leave now."

Wang Chao nodded his head. As he looked at Lin Yanan, he noticed that there was a strip of gauze around her hand. But there had been no blood, and she seemed to be operating with ease, meaning she wasn't injured too badly.

Seeing Wang Chao's inquiring glance, Lin Yanan laughed, "I'm fine. A bullet grazed by my skin earlier and bled some blood, but nothing major."

As soon as they boarded the car, it immediately set out to leave the mountain path.

"Lieutenant colonel Wang, did you finish off all four of them by yourself?" As the car traveled, the thick eyebrowed and big eyed young officer in the driver's seat couldn't help but ask.

"En, that male and female duo were special agents with an accurate aim. I nearly died." Wang Chao smiled.

"What happened to the throat of that man, it's definitely not a gunshot. Even the legs of those two monks weren't caused by it. Could it be that your bare hands could do something so amazing like this?" The other scrawny officer couldn't help but ask.

"I used my Eagle Claw to tear away his throat." Wang Chao nodded, but his voice had a slight bloodthirsty tone to it.

After Wang Chao spoke, the two officers looked down to where his arms were. On his arm was blood, causing the officers to shake for a moment before turning their heads and not knowing what else to think.

In a flash, the car quickly traveled to the Hong Kong branch of the army.

When Wang Chao got off the car, Lin Yanan had prepared a room for him to first shower, change his clothes, and drink some water. After resting for another

two or three minutes, he had finally found himself feeling refreshed, not fatigued, and all around exuberant in energy.

Just at that moment, Lin Yanan came walking in.

“What’s wrong?”

“After an hour of interrogation, we finally have our information. The agent you killed and the American woman are both spies. Their mission is to secretly capture the both of us back to America.” Lin Yanan replied.

“Then the Shaolin monks?”

“Yong He and Yong Bao are both truly warrior monks of the Shaolin Temple. There is no mistake, and they are not fakes.” Lin Yanan narrowed her eyes. “Yong Bao has already said, the male agent is called Li Ming, a disciple who trained in the American Shaolin Temple ten years ago. Later on the two became acquainted with each other so this time, Li Ming sought out Yong He and hatched a plan to capture us.”

“Then does this mean that this was a stand alone mission, and not one from the Shaolin Temple?” Wang Chao asked.

“It seems so. The abbot Shi Yongxin is a very shrewd man. Even if he thought us to be spies, he would be very careful. The Shaolin Temple has their warrior monks, and working with the economy is on different thing. There is a huge difference between the two.”

“What should we do now?”

“This time you’ve really done well. The American spies have always been very sly like foxes. But this time we’ve managed in capturing an alive one, we’ll be able to earn many secrets now. If we report to the higher ups, then we’ll definitely be awarded and promoted again. “ Lin Yanan’s eyebrows were still raised high on her face as she sighed, “But I still find it hard to believe, you were able to defeat four people by yourself? Back when I ran first, I felt that I really let you down. With your movements, you should have run first while I moved to block them. Although I am from the military, I did not handle it as calmly as I should have. In the future, I will work hard to improve and uphold my responsibility.”

Wang Chao shook his head, "I was the one who told you to run first. Furthermore, you didn't even have a gun, so blocking them would have been futile. Ah right, are you done with the investigation with the American woman? Or have you figured out just what American organization she's a spy from? But then again, interrogating information out from a spy must be quite hard. Still, what will we do with Yong Bao?"

"The American spy will take some time to interrogate. That Yong Bao however isn't any regular monk in the Shaolin Temple. His status is high, and so is his seniority, making it hard to do. This is Hong Kong after all, we have to consult with the police leader of Hong Kong for his idea first."

"I wish to rest for two hours, you should go inquire on what they want then." Wang Chao asked.

"We've already done so." Lin Yanan replied. "They don't wish to make this a big deal, so their suggestion is to communicate with the higher ups of the Shaolin Temple. But they cannot come bring him back."

"So we are to lock up Yong Bao?" Wang Chao nodded in understanding, after all, it was Yong Bao that committed a crime.

"We won't. Instead, the Shaolin Temple will be able to bring him back on a few conditions." Lin Yanan slowly answered.

"What conditions?"

Suddenly, a knock on the door could be heard as Wang Chao asked his question.

"Come in." Lin Yanan hurriedly spoke out.

As the door opened, a middle aged man dressed in plain clothes walked in along with two of the earlier youths right behind him.

"This is political commissar Yang of the Hong Kong station." Lin Yanan introduced.

"So he's one of us?" Wang Chao immediately stood up to shake his hand before realizing in his head, *"This political commissar Yang, he has to be the same as Cao Yi. A person from the organization, just like us."*

“The Shaolin Temple has many disciplines, from in and out of the country. The public safety bureau holds many governmental positions with an equally high power, at the top.” Commissar Yang sat down and spoke out what Wang Chao had been thinking, “This time with the matter of the monk from the Shaolin Temple, although we managed to capture someone, we’ve also managed to burn our hands while picking at the sweet potatoes. I came here today to discuss with you to see how we should deal with Yong Bao and Yong He.”

“How to deal with them?” Wang Chao was confused.

“You must know, we belong to the military commission of the Communist Party of the Central Committee. It is different from the national security and public security systems. To use words to compare, we are the 110. They are in charge of overseeing the army in the cities. We are the prosecutors, they are the court.” Commissar Yang spoke.

Chapter 130: National Arhat!

Chapter 130: National Arhat!

“Is that not the same difference between the Military Bureau of Investigation and Statistics and the Central Bureau of Investigation and Statistics? The both of them are intelligence agencies, but the two of them combined creates a contradiction. Fighting for credit, the two will keep each other in check without making one another any more powerful. But what might commissar Yang be getting at with his words?”

Hearing commissar Yang’s zany explanation, Wang Chao immediately thought back to an older society. His mouth moved, but no words came out.

Commissar Yang gave Wang Chao a look before speaking, “No matter what we do, we can’t seem to get the mouth of the American spy open. However, the two monks we have successfully pieced together. They were tricked and really aren’t working with the American spy networks. Furthermore, this seems to be a covert spy war, so it cannot be discussed openly and must maintain a low profile.”

“Do whatever you want then, I have no opinions. Follow whatever the organization wants.”

Wang Chao’s facial expression had been of the utmost calm, but in his heart he had muttered to himself, *“From what he’s saying, it seems that he’s prepared to turn a mountain into a molehill? Is he not prepared to make things difficult with Yong Bao, or is he afraid of causing trouble with the Shaolin Temple? It seems that there’s some snags with the organization. I better not get involved so as to avoid lighting myself on fire.”*

“No.” The commissar shook his head. “The organization wishes to inquire with you how to deal with the warrior monk Yong Bao. After all, he sold out his own country for profit and is an accomplice for the spy of an outsider.”

Wang Chao’s eyebrows narrowed together, “Commissar Yang, whatever it is if you want, then open the window and let the wind in. Don’t beat around the bush.”

“Fine then!” The commissar sighed. “The Shaolin Temple has many intertwined connections and an equally strong networking net. Our plan is to deal with this matter quietly and hand over Yong Bao for the Ministry of State Security to deal with.”

“The crime Yong Bao committed isn’t a minor one. To speak as a whole, he has gone with the foreigners and threatened our national security. If we are to deal with them, then we would have him eat lead and execute him by firing squad. Even if we didn’t execute him, then at the very least, he would be locked up in prison for life without parole or political asylum. After that, the organization would have to investigate the entire Shaolin Temple.”

Commissar began to think of imaginary charges against Yong Bao before changing the subject, “But Yong Bao is a warrior monk of the Shaolin Temple. As an elder, he has very deep connections. If we act as such, then there’ll be an internal contradiction.”

Wang Chao nodded his head in understanding.

“The Ministry of State Security has figures from the Shaolin Temple. If we hand him over to them, wouldn’t the judgement be lighter. After all, this is a private judgement, not a public one. As long as everyone comes to an agreement, that’ll be fine. But, what does this have to do with me? Hasn’t the organization met a decision?”

Wang Chao knew that there was some sort of secret in here. Otherwise commissar Yang would have followed his own plans without explaining anything.

“The situation is like so.”

Commissar Yang took out a cigarette from his pocket and gave two puffs after lighting it up. “There is some friction between the Ministry of State Security and us, Just this year, our two departments have teamed up for several missions. But because of conflicting interests between our members, some damage happened. And in the most recent comprehensive competition of strength, our members were injured as a result. Despite our conflicting views being quite small, it isn’t something that can disappear with a single breath.”

“This time, we’ve already notified the Shaolin Temple and they responded almost instantaneously. They wish for us to drop Yong Bao off at the doors of

the Ministry of State Security for an investigation. Our only complaint is, while we are fine with handing him over, we don't wish for him to be handed over with little to no punishment. We wish to kill of their influence! We want them to fight for it until their faces are gray with grime and all face has been lost!"

"Then this influence is for me to kill off?" Wang Chao was quite curious now.

"Yes, after all, Yong Bao has caused no small trouble for you! Without any justifications, he had tried to abduct you. With our anger, we wish to investigate the Shaolin Temple thoroughly through Yong Bao!" The commissar began to laugh before exhaling several clouds of smoke.

"Wait until tomorrow, you'll play the part of the bad cop. Make it hard for them on purpose and then propose a competition. Then knock them down a peg! With this much, my leaders and I will fully support you with all our determination."

"So it's like that. For the sake of this contradiction, you wish for me to be the bad cop."

Wang Chao had finally understood what commissar Yang was getting at. *"Feels like I am to carry out a mission against the Ministry of State Security. They wish for me to win back the face they lost from the comprehensive competition of strength given the chance."*

"Not to say I am trying to convince you, but you are an important leader in our department! We must work for a collective win!" Commissar Yang spoke up in a hurry before sighing. "Actually, the other department is quite arrogant in general. So this time, since you are the master of martial arts, it would be a good time for you to step forth."

"That matters not. Curbing their power, that is something I can do. Indeed, Yong Bao and Yong He have both caused me a tremendous amount of trouble. If they were to so easily walk free, then how would our reputation not fall?"

Wang Chao nodded.

"You shouldn't drop your guard!" Lin Yanan suddenly spoke up from the side.

"What? Is the person coming tomorrow an expert?"

“I don’t understand a fight between martial artists. Lin Yanan, you explain to lieutenant commander Wang.” Commissar Yang nodded to Lin Yanan.

“The person the Ministry of State Security has invited is a first-rate professional and one of the best. Duan Guochao is a 26 year old that has trained at Mt. Taishi since young and learned the way of Shaolin from the monks. Later on, he went to the northern school of Shaolin in Fujian to learn. By the time he was 22 years old, he had already many accomplishments with his martial arts, and he had learned both the northern and southern fists of Shaolin. He is the number one disciple of Shaolin, and his level of skill is far beyond that of Yong Bao or Yong He. Originally, the abbott had wanted him to remain in Mt. Taishi to keep up the front by teaching martial arts, but the country had received him instead. Sent on many missions for our nation, he has never lost, not even once. Just last year, his secret mission was to exchange fists with the Japanese expert of Kendo, Iga Eiyu, resulting in a tie. According to our analysis, he is no less than Chen Aiyang in skill.” Lin Yanan stressed.

“There’s such a genius like that?” Wang Chao spoke with amazement at Duan Guochao’s history.

“There are many geniuses. Within our country of 1.3 billion, how could there not be any geniuses?” Commissar Yang spoke before allowing Lin Yanan to continue explaining.

“That other Japanese youth, Ye Xuan, was a genius of martial arts as well. Unfortunately, he was killed by you. If he lived for several more years, then the situation would have been quite different. After all, he was 19 when you killed him.” Lin Yanan smiled at Wang Chao before saying, “It’d be best if you didn’t underestimate this Duan Guochao. As an elite member of the Ministry of State Security, do you think he isn’t of a high quality level? Duan Guochao is called the strongest of his generation within the Ministry of State Security.”

“Indeed, if our country took notice of him, then he is an amazing person. Otherwise, our country would be incompetent.”

In his heart, Wang Chao thought, *“No wonder Chen Bin said it was easy to practice as a Yamen It seems that there are many hidden talents within the Yamen. Iga Eiyu is the younger brother of Iga Minamoto, the strongest*

practitioner in Japan. His brother will most definitely be just as strong. However, it's no wonder I have never heard of Duan Guochao in the Jianghu. He was already a hidden character within the government. It seems in this world with all these crouching tigers and hidden dragons, even with a perfected level of martial arts, I cannot let down my guard."

"Whether it is amongst the people or the government, there are experts hidden all throughout. It is best to remain hidden. The moment Ye Xuan stepped out onto the world, he was killed by me. Unfortunately, I have no choice but to make myself known." Wang Chao sighed with sorrow.

The both of them lent their strength for their country, but while Duan Guochao was unknown in the Jianghu, Wang Chao's name was like a thunderclap. There was a black and white contrast between the two, a scenario that had caused Wang Chao to be filled with regrets.

Becoming known wasn't necessarily a good thing, and not being known wasn't necessarily a bad thing.

"Duan Guochao isn't a figure that is known within the Southeast Asia world of martial arts, but within our community, his nickname is quite famous. Even America, the European Union, Japan, Russia, and the spies of any other country will have heard of him. It isn't as low as your own name in the Jianghu. If you don't believe me, then you can mention his nickname to the American spy, I guarantee that she'll know once mentioned." Lin Yanan spoke. *"Your reputation is within the world of martial arts, but his reputation is within the circle of special agents—two different worlds."*

Wang Chao nodded his head, *"Different trades, but worlds apart. That much I understand. What is his nickname?"*

Lin Yanan mouth moved to say two words: *"National Arhat."*

"National Arhat? A bold and powerful codename. An arhat was one who suppressed their inner demons in Buddhism and walked further down the path of Enlightenment. Duan Guochao's career is of a man who came from the Shaolin Temple. The higher his martial arts has gone, the more he has contributed to our country. But these two words of 'National Arhat', how powerful..."

When he heard his codename, Wang Chao really did think of an expert from the Shaolin Temple who was also the elite member of the Ministry of State Security. Most importantly, his opponent wasn't even 30 years old yet, meaning he was still considered a youth. Being so accomplished at such an age was quite curious to Wang Chao.

“Good! Then wait for him to come and we'll see just what skill the National Arhat has.”

“Good!” Commissar Yang slapped the table, “Our department is a newly found organization, so everything is up to you. The power that our organization has put into you, you absolutely cannot lose it. This time, you must curb their power!”

With that, he stood up and spoke out suddenly, “Ah, that American spy wants to see you. Go and take a trip, see if you can fish anything out from her.”

Chapter 131: Even With A Gun, You Won't Be Able to Die!

Chapter 131: Even With a Gun, You Won't Be Able to Die!

"The female agent wants to see me? That's fine, let's go then."

Wang Chao had been thinking about the elite expert of the Ministry of State Security, the "National Arhat" Duan Guochao. If he was the number one disciple of Shaolin, then that was clear evidence that he had some skill to his name.

Wang Chao was quite curious on this powerful codename of his, "National Arhat" in particular.

"I wish to see what kind of expert he is, for him to take on the codename of National Arhat!" However, with the leadership wishing to take revenge, then this upcoming fight between experts will be merciless. I cannot stay my hand, each strike must hold the intent to kill, though I must do that anyways to make certain of victory."

Wang Chao's eyes shined as he looked to commissar Yang.

"There's nothing to worry about!" Commissar Yang exhaled before smiling, "Whatever happens this time, I will take responsibility for! Just make sure you don't kill yourself! Fuck, I've been holding in this breath for far too long! Do your best, if any problem ever happens, the higher ups will make sure to take the blame for it. Wait and see for tomorrow, you'll be able to see their overweening attitude then. I can guarantee that you won't be able to handle it either."

Commissar Yang let out a string of expletives as he spoke, showing his hatred that he held in his heart before walking out of the room.

"Yanan, did you see that? It seems our hatred for the Ministry of State Security runs quite deep." Wang Chao turned to look at Lin Yanan.

Lin Yanan unfurled both hands in a clearly unhappy expression. "The son of an old friend of commissar Yang had three of his ribs broken after being swung by someone in the Ministry of State Security in the comprehensive practice

matches. Even now, he's still bedridden. Last year even, we had a few of our members crippled. Our group was originally established to act as a check to the Ministry of Public Security. Our control over them is something they'll naturally not accept. Even I had my calf shot at by a gun of theirs."

"Your practice matches uses actual ammunition to practice?" Wang Chao was amazed.

"It's not exactly live ammunition, but high powered rubber bullets." Lin Yanan explained. "If we don't use actual ammunition, we won't ever be able to learn. The casualty and injury quotient in the army, what use would that be then? Russia, America, Japan, and the other western countries have an even strict training than our country."

"Ah, I understand now. Even for those who practice martial arts requires a bit of cruelty. Without the threatening stimulation of death, one will never be able to learn and will become a mess when in an actual fight." Wang Chao nodded. "However, men from our own country are hard to come by. You understand martial arts. You understand how fights between experts go, and how life or death is understood in it. So why is it the organization is having me play the strict cop and take revenge? If something really does happen, wouldn't either one of us become a wasted time of nurturing? For the sake of revenge, we lose a person, that cannot be worth it, can it?"

Lin Yanan looked at Wang Chao for a good moment before silently shaking her head, "Wang Chao! You don't understand. In our population of 1.3 billion people, what type of talent is unattainable to us....let's speak of this later...."

With that, Lin Yanan's lips began to quaver for a moment as her eyes looked down without another word.

"I understand...." Wang Chao sighed before standing up to pat Lin Yanan on her shoulder. "When in the Jianghu, one cannot move around freely. One should never regard themselves to be important forever, after all, we are merely small figures floating about in this world. What you are trying to say, I have long since understood since my battle with Zhang Wei. Let's go and see what that American spy wants."

The rooms in the army camps were were made from reinforced concrete and

were used to temporarily lock up the important prisoners. There were high walls with machine guns mounted on top and specialized soldiers standing guard all around. All in all, the place seemed as if it was a miniature prison.

“Lieutenant colonel Wang, colonel Lin! The female spy is locked up in here.”

With a crashing sound, the thick iron doors opened up as two gun-wielding soldiers came out to salute Wang Chao and Lin Yanan.

At this moment, Wang Chao and Lin Yanan had already changed into a brand new military uniform. On Wang Chao’s epaulet was an insignia with two bars and two stars, signifying his rank as a lieutenant colonel. He was only one for now, but if he were to manage this next mission and get promoted, then he would possibly become a colonel.

After changing into the military uniform and walking with the air of a martial art master. Combined with the suit, this air had made him seem quite extraordinary. Even those with barely no eyesight would be able to tell: this was a person who commandeered power.

As the doors opened, the interrogation room could be seen from within. The room was split into two parts by the iron bars. Sitting on a chair behind the bars was the fair-haired and pretty American agent.

This American female agent wore handcuffs with gauze around her legs that gave off the faint scent of medicine from the wounds she had on her.

On the table in front of her was several pieces of bread, juice, and other beverages and provisions. Her expression seemed quite well, and her clothes were prim and proper. She hadn’t the look of someone who was mistreated, on the contrary, she looked like she was given proper treatment, food, and medical attention.

“You’re a part of the Chinese army? A lieutenant colonel even?! How! Oh my god, have my eyes gone blind? Don’t tell me....it has to be! You’ve joined hands with each other!”

When the female agent saw Wang Chao enter, her eyes had an unbelievable light to them and her mouth had dropped open into an O-shape.

“What do you mean by joining hands?” Wang Chao stepped into the room,

allowing the soldier overseeing her to step outside. Closing the door behind them, Wang Chao stood beyond the barred doors and began to talk with the American.

“Mr. Wang Chao, you’re not so gentlemanly if you’re going to interrogate me from beyond the bars. Maybe you’re afraid of becoming my hostage?”

The female agent had spoken up in fluent Chinese and with a brilliant smile. Her chest puffed outwards to show off her sex appeal without looking any bit like a captured prisoner.

This female agent was clearly very beautiful—she was most likely a standard for beauty amongst the women of the west.

“Haha, haha.” Wang gave two small chuckles. You had two guns and four people to come capture and kill me. Do you really think I am afraid of becoming your hostage? Did I swing you so hard that you’re dreaming even now?”

With that, Wang Chao stepped forward. His hand flew towards the iron bars, and with an Eagle Claw, he crushed and pulled at it.

Bang! The iron bar and lock was destroyed and stripped away.

Opening the door, Wang Chao strode in to stand relatively close to the female agent. “What is your name?”

When she saw how Wang Chao had destroyed the iron bar and lock, the female agent had a glint of fear flash across her face. But cleverly hiding her expression, the woman gave a calm smile.

“I’m called Lisa.” She smiled.

“What American intelligence agency are you working with?” Wang Chao’s eyes stared hard at the female agent who was now identified as Lisa. From the looks of things, Wang Chao seemed as if he was an officer interrogating a criminal.

“I’m not saying, what are you going to do about it?” Lisa stuck out her tongue and licked her lips in a rather lewd manner. “Are you going to rape me? Come try it then. Having such a strong man like you make love to me, that’s what I’ve been looking for all this time.”

“Huh!” Lin Yanan hadn’t seen this coming. With Lisa suddenly saying the words

she just said, a red blush overcame her face. Steeling her nerves, Lin Yanan began to march forward.

“Don’t act rashly and break the discipline of the organization.” Wang Chao knew that Lin Yanan was coming forward to hit her. Lifting a hand, he blocked her path forward and gave Lin Yanan a look.

Rolling her eyes at Wang Chao, Lin Yanan spoke, “I hadn’t any idea of hitting her. As someone trained to be an agent, she’s most likely planning to fish something out from her mouth to use. Be careful, you can’t listen to what she says. Although she doesn’t have a gun, she still has some fight in her. The tools of an agent, the techniques of an assassin, those aren’t something anyone can always guard against.”

“No worries, even if she had a gun, I could kill her with a pinch as if killing an ant!” Wang Chao smiled before turning to Lin Yanan.

Wang Chao’s back was now facing the agent Lisa. Even with her hands shackled, it wouldn’t do much to affect her mobility. For an agent who was so rigorously trained, she could act as if there was no shackles on her to begin with. If she wanted to kill someone, or even kidnap someone, there was a hundred different methods she could employ right now to accomplish that.

But Lisa didn’t move at all. That was because in her heart, she was truly understood the terror that Wang Chao was. Two gunners and two warrior monks combined weren’t enough to capture or kill this male. In the end, she had been the one captured as a result.

However, Wang Chao’s words had hurt her. *“Even if she had a gun, I could kill her with a pinch as if killing an ant!”* These words had truly stabbed deep into the woman’s heart.

With these open words, it seemed like the actions of a high and mighty god looking down on the people of the Earth.

“Aren’t you going to question me for my information?!” Suddenly, Lisa’s face grew rigid as an icy glazed over her expression! “Give me a gun then and see if I can kill you in this room or not! If I can’t kill you, then I’ll tell you everything I know. How about it, scared?”

Wang Chao turned around, “What reason should I believe you?”

“It’s up to you to believe me or not!” Lisa’s face was grim. “But I can swear to God and another oath to my parents if you don’t believe me.”

“Fine!” Wang Chao then turned to Lin Yanan, “Give her a gun.”

“You can’t do that? What if she kills herself?” Lin Yanan looked onto Wang Chao with shock.

“With me here, she wouldn’t be able to kill herself even if she wanted to.”

Chapter 132: Inquiring of Sis Chen's Secret

Chapter 132: Inquiring of Sis Chen's Secret

When fighting a person, the best method wasn't to strike at their physical flesh, but to destroy their self-confidence and faith. Make use of their loss of composure and turn them into a dead man walking. In the end, they wouldn't be able to live or die.

When fighting, strike at their courage. The most important thing was to crumble their determination.

The American woman that went by the name of Lisa was clearly a specially trained agent. Whatever interrogation by torture or mistreatment she went through, it would not work on her.

According to common sense, if captured in foreign lands, the life of a female agent would certainly be a cruel and miserable one. But if captured within the domestic lands, then according to the laws and orders of organizations, and the brilliance that was humanitarianism, a female agent like Lisa wouldn't be cruelly treated. Other than having her movements restricted, she was well cared for with water and food.

Because of this circumstance, there was still hope in her heart. Hope that she could escape. Because of this hope, she had no intentions on dying. She was determined to get away from here and break free from Wang Chao's grasp.

And sure enough, the strong male that was Wang Chao had actually been spurred into action by her words and gave her a gun to bet on.

"With a gun, my chances have improved greatly now. In this world, the strong aren't the ones with brawn, but with brain." Lisa had been happy that Wang Chao had agreed to her request, however, she was far more angry and furious than happy and was not yet fully satisfied.

That was because of the two comments Wang Chao had made, it had injured her pride.

“Even if she had a gun, I could kill her with a pinch as if killing an ant!”

“With me here, she wouldn’t be able to kill herself even if she wanted to.”

The meaning behind both statements was “In front of me, you cannot live or die. You are not allowed to beg to live, you cannot beg to die either. I will be your God.”

Up against Wang Chao’s attempt at being a God, even Lisa who was well conditioned as an agent felt the very root of her teeth start to ache.

“Fine, I’ll go get her a gun.” Lin Yanan looked to Wang Chao for a moment as if trying to see if Wang Chao was lying. But with a nod, she turned around to leave. Coming back a little later, there was a small caliber handgun with a weak recoil.

“There’s six bullets loaded in already.” Lin Yanan explained as she handed the gun to Wang Chao.

“You should wait outside then.” Wang Chao spoke to her as he accepted the gun before looking all around the walls and ceiling.

Lin Yanan hesitated for a moment. Nodding her head in the end, she retreated out and closed the iron door.

While Wang Chao gave the American agent an opportunity, he had assurance on his side. However, if she were to be in this room or perhaps the shooting range of her gun, then it would definitely bring about no small amount of trouble for Wang Chao or Lin Yanan.

Although she really wanted to see how Wang Chao would deal with this female agent and listen to what she had to say, Lin Yanan had to bear with it and leave.

She too was a specially trained person, not a brainless woman who was more of a hindrance than help.

When Wang Chao saw Lin Yanan exit the room, he closed his eyes and focused with his ears to listen for a moment. It was only after he had detected no one else around Wang Chao opened his eyes and let out a long exhale.

This prison cell was meant to imprison the soldiers that committed a serious crime and was a part of the internal prisons of the camp. Three of the cement walls had been slathered with white powder, and there was a single skylight on

the ceiling. With the steel doors closed, the room was completely isolated from the outside world. Even sound would have a hard time making its way through.

“Well now, there are six bullets in here, meaning you have six chances. If you cannot catch me in those six shots, do not say that I didn’t give you a chance.”

Wang Chao looked at the gun in his hand before handing it over.

Lisa’s eyes had a cold light in them. Coldly, she spoke, “Help me take off my handcuffs, I’ll be able to shoot better.”

Putting on an insincere smile, Wang Chao’s left hand moved as fast as lightning. Grabbing onto the middle chain, Wang Chao clutched down with his fingers. With a cracking sound, the chain in his hand was shattered.

Lisa grabbed onto the gun, and almost like a western cowboy, her hand spun the chamber with ease as if she extremely familiar with it.

After swiveling the chamber several times, Lisa did not move to shoot her gun just yet. Yet, there was a demonic smile on her face, “I have another condition. If I manage to shoot you, will you let me go?”

Wang Chao couldn’t help but laugh, “Let you go? I don’t have that much power. I am only giving you a chance right now. If you still need to ask for any other conditions, then you won’t have a chance.”

Bang! Before Wang Chao had even finished speaking, Lisa had already begun to pull the trigger.

The sound had been loud enough for the entire room to echo and allow even Lin Yanan to be able to hear it.

Lisa’s request had been planned. She deliberately waited for Wang Chao to begin to speak so that she could shoot before he could take in a deep breath.

This method was one of the many gun tricks she learned as an agent.

Lifting her gun, her accuracy could be said to be nearly unfailing in accuracy. Shooting within .2 seconds, a human couldn’t even blink that fast!

However, this sound had not been because of a gunshot.

On the contrary, it had been because of a person striking against the wall,

causing the sound of muscle hitting wall.

Before she could even fire, Lisa's body had been sent flying by Wang Chao's "Close Body Palm". Slamming fiercely against the wall, her face had been pressed against it into an intimate kiss.

Clack! The gun fell from her hands and onto the ground.

Wang Chao stepped forward with an icy look at the struggling Lisa before putting the gun onto the table. "Climb back up and rest. We'll start again!"

"Impossible! Totally impossible!" Lisa struggled to climb back up. Her hair had been disheveled, and her expression sinister almost similar to the vampiress of western mythology. In an instant, she flung herself at the table and grabbed at the gun.

Grabbing onto the gun with her right hand, her left hand flung the table violently, causing the table to fly towards Wang Chao. At the same time, her body rolled on the ground and then aimed to fire

In this moment, she had grabbed her gun, flung the table, rolled on the ground, and aimed her gun. These five series of actions had been seamless in motion and far more fluent than her previous action.

Another bang could be heard!

But this bang was still not because of a gunshot.

Lisa had only felt that in the moment she lifted her finger and fished the trigger after her roll, her entire back went rigid as if shocked by lightning. Her finger hadn't been able to pull the trigger, and it seemed in that moment, her entire nervous system had overridden her control over her finger.

Then, she felt the clothes on her back be pulled up before she was flung once more into the ground with a banging sound.

As a result of her hand growing slack, she was unable to hold onto the gun and so it fell back onto the ground for Wang Chao to pick back up.

When Wang Chao flew forward, his image had been like a phantom. With a crouch and a palm strike, he struck at Lisa's back using the hard rotation Jin to shock her. With a single strike, it assimilated into her body and caused her entire

body to become paralyzed, meaning her finger was not able to pull the trigger.

A swat, a grab, a throw. These three movements had been even faster than Lisa's sequence of actions.

"Again then." Wang Chao threw the gun back down.

In the previous action, he had coupled hardness and softness together so that his strike wouldn't harm her muscles or bones permanently.

Slowly, Lisa climbed back up from the ground. Her eyes had grown incredibly cold and even her breathing had stabilized now. Without a single word, she grabbed the gun, but did not move to push the trigger. Instead, she slowly backed into a corner.

Suddenly, she turned her gun around and pointed it at her own head.

Hsss! Hssss! With a single sound, Wang Chao had already disappeared from sight so fast Lisa hadn't even been able to notice. All she could sense was that the hand holding the gun had suddenly gone numb before she realized it was in the hands of Wang Chao.

An object required .3 seconds in order for it to register in the retina before it was reflected in the brain. But in the time Lisa didn't see Wang Chao leap for her, it had already surpassed that threshold.

"I told you before; when I am in front of you, I am your God. You cannot live, and you cannot die. You do not stand a chance."

Wang Chao threw the gun onto the ground for Lisa to pick up. Such an imagery like this was like the owner of a pet throwing food onto the ground for the pet to eat.

In an instant, Lisa felt an extreme amount of humiliation overwhelm her.

"I won't." Lisa suddenly opened her mouth, not willing to bend down to pick up the gun. "Whatever you want to know, ask away."

"That's good!" Wang Chao wrinkled his eyebrows together, he hadn't thought that this female agent would surrender so quickly. "Which American agency do you work for?"

"I am a member of the Southeast Asia branch of the CIA." Lisa quickly

responded.

“I have another question, how much do you know about my circumstances?” Wang Chao had asked just as quickly. His question was given in a low voice as he stared hard at her.

“We know about your status with the European Union! But what we didn’t know was that you had a double identity as a man with the Chinese government.” Lisa replied.

“What do you know about me being with the European Union? Furthermore, between me and Tang....how do you know about our connection?” Wang Chao asked one question after another!

Wang Chao’s question had been quite clever in delivery. It had been based on his own information, but while it seemed right, his information was actually wrong! His mention of the name ‘Tang’ had been vague afterwards with no actual substance behind it.

“Five years ago we’ve been monitoring the person behind you. At that time we were supporting the coup d’etat from the struggle between the 30 tribes in Africa. We had wanted to trap her mercenary group, but she managed to leave Africa and towards China.”

“Regarding her, how much do you know?” Wang Chao’s fingers twitched as his eyes gained a serious glint. He seemed like an oppressing tiger that was ready to kill Lisa if she was even a second slow to respond.

“We know that she is the instructor of the five major mercenary groups the European Union hired for in Africa. She is also the secret leader of the Chinese Association amongst the 28 countries in the European Union. We also know that she has many identities. But what we didn’t know was that you would have a triple-layered identity! To be connected to the Chinese government, it seems our information was far too narrow and obstructed our goals!”

“Sis Chen has so many identities? But it seems as though there’s no connection between her and my organization? From what Lin Yanan said, the organization knows about the connection between sis Chen and I. So what are they planning then?” Wang Chao thought to himself.

When he gave the gun to fight with Lisa, Wang Chao had taken advantage of the moment to send away Lin Yanan to ask his questions.

Chapter 134: A Fight Between Males (Two)

Chapter 134: A Fight Between Males (Two)

“Brother Duan, could it be that you wish to assassinate him....”

When Chen Ke heard Duan Guochao’s final words, her eyebrows perked upwards. Her face had already been quite nice to look at. But because of her daily work at the Ministry of State Security where she was often working above others, there was a heroic but arrogant air to her.

But even in this unintentional movement of her eyebrows, there was a loveable charm to it so that even the tip of a cold iceberg would begin to melt into a soft snow from it.

Anyone with an eye would be able to tell with ease that this Chen Ke had developed some feelings for Duan Guochao. Naturally, with Duan Guochao being so handsome and strong in martial arts, a youth like him would obviously have female admirers.

Dong Ling sat on the other side and listened to the two talk, but he did not say anything to tease them.

“We’ll have to wait and see.” Duan Guochao had only sighed at Chen Ke’s words before slowly shutting his eyes. Seeing this, Chen Ke had a small glint of bitterness flash by.

“Abott Shi Yongxin has strictly forbidden the men of Shaolin Temple getting involved with the government, instead, we are to only do things that correlate to economy and learning martial arts. However, our Shaolin Temple has many disciples who have joined the government of their country, or joined the business world, or gone overseas to become a movie star, thus creating a tangled nest of roots. The amount of power has grown, and so has our influence. Such a rise like this would be impossible to avoid the jealousy or hatred of others. The military is cultivating an expert of martial arts and is also borrowing the prestige of the Laoshan Daoists to open up shop. This is clearly a plan to develop and expand their influence. Their plan is to continue growing for several

dozen years so that they can crush our Shaolin, or perhaps to claim themselves as an equal. This time, the two shishu of mine were quite stupid, just how could they allow themselves to be used as tools? However, if our Shaolin Temple is to be said to be a great tree, it cannot avoid having several leaves or branches trimmed down.”

Although Duan Guochao’s eyes were shut as if resting, his heart was billowing with waves of emotions.

“The Ministry of State Security has handed me a poor meal to eat. Combined with my bad relationship with the minister, I should find an opportunity later to commit a big enough mistake to leave and find another way of work to live a peaceful life. I’ll see just how strong this expert the Military Commission has hired is, will he have the potential to pose a threat to my Shaolin Temple later? If so, I will have to take a chance and assassinate him. This, I can at the very least do for the sect of my master.”

With this determination and plan, Duan Guochao let out a long and empty sigh.

As a disciple of the Shaolin Temple, his famous moniker of “National Arhat” had been given to him before he had even reached 30 years old. Joining the Ministry of State Security, he had been given dangerous mission after dangerous mission and fought with many experts in the shadows. With these experiences, he had been tempered into a dangerous individual with a potent level of martial arts. Naturally, he did not place Wang Chao as a worthy opponent in his eyes.

Wang Chao had only just recently made a name for himself, and that was only within the Southeast Asia world of martial arts. Ye Xuan’s defeat and death at the hands of Wang Chao was something Duan Guochao had known about, but he did not think of it to be anything important.

The battle between Wang Chao and Ye Xuan in Manchuria was something Duan Guochao had heard about. From his information, he heard that the two of them had fought to exhaustion.

Ye Xuan was the disciple of the number one martial artist in the Japanese martial arts world, Iga Minamoto. As Duan Guochao hypothesized, he was an opponent that was equal to Iga Minamoto, so how could he place the disciple of

Iga Minamoto on the same level as his master?

So on this airplane ride, he had made a decision. If this Wang Chao were to show promise, then at the time of greeting, Duan Guochao would make use of his Hidden Jin to injure him to ensure that his martial arts would never progress.

It would be the same as when Wang Chao use the Eagle Claw and Hidden Jin to injure Miyagi Hanshin so that he had pissed blood six days later.

Despite Duan Guochao entering the Ministry of State Security for many years, his unyielding state of mind had never worn away. Because of this, he would talk back to the leaders of the ministry and earned himself some hatred.

Because of his skill and the support he got from the Shaolin Temple, he hadn't ever worried much. In the end, he was given many shoes to wear if needed.

It was because of this that Duan Guochao had wanted to live a peaceful life after his departure from the Ministry of State Security.

Because of his ability, once he left, there would definitely be a huge explosion.

The Ministry of State Security wasn't a food market where one could stay if they want, or leave if they wished. That was why Duan Guochao had prepared to make a mistake that would help him find another disciple of the Shaolin Temple. With his fellow disciples, he would find help from them.

"At worst, I'll be in prison for three to five years. When I get out, I won't even break past my thirties. In prison I can practice martial arts as I please without any other care." The mistake Duan Guochao wanted to commit would involve only Wang Chao.

He hadn't thought Wang Chao to be a threat at all in fact.

Indeed, Wang Chao's history and past opponents hadn't been worth Duan Guochao's notice either.

"Xuuu! As things stand now, a step is still a step. While the annoyances tied around me is quite messy, I still have my own principle. As long as this principle is not broken, I will walk. If this principle is broken, then whatever I need to give up, I will give up."

In his own room, Wang Chao's heart was in a mess. All sort of thoughts came

to mind, like the worry of what he would have to do in the future. Everything had been like a heavy boulder that began to weigh upon his heart.

But he was a person of decision and wisdom, not a person of indecisiveness and slow-thinking. He would give himself an underline to calm himself.

“Huu!” Working around the dantian and abdomen so that his breath went from lungs to his throat, Wang Chao began to calm down and exhale.

This breath was seemingly trying to take all his worries and confusion out from his body and spat out. Even the tea cup on his table had been blown away by the wind. Falling from the table, it crashed and shattered across the ground.

At this sound, Wang Chao had jolted awake with bewilderment. Seeing the shattered blanc de chine teacup, he slowly calmed his heart down once more.

“This martial arts I have, all of it was given to me from her. My life had been turned upside down on that snowy morning. Even if the organization wishes for me to fight her, I will not. In guoshu, the heart lies within the country, and the hand lies within the technique. But this country is the country of the people. It is not the country of a family, a gender, or a sect.”

Standing up, the five fingers on both hands forked open. With a sudden burst of Jin, his fingers clenched down to form a fist and explode with a series of crackling sounds. The entire room seemed to have been struck by a gust of wind that rattled the windows and blew the bedsheets on the bed so that it resembled a hunting banner that danced in the wind.

This burst of Jin had unexpectedly reached such a degree of power.

In the past, when Li Shuwen practiced martial arts in his room. If he were to stand in the center and let loose his Jin, then the wind created by it would shred apart the paper screens to the windows.

With Wang Chao’s currently strong muscles and bones, his burst of Jin was gradually becoming on the same level of strength as the Bajiquan grandmaster.

In this reveal of strength, Wang Chao’s joints had let loose a chain of cracking sounds as if the many ropes of annoyances tying him down were splitting up one by one.

In this manner of “Rooster Ruffling Feathers”, he had suddenly realized each muscle and bone, each piece of flesh around his inner organs, everything was chaining together like a steel plate.

“Only by dispelling the many thoughts in one’s heart will one be able to reveal the most powerful of strengths. It is no wonder that in Singapore, the soft and hard Jin of the Hidden and Clear Jin had been learnt in all but my face and genitals. But after being in the sea for so long, my martial arts may have been pure, and I was able to make use of the hard rotation Jin from Taichi, I was not able to bring that power throughout my entire body. I was not able to enter the Transforming Jin. Everything was due to the obstacles in my intent.”

The sky outside was starting to grow dark and a shroud of darkness began to cover Hong Kong. But the city had plenty of bright lights shining throughout. However, whatever the state of the light outside his window, Wang Chao did not pay attention to it at all.

Putting down the burdens in his heart, Wang Chao had let loose a burst of Jin throughout his body so that all the hair on his body had jetted out like a porcupine. Even his face and genitals had felt this series of power run through it.

Wang Chao knew that this chain of power running through his body was similar to the realm of Transformation. Although it was not the same as truly achieving Transforming Jin, as long as he had this sensation, then his later attempts to train and enter the Transforming Jin realm would come sooner or later.

This was the experienced he had accumulated after months of practicing underwater. Now that his heart had let go of his burdens, he had achieved that halo of enlightenment which brought him to the result he had now.

Although he had inadvertently brought the sensation of power running through his face and genitals by randomly bursting out with Jin, this was only a happenstance. In an actual battle, this would do nothing to increase his fighting ability.

Understanding was one matter. Increasing one’s martial arts required depending on this understanding to practice bitterly day in and day out so that the entire heart would be engrossed and tempered. With this, the halo of

enlightenment would be had and transform into something one could truly have.

In a moment of enlightenment, the skill of martial arts would jump before then to be beaten by someone and understand the universe, such a person did not exist.

However, Wang Chao had thrown away his worries, causing himself to feel free from worry.

That night, Wang Chao did not practice. Instead, he slept in peace and comfort.

The next morning, Wang Chao had washed his face before practicing his martial arts for half an hour before Lin Yanan had arrived.

“We just received a call. The people from the Ministry of State Security arrived in Hong Kong last night. This morning, they will head on over and wait in the military admission lounge. Commissar Yang said for you to go receive them.”

“Oh? I will go then.” Wang Chao had been extremely curious about the number one disciple of the Shaolin Temple. Immediately nodding his head, he walked out of his room to reach the admission lounge.

Entering the lounge, Wang Chao immediately saw the two males and female sitting on the sofa to the side.

Duan Guochao was wearing white colored sportswear. Even just sitting down, he had been quite conspicuous. With his own eyes, Wang Chao had begun to observe the Shaolin expert nicknamed the “National Arhat”.

Wang Chao’s footsteps had instantly alerted Duan Guochao to him. Tilting his head upwards, Duan Guochao looked over to Wang Chao before adopting a serious expression.

Chapter 135: A Crushing Defeat!

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Wang Chao was about 1.8 meters tall, a height that wasn't too short, but wasn't too tall either.

Although he was a talented practitioner of martial arts, his muscles weren't like that of a boxer or an athlete where their muscles would bulged outwards like a steel plate.

At a single glance, he wasn't fat, and he wasn't skinny in physique. He was about as toned as a member of the upper-class society with no beer belly, but no exaggerated muscles. He looked to be a healthy man with a good vitality to him.

But in the eyes of Duan Guochao, each one of Wang Chao's step had painted him out to be completely different.

In his eyes, the skin on Wang Chao's neck and hands were perfectly smooth without any scars. It was a rosy white color with just a faint tint of dark green.

Just like taking an extended suntan, his body had been under the same effect as if under an ultraviolet light.

But Duan Guochao knew that the dark green skin wasn't a result of the ultraviolet lights turning the pigments black.

But instead, it was because of the strength of the muscles and tendons in the flesh! This was the result of tempering the muscles to their maximum! The muscles and tendons had grown a dark color similar to the tint of steel and could be seen by some.

When Wang Chao came over, Duan Guochao could feel a tremendous pressure upon him. Only three words came to mind when describing this, "capable and threatening".

Correct, this sensation could only be described as "capable and threatening".

The muscles, tendons, veins, and bones of Wang Chao was incredible in Duan Guochao's eyes. Although he didn't have muscles that bulged outwards, in the

eyes of a genuine expert, the robust muscles of Wang Chao would be far more intimidating than the muscles of a bodybuilder.

To be able to give this intimidating sensation to Duan Guochao, this was the “King’s Aura” spoken of in legends.

To use an analogy, if a regular person were to suddenly come face to face with a figure like Mike Tyson, then that person would suddenly feel an overwhelming pressure on them.

“This man’s resistance training has reached a pinnacle where the muscles and tendons are at an outrageous level, comparable to one who has learned “Iron Body”. But still, this is only an external style of martial arts.”

Duan Guochao had felt Wang Chao’s pressure, forcing him to stand up and stare hard at the military uniform wearing male.

Rumors had it that those who underwent resistance training and learned the Iron Body to the point of mastery, when they emit Jin, their entire body would show a dark green tint underneath the skin.

That was to say that the veins underneath had grown to be extremely strong and well distributed so that the color of the veins was noticeable even under the skin.

When a person had learnt the Iron Body to proficiency, then the veins would be like a single dark green snake that would protrude underneath.

When an expert learned it to an even higher level, the veins of the entire body would protrude like numerous rattan vines that would interweave across each other like a dark green fishnet—an ultimately terrifying scene.

But when the Iron Body reached mastery, then the power would be even distributed through the body as before, but the veins wouldn’t be seen to be protruding. Instead, it would blend in with the skin like softness coupling together with hardness. At the moment of Jin being emitted, then the entire skin would grow dark as if wearing an iron shirt.

Being able to train to a level where the veins popped up around the body like a ‘fishnet’, then that meant one’s resistance training had already reached a level of an expert. But if they were to go a step further and distribute the power

through their entire body to the Iron Body was like ‘Iron Shirt’, then they would be considered to have reached the level of a master.

An expert like that may not be impervious to sword or gun, but their ability to resist would undoubtedly be formidable. An iron hammer or wooden rod would do nothing to harm their skin even if they were beaten ruthlessly with it.

Duan Guochao was an expert in this aspect as well. From childhood, he had practiced the “Iron Shirt”, “Iron Crotch”, and “[Tongzigong](#)” in order to cultivate his health, improve his resistance to strikes, and even had the masters of Shaolin wash, hit, and massage him with medicinal water to help.

If one tried to learn any genuine killing moves from Shaolin or difficult postures after their bones had set such as the soaring leap, bending back the leg, doing the splits, or even twisting the vertebrae, then they would easily suffer an injury to their body.

Seeing how Wang Chao’s skin had this dark green color, Duan Guochao had immediately determined that his opponent was possibly an expert who had mastered this type of resistance training.

Truthfully, Wang Chao had never learnt the “Iron Body”, but his bones were incomparably strong due to him reaching the stage where the “Thunder follows the fist”.

Then he had learned from Cheng Shanming’s example and practiced underwater. Rotating the mercury filled ball around him to feel the current against his entire body, he had learned to couple soft and hard together, learning what it meant for fire and water to share a similar home, and have a small taste on the Iron Body.

It could be said that Wang Chao’s current muscles and bones had strengthened to an incredible degree. Although there was a difference between the strongest degree of Iron Body and his body, the foundation of both were almost identical. When a technique was brought to the highest peak of mastery, there was always a faint connection to another.

“This youth is only 21 or 22 years old—an age that is younger than mine own. But yet, he still gives off a tremendous amount of pressure. His martial arts has reached an amazing degree, but who knows what heights he will reach in the

future? He is indeed a threat to the Shaolin Temple.” Duan Guochao immediately concluded to himself.

His partners Chen Ke and Dong Ling right by his side were talented, but in martial arts, they hadn't even reached a level where Hidden Jin was feasible. This made them on the same level as skill as Lin Yanan, so neither of the two had been able to see what pressure Wang Chao was exuding. Instead, they had given him a provocative stare.

“Brother Duan, this one doesn't look that amazing, he looks rather sloppy even. If you were to make a move, it'd be for no use. Let me take a stab at him.”

Before Duan Guochao could even stand, Chen Ke stood up first and extended a hand out towards Wang Chao.

Just as Wang Chao extended his own hand to make the handshake, Chen Ke immediately brought his wrist up so that she was looking at her watch instead. With a calm expression, her face had adopted the official poker face.

“Lieutenant colonel Wang, we three are members of the Beijing branch of the Ministry of State Security. We came received our orders from the top to escort back several personnel. A female American spy, and the Shaolin warrior monk Yong Bao will be taken away before 9 AM this morning. Please hurry up and bring the aforementioned people out and don't waste our time. It is already 8:30 with just 30 minutes left to go.”

Wang Chao's hand paused in midair while he himself had a blank stare, *“No wonder commissar Yang had said the Ministry of State Security was so brash, but who knew that it would reach such a heavy extent like this? It is no wonder that in the past when the officials of the Beijing government went outside for official affairs, they were regarded to be extremely haughty. The Arhat of the Ministry of State Security should be the National Arhat, how unusual. If you respect me a foot, then I will respect you for ten feet in return. But if you are uncourteous to me, then there is no need for me to remain courteous to you.”*

He had already taken notice of Duan Guochao who had stood up by now. It had only taken a single glance for Wang Chao to know that his martial arts had been stupendous. Although commissar Yang had given him his instructions beforehand to cause trouble for the other side, for the sake of his country, he

hadn't wished to do anything of the sort.

But he hadn't thought that this female staff member would adopt such a brazen attitude. Not even a single iota of manners could be seen. Furthermore, Duan Guochao hadn't even done a single to stop her, this was clearly an attempt to provoke them and stir up trouble.

"Is it because I killed an elder of the Shaolin Temple that they are unaccepting of me? Are they trying to protect this and is deliberately looking for an excuse to fight by provoking me?" Wang Chao's mind had instantly flashed with a single notion.

Yong He had been shot to death while Yong Bao had taken on a serious injury, but the both of them were still elders of the Shaolin Temple. Although they had tried to tried to kidnap Wang Chao and he had no other choice but to defend himself, a disciple of the Shaolin Temple would most definitely bear a grudge against Wang Chao for that.

To make a comparison, let us say if the child of your family were to hit the child of my family. If I were to go to the head of your family to complain, then the head would most definitely give the child a spanking. But if I were to disregard going to the head of the family and beat the child to death, then the head not looking for revenge would be an extreme oddity.

Seeing Chen Ke provoking him, Wang Chao had already guessed out their intentions to a near certainty.

A practitioner had to be open-minded and had to tolerate the loss of heart of others.

But to have someone else deliberately poke trouble, that was an insult. Tolerate man, but tolerate not insults, that was the doctrine that Wang Chao had lived by.

"If you simply wish to escort them, that is fine. But first, show me your ability. Whether or not you are able to look over them so that they don't run away on the road, I will not take responsibility for it." Wang Chao did not take back his hand. Instead, just as soon as he finished speaking, he made a slight claw motion with his hand before reaching for Chen Ke's wrist.

In this, Wang Chao had used a very minimal amount of strength with just enough to make Chen Ke unsteady. She was after all a woman, and a fellow worker for their country, so Wang Chao hadn't wanted to be too harsh.

"Fine. Lieutenant commander Wang Chao has indeed said so, our strength will be tested here."

In the very instant Wang Chao's hand had flashed towards Chen Ke, another eagle claw had suddenly made an appearance. With a dark green color, the hand was like a terrifyingly fast arrow that shot towards Wang Chao's wrist.

This eagle claw had been emitted a strong amount of Jin that was only matched by its speed. Landing accurately on the pulse of the wrist, Wang Chao could immediately feel as if there was a steel clamp leaving a deep impression on it.

This was the act of Duan Guochao.

When Chen Ke had started trouble, he had been powerless to stop it and could only accept it. But Wang Chao's actions after this provocation had made him very pleased.

"Since it was the other side who made the first move, then after I dispose of him, then I can say, 'We went to retrieve the targets, but lieutenant colonel Wang hadn't permitted it and wanted to test our strength. This will cause some trouble then.'"

Duan Guochao had been eager to find an opportunity for this. Just why would he have any intentions of stopping there? With an "Eagle Carve", he attempted to damage Wang Chao's wrist.

Shaolin had the intent, and the secrets of "Iron Body", "Iron Crotch", and even "Iron Egg".

"Iron Crotch" and "Iron Egg" both had to be learnt when small and had the body of a child. It was created by a senior elder of the Shaolin Temple by combining the breathing exercises of Yoga and the traditional Chinese medicine where the yang in the male's organs were strengthened to the utmost limits. It also set the very foundation of martial arts and building a resistance.

Duan Guochao had practiced since he was small. So when his bones had finally

set and he began his attempts to learn the killing moves of martial arts, it had taken half the work and gave him twice the benefits. So by the time he was 26 years old, his martial arts had already made him an expert amongst the best without any second guesses.

But when Wang Chao learned Baguazhang by walking on top of the water vats and struck at the sandbags, he had barely escaped death each time after falling and hurting himself badly, his entire body had been injured constantly. Every day, Tang Zichen would use the needles and medicinal water together with Hidden Jin to treat his muscles and wounds. This way of treating the wounds was essentially the same concept as the Shaolin methods. In two years worth of time, Wang Chao had basically cobbled together the very foundation of resistance.

With this achievement of Wang Chao's, he was never able to stray away from the hard work Tang Zichen had invested in him for those two years.

After learning the genuine art of martial arts, he had understood many concepts and philosophies. Wang Chao also knew that Tang Zichen had imparted many things onto him in those two years by making use of Hidden Jin daily through the needles to open up the blood veins and strengthening the muscles and bones. Just what teacher would do such a thing? This was not the work of a parent or sibling, this was the work of someone even closer than either of the two.

“Eagle Claw and Iron Body!” When Wang Chao saw Duan Guochao make his move, he understood that his opponent's martial arts was not beneath Chen Aiyang or Cheng Shanming in skill.

Chen Aiyang and Cheng Shanming were both the most amazing people Wang Chao had met to this date whose martial arts had reaching the Transforming Jin. If he were to fight either of the two in a genuine fight to the death, then Wang Chao was certain that he would have no chance of winning.

Right now, with the appearance of Duan Guochao, he would be the third most amazing person he had ever met!

“Of course, the nickname ‘National Arhat’ would not be given so freely.”

Up against such an amazing claw, Wang Chao could only ignore Chen Ke and roll this wrists. This was the Xingyiquan's art of “Rolling Fist”. Withdraw inwards

to make a circle just like rolling around a lead ball. This form was elaborate, but its strength was calm yet fierce in its revolution so that he had immediately detached his wrist from Duan Guochao's claw.

Duan Guochao didn't cease in his movements. In the same time he had made a claw with one hand, his other hand had been like a shadow to his first claw. With his five fingers stretched out. With a slight swelling to them, it looked similar to the head of snake while at the same time like the beak of a crane. As it moved, the hand changed in between the two styles one after another.

The joints of each five finger had let out a hissing sound.

But in the midst of this hiss, there had occasionally been a high pitch like the shrill of a crane.

With this snake and crane stance, it wavered in front of Wang Chao's face before striking at his eyes.

Wang Chao's hand moved up to his face with the "Rising Body Palm". With the palm like a blade, it shot up his throat and towards his nose with all of his Jin focused on the tip of the fingers so that it aimed at Duan Guochao's wrist as if he was stabbing at the heart of a snake.

The "Rising Body Palm" was a variation of one of the palms in Baguazhang. It was meant to shoot straight up close to the chest—a seemingly useless move. But with Wang Chao's usage of it, it fit just right. As if piercing the clear skies, it was a crucial strike towards his enemy as well.

But. In the moment Wang Chao had rushed with his "Rising Body Palm", Duan Guochao made a shift with his footstep so that his wrist would change as well. The dark green hand's "Crane Peck" had gracefully changed with a heaven-shocking speed so that it had come down onto Wang Chao's right ear and temple.

This clever transition had been like antelope that would hang from the trees with its horn to sleep—its footsteps would not be traced.

"Eight Arts of Snake and Crane" was a combination of the Shaolin Five Animal Imitation Boxing. The snake was to show a false move by wavering in front of the eyes to intimidate the person. The crane was the true killing move whose beak

would come crashing down to carve out a hole in the flesh.

Eight Arts of Snake and Crane held a change between illusion and reality. It did not start with the wrist, but rather with the mnemonic of “The leg leads the body, and the body pushes the hand”. The leg would spur the advancement of the body while the body would push forward with the hand.

So when Duan Guochao had shifted his leg and his palms had deviated along with all of his Jin, it had been flawless without looking awkward in movement at all.

“A killing move like this straight from the get go? Does he truly wish to kill me? If the opponent has such a deliberate killing intent, then he is not here to cause trouble and compare notes.”

In an instant, Wang Chao had realized that Duan Guochao’s strike was filled with a killing intent.

Against the Iron Body which encompassed Duan Guochao’s hands and throat with the dark green color, a similar color could be seen in his veins underneath his skin like the leaves of a pine tree. It was a powerful sight, but also very terrifying.

The Jin of “Iron Body”, and the moves from the “Eight Arts of Snake and Crane”. Duan Guochao’s first movement had been comprised of his most dangerous killing moves and fierce vigor. Each fist made an attempt to take the upper hand and then dispose of Wang Chao.

To make a move was to be unrelenting. To be relenting is to not make a move. Duan Guochao was not an indecisive person. In that moment, he had made up his mind and moved to accomplish his goals straight away.

Against this peck, Wang Chao’s right ear began to tremble in anticipation as the right side of his face began to swell up with goosebumps. His vertebrae stiffened as both hands shot out. Spreading out his five fingers, his hands moved to his ears and made a fierce slapping motion away from his ear.

Pa! In an instant, the hand had made contact with the crane’s beak.

“Monkey Fanning Air” was a variation of the monkey stance where both hands would remain close to the ears before fanning outwards. A rather comical

looking moe that would make anyone think that a monkey was playing around.

But now, under Wang Chao's usage, it had become the best method to neutralize the killing move.

"A good adaption, he truly is a great threat who has practiced martial arts inside and out! His usage of Xingyiquan has reached perfection almost!"

After having both of his killing moves skillfully neutralized by Wang Chao's hand, Duan Guochao's heart had softened. His estimation of Wang Chao had gone up.

Bringing his own concentration to the highest level possible as well as his own inspiration, Duan Guochao slanted his footsteps so that it went in a circular motion. Twisting his waist, his entire body had resembled that of a python where even the veins on the face was noticeable.

Shua! With the twist and a sidestep, Duan Guochao had overtaken Wang Chao's right side. Lashing out, his right hand made a "Hook Punch" towards Wang Chao's chin.

At the same time, his left hand had covertly struck out at Wang Chao's rib. Binding the forefinger and middle finger together to form a blade, his fingers silently flashed towards the waist like a snake after its prey.

The hook was powerful while the sword finger was silent. One was clear, one was hidden.

With an agile step and the scurrying of the Eight Arts of Snake and Crane, it was possible for the body to flash and float at the same time.

With the Iron Body and its indomitable strength, it was possible to shatter even stone.

When Duan Guochao made a move, it was clear to see just why he was fully deserving of such a powerful title as "National Arhat".

After using the "Monkey Fanning Air" to block the crane's peck, Wang Chao made a single leap to fly backwards five meters while at the same time dodging Duan Guochao's hook punch and sword finger assault.

However, Duan Guochao did not let Wang Chao off that easily. Stampeding

forward as if riding the Wind Fire Wheels of [Nezha](#), his body flew forward like maggot after flesh.

“There’s a fight, a fight is happening!”

“So they’re actually fighting.”

“It looks quite rowdy in here.”

“They’re definitely going to fight. Don’t go in or risk getting hurt.”

While Wang Chao and Duan Guochao were fighting, a bunch of soldiers had already gathered around them. These soldiers were the People’s Liberation Army stationed in Hong Kong. When Duan Guochao and his two partners came, the soldiers had already known that there would definitely be a good show to watch and had secretly waited by the side. Sure enough, when the two began to fight, the soldiers and workers had all gathered around to watch.

At the same time, Lin Yanan, Chen Ke, and Ling Dong all silently retreated.

Duan Guochao had intentionally wanted to make a mistake so as to leave the Ministry of State Security while also giving face to his Shaolin Sect by disposing of the potential major threat that was Wang Chao. On the other side, for the interest of the higher ups, he had been ordered to knock the Ministry of State Security off their high horse.

With both sides having the intention of fighting, clashing now had only been the oil on the fire, and they had been the spark to start the fire! There had been no need for any courtesy, only fighting.

“What’s happening, they’re fighting now?” While at the same time of the fighting, commissar Yang had received the report with a smile. “Both sides are now comparing notes, eh? That isn’t anything major, just how many times have our Military Commission and the Ministry of State Security compared notes? Furthermore, Duan Guochao is from the Shaolin Temple. With someone crippling his elders, no matter if it was right or wrong, there will most definitely be a clash to regain honor. It’s best to leave them as they are.”

Commissar Yang gave the order, but no one had really cared.

“Hello? Connect me to the General Political Department.” Afterwards,

commissar Yang had made a private phone call.

Even as commissar Yang was speaking, the fight between Wang Chao and Duan Guochao was essentially irresolvable.

Wang Chao kept retreating backwards while Duan Guochao charged after him like a shadow whilst continuing to attack.

Each one of his moves had been fierce and fully developed. Attacking with a ferocity as if Wang Chao had killed his family or stolen his wife, they seemed as if they had become enemies that could not live under the same skies.

In an instant, Wang Chao had been forced into a state of breathlessness and was at a disadvantage. Such a sight like this had caused Lin Yanan's heart to leap into her throat.

"Man harms not the heart of a tiger, but the tiger injures the man by instinct. Your overbearing manner cannot be blamed on me." From the start, Wang Chao had no ill-intent towards Duan Guochao, so all of his counter-movements had been lacking in vigor without enough force to actually fight back.

From what it seemed so far, the only road Wang Chao was walking on now was death.

Wang Chao took in a deep and heavy breath before his feet carried him 64 steps forward. Rolling his body, Wang Chao was using all of his strength in this attempt.

In the next instant, everyone could only see a demon wearing the green military uniform as it traveled in a linear path with a faint after image.

This was Wang Chao's Baguazhang style of movement. Eight variations of the Eight Steps had led to 64 different steps that allowed the body to move this way and that to dodge and weave. Naturally, when up against this all-out effort, Duan Guochao grew serious. His hands were unable to follow Wang Chao's movements, let alone continuing to try and hit him.

After all, this was a large hall that was fit for fighting. It was wide and spacious, quite unlike the small dueling platforms for martial arts.

On the platform, the space was quite narrow, and if Duan Guochao had

attacked Wang Chao as he did in such an area, Wang Chao wouldn't be able to dodge or evade away. A defeat was almost certain then. But now, if Duan Guochao were to move in pursuit, the two would simply move in tandem as if racing to compare physical strength. This was essentially a wasted effort.

Borrowing the strength of his movements, Wang Chao had successfully shaken off the assault before coming to a sudden halt. While moving, he had been like a stampeding horse, but afterwards, he had been like an iron pike that had been stabbed into the ground. Not even his eyes had moved.

"He's stopped." A single thought flashed in Duan Guochao's head before his heart, will, and body became one and threw himself across the floor. Both dark green hands formed a semi-gripping motion as they streaked through the air. One hand moved up while the other moved down in an attempt to grab onto Wang Chao's chest and abdomen,

The Jin of the "Iron Body" and circulated into the "Eagle Claw" form to constitute into the well-known "Eagle Claw of the Iron Body". With the dark green hands, this move was especially fierce. This assault of the "National Arhat" had far surpassed whatever the warrior monks Yong He and Yong Bao could accomplish.

The Eight Arts of the Snake and Crane, and the Eagle Claw of the Iron Body. This was what exactly what it meant to practice the art of Shaolin.

With this maneuver, Duan Guochao had calculated that when Wang Chao made a violent movement and then sudden stop, his Qi and blood were surging against each other, his feet and hands were numb, and that he would not be able to defend himself against another assault.

Whoosh! All of a sudden, he had arrived right in front of Wang Chao as quick as lightning with an attempt to grab him.

In this very moment, Duan Guochao had been the giant eagle that had dove down from the high skies towards a small chick.

But unbeknownst to anyone, when Duan Guochao moved to grab, a tremor could suddenly be felt underneath his feet. The ground seemed to rise as if an earthquake had just started to happen.

From the median line of his body, a single fist appeared from down below Wang Chao's chest and soared upwards. The surrounding area seemed to have blown apart with wind and blew at Duan Guochao's clothes with a rustling sound.

"Soaring Pound!"

Duan Guochao had instantly recognized that this was the most bold and powerful style of Chinese martial arts, Taichi. The earth tremor he had felt just now had been a result of the release of Jin.

Open fire on the flat grounds, and even the sounds of thunder and wind will be heard.

The situation had become apparent to Duan Guochao. Even if he had successfully grabbed onto Wang Chao's body, then the Soaring Pound would impact his own body. The result would be that his flesh and bones would shatter apart, allowing him to die a violent death.

"This person's martial arts has blown past my expectations with each and every moves he makes. Aside from me, was there actually another youth so capable of martial arts in this country? How inconceivable!"

Wang Chao's Soaring Pound had revealed his true strength.

Sensing the gust of wind that had blown up, Duan Guochao knew that this Soaring Pound would be something even his Iron Body would not be able to withstand.

Even with the Iron Body, he wouldn't be able to take such a strong fist without any damages.

Even if the target was an actual man of iron, Wang Chao's fist would be enough to shatter them.

Hua! Duan Guochao's two hands moved away and then together. His legs moved forward before twisting his body around to dodge the Soaring Pound. This was the "Yellow Dragon Overturn" of the Subduing Dragon Arhat Boxing.

After the "Dragon Overturn" was the "Dragon's Searching Claw", which was also called the "The Dragon's Claw Searches the Cloud."

Borrowing the power from when he had turned around, Duan Guochao's hand had silently probed outwards towards Wang Chao's waist. Without a sign, his hand had been like the spring rain in gentleness.

"The Dragon's Claw Searches the Cloud". The Clear Jin was as soft as the clouds, and the true killing move when the claw strikes out with the thousands of needles of Hidden Jin.

This move placed emphasis on two words. One was "clouds", and the other was "searches". One had to understand the meaning of both in order to understand the cleverness. "cloud" is to reflect the cloud with the body and turnover high in the sky while "search" is to use the claw in accordance.

This sequence of overturn, twisting, deliverance of strength, and claw movement was the latest change in his pounce forward. It was also his most genuine of trump cards.

The soft Clear Jin and the hard Hidden Jin. One style, two Jins, and no sound. It was similar to Liao Junhua's killing "Hidden Leg" that could be classified as a sure-fire killing technique.

Duan Guochao had experienced hundreds of battles and accomplished countless of missions. He had killed far more people than Wang Chao and had accumulated far more experience. He had forced many of his opponents into a dead end without chance of retaliation.

Otherwise, he would be undeserving of the number one disciple of Shaolin or the title of "National Arhat".

If not for his level of martial arts being noticed by the Ministry of State Security, his name would not have been repressed. In the current martial arts world of Southeast Asia, the number one spot would have gone to either Chen Aiyang or him.

It was also because he knew that he was strong that he wished to break ties with the Ministry of State Security. With his own strength in martial arts and connections with the Shaolin Temple, then at the very least, he would become a rich person, or possibly a martial arts celebrity in the movies industry like Hollywood. It would pay better than the Ministry of State Security, and he wouldn't have to go through as many hardships as he did.

But Wang Chao's skill in Taichi was honed by practicing underwater. With the hidden currents attacking him this way and that without a sound, Wang Chao had learned to neutralize them all one by one.

So Wang Chao already knew that this "The Dragon's Claw Searches the Clouds" was going for his waist and eye.

His opponent hadn't moved upwards, but Wang Chao's body had already instinctively thought of it.

The "Parry and Punch" began to build up power in the waist before being discharged.

Long before, Wang Chao had already comprehended the way of Transforming Jin's "Loosen the muscles, attack with the pores, and empty the mind." When the mind was blank, then one would be able to be like the cicada that would move before feeling the autumn wind.

But having a sudden enlightenment of the phrase and allowing the body to fully experience it were two different things.

A moment's enlightenment could increase one's prowess in martial arts like burning cosmos in the Saint Seiya manga. Wang Chao had naturally understood, but he couldn't fully show it in an actual match.

But in his time practicing underwater, his distance towards the Transforming Jin realm drew closer and closer. By now, it was only a matter of time.

While Duan Guochao's "The Dragon's Claw Searches the Clouds" was exceptionally delicate and concealed its killing potential, it was not enough to escape Wang Chao's instinct.

"Bang!" The "Parry and Punch" and the "Dragon's Searching Claw" were now 5 inches from clashing. When Duan Guochao drew close to the fist, he immediately felt his entire body jolt and his blood surge.

"What a fierce Hammer Jin!" A thought flashed through Duan Guochao's mind before leaving. He hadn't any more time to think and immediately moved to grab the fist and crush it.

But the "Dragon's Claw Searches the Clouds" placed emphasis on being

graceful during the searching moment. It was only when the claw made contact that it would emit Hidden Jin. Against the fierce Hammer Jin, it was naturally insufficient.

In the hold, Wang Chao's arm shook before throwing off the grab on him.

Afterwards, Wang Chao's twin fists began to move. The earth began to quake, and the building began to shake! The "Chain Pound" began to unleash again and again in all directions with a rippling of his muscles and a gust of wind. The wind had been strong and explosive and his vigor had been like a rainbow.

And now, Wang Chao had finally taken the upper hand!

The Dragon's Claw Searches the Clouds was a killing move. If it did not kill, then all that was left was to be killed. Duan Guochao had been greatly wishing for Wang Chao to be crippled and did not anticipate him to be so tough and hold his ground.

This had been able due to Wang Chao's long breath. After training for so long underwater, his lungs had been strengthened by a large amount.

Wang Chao's Pounding Hammer Jin was practically unmatched.

With a single blow, Duan Guochao had felt his blood billow without calm. And now being pressured with the "Chain Pound", he didn't dare continue attacking and could only retreat. He had taken a leaf out of Wang Chao's book and used the wide open space to evade.

But for what reason would Wang Chao let him? When he had done the same, he had been prepared for a countermeasure. After another three Chain Pounds, Wang Chao suddenly stopped before his fist had turned into a palm. His body flickered as he swam forward almost like a fish. In an instant he had cut off Duan Guochao's backwards retreat.

He had changed from hard to soft, and from Taichi to Baguazhang. It was a seamless transition that was immaculate in execution. It could even be said that in Wang Chao's entire life, this was his most proudest of strikes.

When Wang Chao had cut him off, Duan Guochao knew that the situation had not looked good. But he did not panic thanks to his experience. His Iron Body began to swell in strength all the way to the very highest level!

His white sportswear began to swell as if the muscles beneath had threatened to tear it apart!

Bang! It was a grab. Despite whatever change Wang Chao would make, he would do a “Throat Hold” and grab the genitals—the vitals of Wang Chao.

But Wang Chao didn’t shrink back at all! Instead, his fists rose! One hand unleashed the “Under Elbow Punch” upwards and the other a “Lower Point Punch” downwards to meet with Duan Guochao blow for blow.

His opponent had practiced the Iron Body and underwent resistance training. But Wang Chao had practiced hard against hard, and firm against firm. It was up to Duan Guochao’s amazing Iron Body, or Wang Chao’s unyielding Five Hammers of Taichi.

Bang bang bang! Fist met fist, and despite his Iron Body, Duan Guochao felt his blood surge as a result of his opponent’s hard rotation Jin.

As long as Wang Chao had the upper hand, then there would be very little people in the world that could defend against him.

The Hammer had become a Pound as Wang Chao’s hands turned to the appropriate posture after shocking Duan Guochao. His legs stamped forward in an abrupt charge. His fists grew even more powerful as if the strength of a rampaging horse had been contained in his body. Each blow had been reminiscent of the power of a stampeding horse .

Duan Guochao’s heart had been like till water. As he dodged left and right, he pondered deeply on a method to escape from this.

After several blows, just as Duan Guochao was about to make a move, he suddenly felt the pressure on him decrease as his opponent had suddenly soared into the air like a sparrow. Then, with three kicks, Wang Chao struck at Duan Guochao’s chest.

“No!” Duan Guochao’s hands moved to protect his chest, but it had been blown apart by Wang Chao’s kick before the next one had stamped clearly onto his chest. With a bang, his Iron Body had been shattered.

Duan Guochao had only felt his strength leave his body as the dark green color fade away from his skin. Then, the third kick of Wang Chao had landed accurately

on his throat.

Crack! After his Iron Body had been shattered, Duan Guochao's throat had been broken from Wang Chao's kick. His neckbone had shattered, and his neck had caved in. Flying five meters back, Duan Guochao's body struck against the wall before sliding down without a single breath.

His death had been quick. He hadn't even had time to say a word.

After being hit by Wang Chao's "Flying Horse Treading on Sparrow", then even a man of iron would be blown apart.

"Brother Duan!" When Chen Ke saw Duan Guochao fly away, she wasn't able to see whether or not he had died. All he knew was that he was injured. With a swishing movement, she pulled out her gun to fire towards Wang Chao and pounce to Duan Guochao.

In her heart, Duan Guochao was an undefeatable god of war. To suddenly lose here, her heart wasn't able to handle it.

Bang! At the same time Chen ke shot her gun, a bullet struck against the cement ground while Wang Chao disappeared from sight. In the next moment, she saw a green blur right in front of her as Wang Chao reappeared with his hands in a position to block her.

"That is the Blocking Blow of Taichi...." Chen Ke hadn't been able to finish her thought before she had been sent flying back due to the "Blocking Blow" across the hall and into the glass. Crashing through it, her body landed upon the glass fragments in a bloody mess, whether she was alive or dead, no one knew.

In the battle between he and Duan Guochao, Wang Chao had lost plenty of strength. But he wasn't as tired as from the battle he had with Yong He and Yong Bao along with the two gunners from yesterday. After all, there was no threat of gunfire during the match here.

But in the end, Chen Ke had brought out her gun. But because she had fired in a state of disorder, her aim hadn't been very accurate and so Wang Chao was easily able to dodge and return the favor.

Against a gun, Wang Chao would not ease up.

After a bullet, if one went soft against the fairer sex and refused to raise a hand, then it would be the same as taking arsenic and endangering your own life.

At the same time, Ling Dong had naturally taken out his own gun and to fire at the same time as Chen Ke on the other side.

But after Wang Chao had reappeared at Chen Ke's side, Ling Dong had hesitated to fire. He was afraid of accidentally shooting Chen Ke. And with this reaction, he was now too late.

"Clatter!" The sound of Ling Dong's gun clattering to the ground could be heard as a bullet had shot straight through his hand.

Lin Yanan had finally made her move. With a swift pull of her own gun, she had fired to disarm Ling Dong.

But Ling Dong was well deserving to be considered a trained agent. Holding his wrist, his leg stamped down on the gun so that it would be kicked up. But in that moment, Wang Chao had already drawn close. Blocking his wrist, Wang Chao wrestled the gun away from him and then released a Returning Body Palm. Like Chen Ke, he was sent flying into the nearby glass of the hall before landing motionlessly on the other side on the glass.

Chapter 136: Taking a Stroll After Killing Someone

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Within Chinese Boxing, there were several disciplines which studied the art of kicking like “Tantui”. Many of these disciplines usually did not bring their legs higher than the knees when they kicked.

That was because when man was on the ground, they could borrow power from it. When they left the ground, they could not. Their bodies would be in a moment of sluggishness. And if there came a situation where they could not dodge and strike back, then it would be very easy for them to be killed.

But that didn’t mean there were no methods to kicking. Kicking was tantamount to a nuclear weapon. Upon use, if you didn’t die, then I would be the one killed. It was incredibly fierce, and was a move that could determine life or death in a split-second.

Wang Chao’s “Flying Horse Treading on Sparrow” borrowed the horse stance’s stampeding strength to push out a fierce Pounding Jin one after another in a series of strikes. When the opponent grew weary, then soar up to reveal the scissor kick of the “Sparrow” stance. With the body high in the sky, the kick would break open the enemy’s defenses and kick the opponent to death.

But despite the powerfulness of this strike, danger ran parallel to it. If the three kicks did not kill the enemy, then when in midair, the person would be powerless to move or change his posture. All that was left was to greet the enemy’s strike and die.

Back in his competition with Cheng Shanming in Singapore, Wang Chao had not kicked downwards in the final moment due to a complete bet on Cheng Shanming’s moral character. The ending had been to everyone’s liking, as enemies became friends. Truly a perfect ending.

To be accurate, one of the reasons why Wang Chao had bet on it wasn’t because Cheng Shanming’s moral character. It had been mostly due to the fact of the identity of the ancestor of the Cheng style school of Baguazhang, Cheng

Tinghua.

Cheng Tinghua was something like an idol to Wang Chao. A martyr of his generation to his descendants. No matter how much Wang Chao looked at him, there was nothing but appraisal.

But today's Duan Guochao had harbored some killing intent in him. From the start he had used the "Eagle Claw of the Iron Body", "Eight Arts of Snake and Crane", and several other killing moves. How could Wang Chao continue holding back? One more thing, there was no one Wang Chao had particularly respected in the Shaolin Temple.

The second kick of the "Flying Horse Treading on Sparrow" had destroyed the enemy's Iron Body. As long as the opponent circulated their Jin once more and condensed it, it wouldn't do much damage over all. That was why Wang Chao had lashed out with a third kick.

The third kick had ended up completely shattering the enemy's throat and neckbone to the point where the head had nearly been decapitated. Such a tremendous blow like this would make leave even an Immortal hurt. So without even a word from Duan Guochao, his breath left his body and he died.

Like Wang Chao, Duan Guochao was an expert whose fist was fully capable of scooping out a hole in cement thanks to training his body to its limit. When a killing move was made, the afflicted would at the very least be crippled. There was no leeway for mercy.

"Quick, someone go take a look, how are those three? Medic, where's the medic?"

Lin Yanan had shot Dong Ling, but then the next thing she had seen was him being tossed through the window pane like a scarecrow by Wang Chao. In a shower of glass and blood, the situation was completely fuzzy to her, so she had hurriedly barked out an order.

Although the matters between the two had been bad enough for a fight to start, a result like this was not expected by Lin Yanan.

In a short few rounds, the victory had been made clear. All of those soldiers and workers watching from the sidelines had instantly turned from lively to

stunned silence. However, because they were disciplined by the organization, none of them had been panicked.

As soon as Lin Yanan shouted, several white-gowned medic soldiers came forward with oxygen masks, IV drips, artificial pacemakers, and other medical instruments. Arriving at Duan Guochao, Chen Ke, and Dong Ling, they began to apply first aid.

They had been well prepared since they knew that in this match, someone would be injured.

When Wang Chao saw this preparation, he had clicked his tongue several times.

From the end of Wang Chao's fight with Duan Guochao, three minutes hadn't even passed but a report had already made its way to commissar Yang's office.

"Yes, yes yes, senior official. I guarantee nothing will happen, they're only comparing notes with each other, that's all. We'll speak later. But rest assured, with them being such high experts, something like this is within their norms." Commissar Yang smiled, clearly engaged in a conversation with a senior official. "You needn't worry, what is an expert? An expert isn't some sort of street hoodlum who carry knives and kill. By comparing notes, at most there'll only be a small injury."

Just as commissar Yang changed the visuals on his TV from several experts to Wang Chao and Duan Guochao to make his report to his higher ups, a knock could be heard on the door.

"Yes, senior official, it'll be as so. I will make a report to you later."

"Enter."

A white-robed medic soldier came walking in.

When he saw the medic soldier wearing two aseptic gloves stained with blood, commissar Yang suddenly felt a sinking sensation in his heart.

"What was the result. Who won and who lost? Were the injuries serious?" The commissar asked in a hurry.

"Commissar Yang, Duan Guochao died on the spot. Chen Ke is suffering from

internal bleeding, and is currently in the emergency room. Her ECG looks rather weak since she isn't in stable condition yet. Dong Ling was shot through the wrist and was stabbed throughout his body with glass. But he is awake, and there is no internal bleeding." The medic replied honestly without any emotion as if he was a robot rather than human.

"What? One's dead, and one's in critical condition?" The commissar had been prepared, but this result had still shocked him nonetheless. However, pondering for a moment, he quickly calmed his heart and asked, "And what of lieutenant colonel Wang, is he fine? How was a gun involved?"

"Commissar Yang, I am not sure of the definite details, but lieutenant colonel Wang is fine."

"Good. You may leave, save them to the best of you ability! I will get to the bottom of this." The commissar had suddenly found himself sweltering with heat. His forehead had begun to sweat profusely, and so he had quickly torn off his military uniform. As he walked, he began to brood to himself.

"I only wanted them to fight to poke at their honor and kick the ladder underneath them, how did a gun get involved? With a gun, the nature of this is completely changed. If it was just a fight, using the arms or legs to cripple or kill, that'd be fine. But using a gun to kill? That'd be disastrous."

Just as commissar Yang was scurrying over, Wang Chao was observing the medic currently trying to attach an oxygen mask to Duan Guochao's face. Then, checking his pulse, the medic knew that the attempt was fruitless. Slowly closing his eyes, the medic let out a sigh.

"What, did he actually die?" Lin Yanan holstered her gun and looked at Wang Chao as if she had thought something wasn't right.

Wang Chao nodded his head.

Lin Yanan's face drained of color for a moment before quickly regaining it. "There's some trouble, but nothing you need to worry about, it won't be too major."

"I'm not afraid of trouble. I just didn't think that Duan Guochao would try to kill me straight from the start. If someone wishes to kill me, I won't just stretch

out my neck for them. I will kill them first, as common sense dictates before I decide on the consequences. I know that there will be some trouble for me, but in the future, I will also be awarded, a promotion may not be out of the question. You needn't worry."

Wang Chao watched as the medics lifted up the three without an iota of panic. His face had unexpectedly been even more transparent than Lin Yanan.

"What's going on, how did a gun battle take place? I told you before, fighting with the arms or leg is fine no matter what, but a gun battle is a different matter altogether."

Just at that moment, commissar Yang came striding towards them with a forehead full of sweat.

"It's like this," Lin Yanan moved to explain the situation. "After Wang Chao defeated Duan Guochao, Chen Ke moved to fire her gun first. Ah, the monitors we have up around the lounge will tell you what you need to know."

"Oh, is that it?" When commissar Yang heard Lin Yanan's explanation, his face had softened up a little bit, "Have the videotapes brought over."

On the spot, the commissar had inspected the videotapes brought to him on the projector screen in the hall. From start to finish, he had carefully scrutinized everything, and when he saw the not even 10 minute match between Wang Chao and Duan Guochao, he had instead sighed with admiration.

"If you were to film a Hollywood movie, you'd be movie stars for sure. After seeing this battle, even someone who doesn't understand martial arts like me would have the urge to learn it."

Wang Chao smiled, "Those who truly practice would find it an extraordinary humiliation to perform. We move to kill our enemies, not perform."

"What a shame!" After finishing the recording, commissar Yang's heart had eased up a little. Turning to look at Wang Chao, he spoke, "Youngster, you are quite brutal in your methods."

"If I was not brutal, then the one laying on the ground would be me." Wang Chao spoke calmly.

“I was not talking about Duan Guochao, but rather Lin Yanan’s final shot. If she hadn’t fired her gun, then none of you would have to bear any responsibility. But now that a gun was involved, the nature is quite different. No matter who fired, the higher ups won’t look kindly to it!”

Commissar Yang looked to Lin Yanan, “I say, Yanan, you’ve been trained as a soldier, just how were you not able to control yourself?”

“That is?” Lin Yanan muttered, “I violated the discipline of the organization. However, the situation was rather panicked, and I didn’t have too much time to think.”

“That won’t do.” The commissar’s eyebrows narrowed in deep thought.

“Commissar Yang, they had fired the first shot, Lin Yanan had only retaliated. The error is not on us.” Wang Chao pointed out.

“That is the discipline of the organization. If they fired first, then the higher ups will naturally penalize them majorly. But if you return fire, then there will be punishment as well. If you fired, and I returned fire, then wouldn’t it become a huge mess? A fire fight?” Commissar spoke.

“With that logic, should we let them fire? Should we not retaliate? Is that not wrong?” Wang Chao pressed.

“There is no such thing as wrongs or injustice in the army. All there is is strict adherence to the organization’s discipline, and following orders!”

Commissar Yang’s words grew serious, but when he looked at Wang Chao, he softened. “You are a man of the Wulin. Although you hold a military rank, you were not trained for it. To not know is pardonable. In the army, fights are commonplace. But in the case a gun is used, the nature grows extremely serious. This is a rigid provision that has many precedents. To use the arms to fight is a brawl. At most, it is detention for the soldiers. But using a gun is akin to mutiny, or insurrection. That means a military tribunal will be needed. This time if Lin Yanan did not use her gun and all three members were to die, then it wouldn’t be much. However, with that gun used, the situation has gotten worse.”

“Was there a clause like that?” Wang Chao thought for a moment, but then realization had hit him.

“I’ll have to send this tape to the higher ups and report it. You two, stay here in the military district and don’t even make a single step out. Wait for the higher ups to deal with this.” The commissar sighed, “What a shame, if only a gun wasn’t used.”

“However, you don’t need to be too worried. I say this to you as a friend, rather than a boss. Lighten up a bit. That is my opinion.” Commissar Yang had seen the light in Wang Chao’s eyes and comforted him, “You have contributed greatly. We will do our best to guarantee your safety. You are a talent, we cannot so easily throw away such a talent. I estimate that after the higher ups make their investigation, they will at most hand over a punishment in name with no real substance. Afterwards, your military rank will raise again. You’re a lieutenant colonel now, but in two years, you’ll be a colonel, or senior colonel, then a major general, the same as me. But the troubles Lin Yanan might face will be bigger than yours.”

“What troubles will she face? At most what will it be?” At commissar Yang’s words, Wang Chao had felt more amiable than before. With a smile, he said, “Would it be possible for me to help her fight it? I am but a man of the military in name only, she is different.”

“How have you not realize it yet? You are still speaking as a man of the Jianghu.” Commissar Yang laughed, “What do you mean by fight it? Using scapegoats are what the criminal world uses. We are the government, how we deal with it is how we will deal with it. Whomever makes the mistake, they will be investigated. If we were to substitute them for someone else, can you imagine the mess? Your way of thinking needs to change.”

“Well then, you two should go and rest. Ah, I’ll loosen the restriction. You may leave the compound as you wish, but not Hong Kong. If something happens, come straight back. Since this is our internal department, things will be more lax.”

Commissar Yang had loosened the conditions, “This is my personal initiative as reciprocation for you giving us some air to breath. How unfortunate.”

“I was talented, and Duan Guochao was talented. That is the true misfortune.” Wang Chao suddenly spoke.

“The death of a talent means he was no talent. He has no worth. As a friend, that is my warning to you.” Commissar Yang suddenly spoke, “So you must remember, no matter what happens, you cannot die.”

“Thank you.” Wang Chao nodded.

After exiting the office, Lin Yanan suddenly grew gloomy, “I didn’t think that after coming to Hong Kong, so much trouble would occur. Ah, I’m sure in two days, the higher ups will have some men come down to investigate. I don’t know what trouble will happen at that time, but it won’t be good for me.”

Wang Chao smiled, “Don’t think too much about it for now. We haven’t died yet, we are talented. We still have worth. That means there is no major trouble yet. Although I came to Hong Kong once before, I wasn’t able to take a stroll. Why don’t we do that today?”
